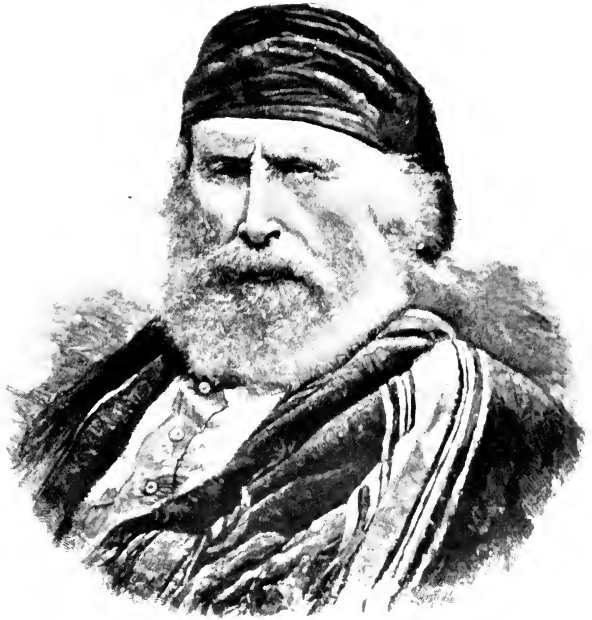


HERO PATRIOTS
OF THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY



Frontispiece.]

Giuseppe Garibaldi

HERO PATRIOTS
OF THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY

BY

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HERO PATRIOTS

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



CHAPTER I

THE PENINSULAR WAR

MARTIN DIAZ, STYLED EL EMPECINADO, THE SPANISH
GUERRILLA CHIEF, 1809—1820

Martin Diaz a "Martyred Patriot"—Guerilla Warfare in Spain—Napier's Testimony—The Chief Guerilla Leaders—Their Work for Spain—Mina's Exploits—Birth and Early Life of Diaz—His Popular Name, *El Empecinado*—His First Deeds as a Guerilla—His Person and Character—His Successes in 1810-1812—Unsubdued to the Last—His Wonderful Escapes from Utmost Peril—The Scene at the Inn—The Treacherous Innkeeper—Appearance of Diaz—Saved by a Young French Officer—Diaz' Grateful Return for Kindness—Diaz' Adventure with another French Officer—The Guerilla Chief's Marvellous Coolness—His Escape—Death of his Betrayer—Becomes a Champion of Freedom against Ferdinand VII.—His Arrest and Tragical Death—The Degradation of Spain.

"THE most triumphant death," writes Southey, in his *Life of Nelson*, "is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory." The destiny of the first man on our "fame's eternal bede-roll" of hero-patriots in the nineteenth century brought him into the second of these

Hero Patriots

classes. Martin Diaz was, if ever man deserved the title, a martyred patriot. He fought for his country against the invading forces of Napoleon. He died on the scaffold, a victim to the cruelty and perfidy of Ferdinand VII. of Spain, the monarch whom he had helped, according to the measure of his ability and resources, to replace upon the throne.

“Guerilla,” or petty warfare, a diminutive of the Spanish word *guerra*, war, is the origin of the name guerillas, applied to the light-armed irregular fighters who, notably in Spain, have from time to time maintained a patriotic struggle against foreign invaders, or taken opposite sides in civil war. In the spring of the year 1809 much of Spain seemed crushed and helpless in the grasp of the great French conqueror. The Spanish regular armies had been severely defeated at Molino del Rey, Medellin, and in other actions. Saragossa, after one gallant and successful defence, had succumbed before the attacks of the able and energetic Marshal Lannes. Sir John Moore, in the face of overwhelming force, had retreated to Coruña. Joseph Bonaparte was back in Madrid. In this position of affairs came again to pass that which was written by Macaulay concerning the contest waged in the corresponding period of the previous century, the War of the Succession in Spain: “There is no country in Europe which it is so easy to overrun as Spain; there is no country in Europe which it is more difficult to conquer. Nothing can be more contemptible than the regular military resistance which Spain offers to an invader; nothing more formidable than the energy which she puts forth when her regular military resistance has been beaten down. Her armies have long borne too much resemblance to mobs; but her mobs have had, in an unusual degree, the spirit of armies. The soldier, as compared with other soldiers, is deficient in military qualities; but the peasant has as much of those qualities as the soldier.”

It must not, of course, be supposed for a moment that Spain owed her deliverance from Napoleon's power mainly, as Spanish vanity has affirmed, to Spanish energy and valour. As the country was freed from British and German intervention, in the early years of the eighteenth century, by French troops under the Duke of Berwick, so was she delivered from French invaders, in the early years of the nineteenth century, by the British troops of Wellington. The Spanish irregulars gave important aid, as a brief summary of their operations will show. The guerilla bands, which made their first appearance in 1809, varied greatly in their composition and character. Some differed little from hordes of brigands, and included, as Napier declares, "every robber who feared a jail, or could break from one; every smuggler whose trade had been interrupted; every friar disliking the trammels of his convent; every idler who wished to avoid the ranks of the regular army." There were guerilla chiefs who, in the necessity of providing subsistence for their men, and with the desire of attracting and attaching followers, freely plundered their own countrymen, and became, in various districts, a scourge to Spain. Other chiefs, actuated by nobler motives, by revenge for their country's wrongs, by a gallant spirit, and by honest ambition, thought to serve their country better as guerillas than they could by joining the regular forces. The better class of irregular fighters was composed of peasants who, in the heat of patriotic zeal and religious fanaticism, took up arms against the French, and chose leaders, whom they served without being paid or dressed in uniform. Success in their peculiar mode of warfare helped to sustain the confidence of the people in the final issue of the struggle, and encouraged them in determined resistance. The guerillas' knowledge of the country, especially of the by-paths and short cuts among the mountains, combined with their endurance and swiftness of foot, was of great value in conveying intelligence to the British leaders, while

heartfelt hatred of the French was, in general, a sure guarantee of fidelity to the cause of Spain. There were, as the war proceeded, many thousands of guerillas who joined Wellington's forces, and, after undergoing a course of discipline, rendered good service as regular troops. We need not here enter into the question of the merits and defects of guerilla warfare as against disciplined invaders. The testimony of Sir William Napier is clear and emphatic: "This great unquestionable advantage was derived from the guerillas, and especially by the British; that the French could never communicate with each other, nor combine their movements, except by the slow method of sending officers with strong escorts; whereas their adversaries could correspond by post, and even by telegraph; an advantage equal to a reinforcement of fifty thousand men."

Among the principal guerilla leaders may be named Renovales and the two Minas in Navarre and Aragon; Porlier in the Asturias; Longa in Biscay; Julian Sanchez in the Gata and Salamanca country; Doctor Rovera and Perena in Catalonia; the curate Merino, *El Principe*, and Saormil, in Castile; the friar Sapia about Soria; Nebot in Valencia—and the man selected as a noble type of his class, to whom we hope to render his rights anon. Rovera, Julian Sanchez, and the student Mina showed military talents, and Sanchez was a very bold and honest man. Espoz y Mina, the uncle and successor of the student, became very conspicuous, being a man of sound judgment, surprising energy, and constant spirit. By birth a peasant, he despised the higher orders of his own country, and never would suffer any *hidalgo* (member of the lower-class nobility) to join his band. From 1809 until the end of the war he held the provinces bordering on the Ebro, and, though often defeated and chased from place to place, he yet by degrees increased his force until, in 1812, he was at the head of more than ten thousand men, regularly paid and supplied by different means, mainly through British succours brought by sea, and also

through an agreement with the French generals, by which everything but warlike stores, coming from France, had his safe-conduct on paying a duty.

In a rapid survey of guerilla work we note that in June, 1809, Mina, the student, was active in the region between Tudela and Pampeluna. The people of the high Pyrenean valleys of Roncal, Salazar, Anso, and Echo, took arms under Renovales. This officer, captured at Saragossa, had broken his parole, but he pleaded a previous breach of the capitulation. His chief post was the convent of San Juan de la Pena, built upon a rock remarkable in Spanish history as a place of refuge maintained with success against the Moorish conquerors. The bodies of twenty-two kings of Aragon rested there, and the Aragonese fondly believed it impregnable. There were twenty thousand armed men in the various bands of this region, who at once set to work in cutting off isolated men, intercepting couriers and convoys, and attacking detachments of the French army. The student Mina, after keeping Navarre in commotion by hardy and sudden enterprises, was ultimately captured by the skilful and energetic French general, Suchet, and was succeeded, as we have seen, by his uncle Espoz y Mina.

The general operations of the guerillas constitute a record, as detailed by Napier, of such purport as "The bands in the mountains continued to vex the French communications"; "the Catalans kept cutting off minor convoys, detachments, and even considerable bodies isolated by the momentary absence of the main French army." As the regular armies of Spain disappeared under the pressure of constant defeat, the bands of guerillas, in 1810, suddenly and surprisingly increased. The regency formed secret guerilla *juntas* or committees to collect stores and provisions for the irregulars in secure places. District inspectors and paymasters, selected by regular general officers, superintended the discipline and payment of the bands. Particular districts were charged with

the furnishing of supplies, and every province was divided into three portions, each to find its quota of men and horses separately, but all to act together when circumstances demanded their union—in fact, all the internal organisation of a regular army was secretly arranged, while the external form was irregular. Towards the end of 1810, the chief, Porlier, was actively engaged in cutting off small parties of French in the north, and forcing the people to flee with their effects to the mountains whenever the French troops drew near. Campillo's chief aim was to intercept French despatches between Bilbao and Santander. In May, 1811, the redoubtable Mina defeated, in a pass near Vitoria, twelve hundred men, escorting prisoners and treasure to France. This success was alloyed by the death of two hundred of the Spanish prisoners killed in the tumult, and horribly stained by the cold-blooded murder, after the fight, of six Spanish ladies attached to French officers. The illustrious French marshal Massena had a narrow escape. His baggage was taken, and he was to have gone back to France with this convoy, but remained behind at Vitoria, disliking the discipline of the escort, over which he had no control, as he was under Napoleon's summons of recall to France, and had been replaced by Marmont.

In September, 1811, we find Eroles, the Catalan chief, forcing the surrender of five hundred men forming the garrisons of two little towns, and thus seizing the whole line of French communication between Lerida and Barcelona. He then actually crossed the mountains into French territory, defeated some national guards, raised contributions, and burned a town. The guerilla warfare seemed interminable, and the French commanders were constantly harassed. In the spring of 1812 the lines of correspondence with France, in the north of Spain, and between the French generals in the field, were made so insecure that Napoleon was constantly urging his generals to seize every lull in Wellington's

warfare to "put down the bands." The struggle was unhappily marked by atrocious deeds on the part of some of the patriotic leaders, sometimes in cruel revenge for French severities. The curate Merino, in April, 1812, having taken about a hundred French prisoners, hanged them all—sixty in retaliation for three members of the local *junta* put to death by the French; the others in the proportion of ten for each soldier of his who had been shot by the enemy! The change in public feeling between the earlier and the closing years of the nineteenth century may be noted in the fact that these murders of Merino were recorded with complacency in the London newspapers and met with no public reprobation.

The energy of Mina was conspicuously displayed at this time. In February, 1812, he repulsed a French attack near Lodosa, in Aragon, and then maintained a distant blockade of Saragossa. In March, he captured one of General Suchet's convoys, and retired with his booty to a mountain village. There he was betrayed to a French general, who came upon him so suddenly with a brigade of the army of the Ebro that he escaped death with difficulty. He soon reappeared, and, reaching the defiles of Navas Tolosa, behind Vitoria, having still five thousand men at his command, he defeated, on April 7, a Polish regiment escorting an enormous convoy. The booty consisted of treasure, Spanish prisoners, baggage, army-followers, and officers retiring to France. All the Spanish prisoners, numbering four hundred, were released, and at once joined Mina's band, and a million of francs fell into his hands, besides the equipages, arms, stores, and a quantity of church plate. On April 28 he captured another convoy going from Valencia to France, but was then assailed, in movements admirably combined, by the French general, Abbé, governor of Navarre, a commander who afterwards fought with great ability and energy under Soult in the Pyrenees against Wellington, and was now declared by Mina "to be the

most formidable of all his opponents." After a series of actions in the last week of May, the Spanish chief, in bad plight and with the utmost difficulty, escaped, and all the bands in the north were, for a time, discouraged.

No temporary failures could, however, make an end of the guerilla warfare. Towards the end of 1812, Mina, in spite of Abbé, then commanding in Pampeluna, and of other French generals, was intercepting all communication with France, and on November 22 he surprised and drove back to Saragossa with loss a very large convoy. Towards the end of December, in a severe action on some heights, his troops were defeated and dispersed, but the French lost seventy men in the fight, and within a few weeks the indomitable guerilla chief took the field again with forces more numerous than he had ever before commanded. About the same time, the leader called "The Frayle" surprised an ordnance convoy, took several guns and four hundred horses, and killed in cold blood, after the combat, a hundred artillerymen and officers. A French movable column destroyed his depôts and many of his men, but the leader escaped and soon reappeared upon the communications. The loss of this convoy was the first disgrace of the kind which had befallen the army of Aragon, and Suchet declared that "a battle would have cost him less."

As the war continued, the guerilla warfare became ever more formidable to the French commanders in Spain, and that at a time when the invading forces were weakened by the withdrawal of the "Young Guard" and many thousands of other choice troops in order to support Napoleon in his desperate conflict with the allies in Germany in 1813. The French troops in Spain were kept ever struggling in the meshes of this irregular, insurrectional warfare. The chiefs, aided by British supplies, were acting, in the northern parts of the country, in concert with our naval squadrons. They possessed fortified posts and harbours; their bands were swelling to the size of armies; their military knowledge of the country and of the

French system of invasion was more matured ; their depôts were better concealed, and they could at times bear the shock of battle on nearly equal terms. New and large bands of a more respectable and influential kind were formed in Biscay and Navarre, where insurrectional *juntas* were organised of men from the best families voluntarily enrolled, and not obnoxious, like some of the lower class guerilla chiefs, for rapine and violence. In Biscay alone several battalions, each mustering a thousand men, were in the field, and the communication with France was so interrupted that the minister of war in Paris only heard of King Joseph of Spain receiving his despatches, dated January 4, on March 18. The contributions could no longer be collected, the magazines could not be filled, the fortresses were endangered, the armies had no base of operations, the insurrection was spreading through Aragon, and the bands of the interior were increasing in numbers and activity. The French troops, sorely pressed for provisions, were widely scattered and everywhere occupied, and each general was averse to concentrate his own forces or to aid any colleague in other parts of the large field of operations. So formidable, to a very numerous, skilful, and highly disciplined invading force, can guerilla warfare become in Spain.

In the spring of 1813, we have Mina surprising and burning the castle of Fuenterrabia (Fontarabia), a picturesque old frontier town at the mouth of the Bidassoa, in a daring fashion. After this, with a force of five thousand men, and guns obtained from the British fleet off the coast, he invested Villa Real, within a few leagues of Vitoria, and repulsed six hundred men who came to its succour. Driven thence by superior forces, he gathered all the bands in Navarre and was soon master of the province, while the Pastor, Longa, Campillo, Merino, and other chiefs were ranging unmolested through Biscay and Castile. The skilful general Clausel, who had fought so ably against Wellington at Salamanca, when

Marmont had been disabled by a wound, was placed by Napoleon in charge of operations against the guerillas of the north; but even he, stung by swarms on every side, could effect little permanent good. On April 1, Mina defeated one of his columns with a loss of six hundred men. The same chieftain, beaten by Clausel in the middle of the month, and again in May with the loss of a thousand men, could not, by any measures, be hunted down to capture. As the French light cavalry entered a town where he was, at one end, he passed out at the other. He could not be overtaken, and, reappearing in Navarre, he organised resistance there so completely that the presence of a single man of his band in a village sufficed for the stoppage of any French courier without a strong escort. In the end, Clausel's troops were worn out with fatigue, and he was forced to declare that it would need fifty thousand men and three months' time to quell the insurrection entirely. The men were not to be had for that purpose, and the time never came. In the early summer of 1813, the British general, Wellington, "was again abroad in his strength, and the clang of his arms resounded through the Peninsula," as he advanced from the Portuguese frontier in the campaign crowned by his grand success at Vitoria, and at last, "emerging from the chaos of the Peninsula struggle, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees a recognised conqueror. From those lofty pinnacles the clangour of his trumpets pealed clear and loud, and the splendour of his genius appeared as a flaming beacon to warring nations."

Such was the style of warfare in which the Spanish hero, *El Empecinado*, played a very conspicuous part. DON JUAN MARTIN DIAZ was born, the son of a peasant, in 1775, at the village of Castrillo, in the district of Valladolid, in the province of Old Castile. The familiar name *El Empecinado*, under which he became endeared to his countrymen, means *The Man of Wax* (cobbler's wax, be it understood), and is

variously explained as an allusion to his very dark complexion, or to his native village being one where the men were mostly engaged in shoemakers' work. Not much is known of his early life. He entered the Spanish army in 1792, and served for some time as a private in a regiment of dragoons, acquiring there experience and skill which were destined to serve him well at a later day. Before the end of the century Diaz quitted the service, returned to his native district, married, and began a new career as a tiller of the soil. The invasion of his country by Napoleon's forces was a trumpet-call to instant action for a man so ardent in patriotism, so honest, generous and brave as Martin Diaz. He enrolled himself as a volunteer, and began operations against the common foe by taking ambush on the main road, to the north of Madrid, with a few peasants, his neighbours, of a spirit like his own. The slaying of one French courier was followed by carrying off the despatches borne by another. These first petty successes brought recruits to the little band led by Diaz, and successful attacks on small parties of Frenchmen gave him supplies of money, horses, arms, and ammunition. He was the first to organise the guerilla warfare with some system, and he soon showed that he possessed high qualifications for the part which he had undertaken to play in the cause of Spain. To enormous bodily strength he added a vast power of endurance of fatigue, readiness of resource, ingenuity of device, tenacity of purpose, perfect coolness in the moment of extreme peril. Failure seemed only to impel his elastic spirit to fresh effort. With the increase of his band, Diaz became bolder in his enterprises, and ventured to attack strongly escorted convoys. As his fame grew, he headed some thousands of men, and on one occasion he carried off the baggage of Marshal Moncey, which was under the charge of some battalions of French foot and several squadrons of dragoons. He thus became a chief whose name was a terror to the French, as it was a word of pride and power among the

Spanish patriots ; a man with whom French generals, often unable to overtake him and force him to fight at advantage to themselves, were glad to treat for safe-conduct on terms beneficial to the Spanish cause. The supreme *junta* seated at Cadiz conferred on Diaz the rank of major-general. His feats of daring and ingenuity in his country's behalf would fill a volume of narrative. Before presenting our readers with a special page or two from his brilliant and exciting record, we will give a brief consecutive account of the chief operations in which Diaz was engaged during the contest of the guerillas with the French. To his great honour we can state that, as the loyal soldier of a noble cause, as a hero-patriot of high rank, he never stained his fame by the excesses and cruelties which disgraced some of the guerilla chiefs.

In 1810, the *Empecinado*, at the head of twelve hundred cavalry and infantry, was in the hills above Guadalajara, ranging the high ground as far as Cuenca, and sometimes venturing to give battle in the plain. Guadalajara is an ancient decayed town on the Henares, some forty miles north-east of Madrid. Cuenca, a picturesque city of Moorish origin, also a time-worn town declined from olden splendour, lies about eighty-five miles south-east-by-east of the capital, on a rocky hill-girt height, nearly 3,000 feet above sea-level, at the confluence of the Jucar and Huecar. The latter stream is spanned by a noble bridge 350 feet in length and 150 feet in height above the water. In the fastnesses of this region Diaz was well placed for striking at convoys and detachments of the French foe approaching or quitting Madrid on the east, and his communication with Espoz y Mina, in Navarre, and with Longa and Campillo, who, at the head of above two thousand men, harassed Biscay and the neighbourhood of Vitoria, was maintained by Merino and other chiefs. In March, 1811, we find the *Empecinado* engaged with and finally fleeing before, the French generals Paris and Abbé. In the autumn of the same year, however, he and the guerilla

chief Duran, with six thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse, marched against Calatayud (or Ayud's Castle), a city of Aragon, 150 miles north-east of Madrid, where a strongly fortified convent was held by French and Italian troops. The place is of interest as being mainly constructed out of the ruins of the ancient *Bilbilis*, the birthplace of the poet Martial, which lay about two miles to the east. In this enterprise Diaz and his men seized a pass blocking the road for a French relieving force, and his colleague was thus enabled to reduce the position. The French and Italian soldiers were, in fact, disputing about the means of defence, and could agree only on surrender. The Spaniards soon vanished before superior numbers, but they reoccupied the town and fortress when the French retired—a characteristic incident of the guerilla warfare. A few days later Diaz was overtaken and roughly handled by a French pursuing brigade. As we have already seen, the irregular warfare, conducted by men of boundless persistence, hardihood, and resource, was interminable, and a chief's operations could be effectually stayed only when he was hunted down, taken, and shot.

In May, 1812, Diaz, ranging still the mountains of Cuenca and Guadalajara, pushed his parties close to Madrid; but in June, attacked in force by the French generals Paris and Palombini, he was driven off, and so sharply chased that his band dispersed and fled to the Somosierra hills north of Madrid. The indomitable chief, in August, after Wellington's victory over Marmont at Salamanca, is found investing Guadalajara, having a French garrison of seven hundred men, whom he quickly forced to a surrender. In the next month he was actively engaged near Cuenca, and suffered another defeat; but October saw him, with Villa Campa and other leaders, blocking the road from Cuenca to Valencia. Towards the close of the year Diaz swooped down, with other chiefs, on Madrid. The capital was abandoned by King Joseph's

garrison, and the guerillas entered the city, treating the people as foes, and remaining in possession until the king arrived with large forces, early in December, and drove them out. In February 1813 the *Empecinado*, heading two thousand foot and one thousand horse, was beaten in a fight with General Vichery, losing many men. Reinforced in his strongholds among the hills about Guadalajara, he was soon again displaying his old persistence by attacking a French detachment, capturing the baggage, and recovering a heavy contribution levied by his country's foes. A month later, he was defeated in an attempt to cut off a cavalry escort between Cuenca and Madrid, and he then regained his old haunts in the hills to the east of the capital. The patriot thus, often worsted, never daunted, incessantly striving and striking for Spain, was in the field, unsubdued, until Wellington's successes finally cleared the country of the intruders on her soil.

We now give some adventures of our hero, strongly illustrating his character as a guerilla chief and the nature of the struggle in which he was engaged. Two hours before sunset, on a fine evening in the month of August 1809, a party of about thirty French dragoons were assembled in the courtyard of a small *venta*, or roadside inn, in the province of Old Castile. The business in hand was of tragical import. Three men, one of them clad in the ordinary dress of a householder of the better class, the others wearing the motley garb, half-peasant and half-military, of the guerillas of the period, were kneeling with their hands bound behind, ten paces in front of a dozen of the Frenchmen, carbine in hand, waiting the word to fire. The contrast between the demeanour of the two guerillas and that of the third man was very striking. The two, about to die for Spain, gazed sternly on the soldiers with a mixed expression of unyielding fortitude and implacable hatred. The third, a traitor to his country, showed a countenance white with fear; his frame was convulsed with terror; large beads of moisture—the drops of death-agony in a coward

—stood on his temples and brow. The air was rent with his vain cries for mercy, while his companions showed, to a close observer, signs of conscious degradation in being classed by their executioners with such a craven cur.

Two days previously, the Frenchmen had been escorting from Burgos, the head-quarters of their regiment, some waggons of ammunition for the garrison at Valladolid. They had halted at the little inn for some hours during the heat of the day, and the sergeant of the party, on paying the score, had denounced the quality of the wine, insisting on a supply of better stuff when, on the day after the morrow, the party should again halt on their return from Valladolid to Burgos. On that day they started from Valladolid at an early hour, under Captain Dubois, a veteran who had risen from the ranks under Bonaparte's eye. The type of a French officer of his period and class, he was at once sagacious, ready in resource, brave, and unscrupulous in the use of means to attain his end. When the *venta* was reached on the return journey, the officer dismounted, while the sergeant shouted to the innkeeper to open the courtyard gate for the admission of the troop. No response was given. The house was entered, but the host, in general its sole occupant, was nowhere to be seen. The sergeant himself opened the gates, and the men, after stabling their horses beneath a row of sheds filling one side of the quadrangular yard, and supplying them with provender, made free with the abundant food and liquor found in the house.

Some hours later, when about a dozen of the dragoons, well primed with liquor, were seated in a room chanting the praises of *la belle France* and the glories of the *Grande Armée*, the landlord made his appearance among them in a very sudden and ludicrous fashion. A sound of breaking sticks was heard; a slight ceiling, composed of hurdle-work, forming the floor of a small loft, and extending over about half the room in which the men sat, gave way with a crash, and a man tumbled

head-foremost into the centre of the astonished group. Sabres flashed from scabbards, as if to meet a sudden attack, but the hapless José fell on his knees, crying for mercy, and protesting his love for "the brave French." A peal of laughter, and the drinking of his health in his own wine, followed this recognition, and then came inquiries as to the cause of his concealment. His lame excuse was that mere dread of the martial qualities of the Frenchmen had induced him to hide himself until their departure. The jovial party pretended to believe him, deeming it to their advantage in the reckoning that he could not know what they had really consumed. Captain Dubois, however, well aware of the need for unceasing vigilance in a land whose people, as a rule, regarded Frenchmen with unalterable hatred, regarded the matter as one for anything rather than mirth. Summoning the landlord to his presence, he played with him at first as a cat with a mouse, and then, in a burst of rage, exclaimed, "Mark me! in half an hour I leave this place, but I'll know your true reason for secreting yourself from my men, or before I go I'll hang you from the topmost bough of yonder tree!" As the last minutes of the time fixed were passing, José's little courage gave way, and he received a promise that "he should not be hanged, if he made a candid and full confession."

These words were, in fact, a sentence of death for the Spanish innkeeper. He had been playing the dangerous game of trying to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," and a "candid and full confession" to Captain Dubois was precisely what he could not afford to make. He had been in communication with a neighbouring guerilla chief whose name was rapidly rising into fame, and had undertaken to let him know, through artful inquiries among the French dragoons, by which of two routes the party would march, on leaving the *venta*, for their destination, the city of Burgos. The foe were then to be attacked by the guerillas

in ambush. Two of the chief's most trusty and intelligent men were, at the time of Captain Dubois' inquiries, concealed in an old barn, standing at some distance behind the *venta* and hidden from view among trees. They were to wait for the needful information from José, and one was at once to start away to meet his chief and the band at a certain point within easy reach of both routes, while the second guerilla was to remain in the barn until the Frenchmen started, in case of a change of route from the one made known by José. He might then, duly prompted by the innkeeper, be still in time, through speed of foot and short cuts, to enable his chief to alter his plans and make a surprise of the party proceeding to Burgos.

In his explanation to Captain Dubois, the innkeeper stated that he had been forced by the chief's threats to undertake the part here described, but had had no intention of fulfilling his promise, or of doing anything to injure "his excellent friends, the French." On the other hand, he dared not, exposed as he was at all times to guerilla vengeance, put the French on their guard. He had, in this perplexity, resolved to do nothing for either side, but to conceal himself during the stay of the dragoons at the *venta*, and let matters take their course. José omitted, however, to inform the French captain that, having learned, from the incautious language of the sergeant two days before, the time of the troops' return, he had sent the information to the guerilla chief. The chief's two trusty spies were then seized, on the landlord's indication, in the barn, securely bound, taken to the *venta*, and examined by Captain Dubois. Faithful to the death in their country's cause, they met all inquiries and threats, either with terrible curses on the invaders of Spain, or with statements obviously wide of the truth, and their leading out into the courtyard for execution brings us almost to the highly dramatic scene with which this narrative opened. The landlord's position in that scene is easily explained. The keen-witted French

captain, asking the landlord how it was that the guerilla chief knew of the precise day of return from Valladolid to Burgos, was met with a denial of all knowledge on the subject. The two guerillas, confronted with the traitor, at once declared that he had sent the information. The sergeant proved the landlord's knowledge, and received a severe rebuke from Dubois for his gross indiscretion. The captain then cried, pointing to the wretched landlord, "Seize the fellow, and give him a traitor's doom!" "Your promise, senor!—your promise!" "My promise was not to *hang* you, but I'll *shoot* you, as you have failed to fulfil the conditions, though it's a pity such a man should fall by a soldier's weapon, and yonder brave and faithful fellows be forced to die in your company."

In a few minutes the tragedy would have been acted out, when a new-comer suddenly appeared on the scene. He was a man little above the middle height, but with limbs and frame showing gigantic strength in the broad chest, brawny neck, and muscular arms. His features, large and coarse, but not uncomely, wore an expression of the utmost daring and decision, and their effect was heightened by long coal-black hair, thick moustache, and bushy whiskers meeting under the chin. A broad-leafed hat shaded his dark visage. Clad in the ordinary peasant garb, he gazed vacantly around, as if in wonder at the scene before him. The keen observing faculty of the French captain here stood him in good stead. He noted a slight start of the two kneeling guerillas, and was quick enough to catch a faint response of intelligence, in mute gesture, on the part of the new-comer. He whispered an order to the sergeant, and a moment later half a dozen dragoons flung themselves upon the man, and overpowered him in spite of amazing efforts of strength, against which two ordinary men would have been as children. "Who are you?" when the prisoner was securely bound. "I am Nicolas Herastas, the woodman, and have come to the *venta* to sell yonder faggots to Senor José for firewood. What

mischief have I done, that you should seize and bind me thus?" The huge bundle of faggots which he bore on his shoulder when he entered the yard seemed to confirm his words. "Know you this man?" inquired the captain from the kneeling guerillas. "We know him not," was the steady response. "Know you this man?" he asked of the landlord. "Si, señor, si!" "Who is he?" "Juan Martin Diaz, el Empecinado!" "What, the leader of the band to which these men belong?" "The same, señor." The execution was for a few minutes stayed, and the new prisoner was led into the house. Martin Diaz, in truth, it was. Having waited in vain for the return of his two trusty spies, he had run the risk of seeking information in person, with the result, through the infamous treachery of José, which we have seen. Rejecting, with a look of supreme scorn and contempt which made even the cool and self-possessed Dubois quail before him, an offer of life and liberty in return for information as to the number of men in his band and their present place of gathering, the great guerilla chief was doomed to die.

In this brief space of time, his noble demeanour had made for him a friend in the ranks of the foe. The captain's son, young Dubois, a generous, high-spirited youth, sixteen years of age, was present at the interview between his father and Diaz, and he implored the captain to spare him, arguing, as his best chance of success, that there was no proof of the prisoner's identity with the guerilla chief, seeing that the only man who had denounced him as Diaz was a known traitor and liar. The father was forced, in his firm belief that the man was the redoubtable guerilla chief, to reject his son's prayer, and he left the room for the purpose of summoning a guard to convey the prisoner to the courtyard. Diaz, in a low tone, begged the lad to perform the last request of a dying man, in a way that could involve no danger or trouble to himself. "How can I serve you?" The guerilla chief

turned round, so as to show his hands covered with blood. The cords which bound his wrists behind were cutting him to the bone, and inflicting exquisite pain. "Cut these cords," he said. "In a few minutes it will signify little whether I am bound or loose; but release me from this torture, and earn the last blessing of a dying man." The young Frenchman snatched up a knife from the table, and severed the cords nearly through from below, Diaz keeping his hands in the same position. He was then led out to share the fate of his two men and the landlord, all being placed within a few feet of the edge of a steep descent, twelve or fifteen feet in depth, on the rearside of the square courtyard. The thicket, concealing the barn where the two guerillas had been seized, and really forming the edge of a wood some miles in length and breadth, reached nearly to the foot of the descent. At the word "Fire!" Diaz, who had closely watched the officer's lips, threw himself flat on his face. The other three men fell, pierced with bullets, but the three intended for the guerilla chief flew harmlessly a yard above him. He bounded to his feet, shouted "Venganza!" sprang down the descent, and in a few seconds vanished in the wood. Pursuit was vain. The guerilla quickly reached his band, but no surprise of the French party could now be attempted, and they reached Burgos in safety about midnight.

Three years passed away from the time of this marvellous escape of the *Empecinado*, due to the generosity of a young Frenchman, and to the chieftain's own coolness, activity, and skill. It was the evening of Wellington's great day at Salamanca. Captain Dubois had become colonel of his regiment of dragoons, and was engaged in covering the French retreat. His son was now captain of his father's former troop. In a desperate charge made for the purpose of rescuing a battery of four guns captured by the British, and now engaged in hurling destruction on their former masters, Colonel Dubois was killed by a round shot, and the regiment was shattered

by infantry fire and a charge of British horse. Young Dubois, wounded by a sabre cut in the side and by a grape-shot which had grazed his temple, was carried away at first by the crowd of fugitives. When he extricated himself from the press and tumult, he sought shelter with his horse in what appeared to be a half-ruined shed for cattle, intending, if he were unable to continue his retreat, to surrender himself to the first party of British soldiers that he could discover. After some hours of deep slumber, he was awoken by the sound of human voices and of horses' hoofs, and found himself, to his despair, in the midst of a band of guerillas.

On the morrow, he was striving to mount his horse at their orders, and accompany his captors, when a man rode up rapidly and alighted. Dubois had some remembrance of the new-comer's powerful build and strongly marked features, but could not, in the dazed condition of his mind due to his wounds, recall the circumstances of their meeting. The guerilla, more smart and military in costume than the rest, inquired why they were permitting him to mount, and was answered by a tall, fierce fellow that they purposed "taking him to hang him on the same tree from which the hounds, his countrymen, hung my father at his own door last week, for refusing to become their guide." "But don't you see he won't live to accomplish half the journey? Besides, there's better game afoot, and I want you all just now for more active service than to escort a wounded man a dozen leagues." "Stand clear, then," cried the first man to his comrades, "and let me exterminate the accursed *Franceses!*" The group gave way, and left the man standing face to face with his intended victim, at the distance of a few feet. In leading the Frenchman from the house, his shako had been forgotten, and he now stood with bare head, waiting for death, the bright rays of the early sun full on his features, bringing every

line of his countenance into the utmost clearness of view. The weapon was pointed at his brow ; the finger was already pressing on the trigger, when the new-comer shouted " Hold ! " and at the same instant struck up the weapon with his hand, and caused the charge to pass several feet above the prisoner's head. The *Empecinado*, for he it was, had in the fateful moment of time recognised the benefactor who had helped to save him at the inn. The guerilla, baulked of his purpose, tried in a rage to stab Dubois with his long two-edged knife, but his arm was seized by Diaz, and held as in a vice. A brief struggle was ended by a turn of the chief's wrist which dislocated the man's arm at the shoulder, and left it helpless at his side. The *Empecinado* paid his debt of gratitude in full measure, and running over, by escorting the young French captain to his countrymen's lines, after finding and duly burying, with Catholic rites, the body of his brave father, the colonel.

During young Captain Dubois' stay for three weeks in charge of the guerilla chieftain, while, under the most kindly and careful tendance, he was recovering from the wound received on the stricken field of Salamanca, the *Empecinado*, at the Frenchman's request, gave him particulars concerning one of his most remarkable escapes. A French officer, known to Dubois, had been despatched, about two years previously, with a large party of men, to arrest the great guerilla, and had been afterwards tried by court-martial, and " broken " for misconduct and failure in the enterprise. In the north of Old Castile, at a distance of some eight or ten leagues from the city of Burgos, was a mountain of peculiar form, rising from the plain by a gentle and gradual ascent on all sides save the south. In that direction it ended abruptly in a sheer precipice 600 feet in depth, smooth and perpendicular as a wall. Projecting from the top of the cliff into mid-air, at about the central point between the two extremities, was a detached portion of rock, about 6 feet in diameter at top,

connected with the main cliff by an isthmus over 3 feet long and 18 inches broad. This little platform, whose top lay 4 feet below the level of the adjoining cliff, was known to the neighbouring peasants as the "Devil's Crag." The sides of the mountain were covered with olive-trees and other growths, from the plain below to within a short distance of the summit, leaving at the top a clear space about two acres in extent, bounded on the southern side by the precipice above described. On a bright forenoon in the spring of 1810, the *Empecinado* was seated on this open area, within a few feet of the edge of the cliff, and just opposite the Devil's Crag. Telescope in hand, he was intently observing a road which wound among the hills and swept the base of the mountain on whose summit he was stationed. Every object on the road, to the distance of two leagues, was visible to him from the spot which he occupied. His spies had brought intelligence that a valuable convoy of treasure and arms for the French troops would pass on that day, and he had arranged an attack for his guerillas, whom he had suitably posted in the woods below. The *Empecinado* had then, accompanied by only one of his men, ascended the mountain to watch for the approach of the expected prize.

Treachery had been at work. The faults in the character of Díaz as a leader were excess of confidence and lack of caution and salutary mistrust. True as steel himself to his country's cause, having boundless reliance on his own resources in case of need, he neglected the prudent precautions rendered needful by the circumstances of his hazardous career. His arrangements were fully known to his band, and one of the number had been bribed by the French. After months of waiting for a chance of obtaining the high price in French gold set on the head of Díaz, the opportunity seemed to him to have arrived. He had made known his leader's intention to ascend the mountain, and some hours before sunrise a company of French soldiers, conducted by

the traitor along secluded paths, had been placed in a thickly wooded hollow at the foot of the mountain, in an opposite quarter to that by which Diaz was expected to come. When the wretch, from a place of hiding, had seen the *Empecinado* pass up the mountain, he reported the fact to the French officer with the troops, and the men were instantly set in motion, with orders to take the guerilla chief alive, if it were possible, in order to make him a public and terrible example, and thus overawe the peasantry of the province. His companion might be at once slain; the *Empecinado's* dress and general appearance being carefully described for the avoidance of mistake.

An arc of a circle was formed by the ascending troops, contracting as they advanced, and as Diaz intently gazed on the road by which he expected the convoy, a loud cry from his companion caused him to turn his head and behold a sight which might well try even his iron nerves. Within fifty yards of him were double that number of French sharpshooters, forming an unbroken line between him and the wooded part of the mountain, steadily advancing, and surrounding him on all sides save the one bounded by the precipice. The companion of Diaz, a brave fellow enough, of ordinary intellectual and moral stamp, made a desperate attempt to reach by a rush the cover of the foliage near at hand. Before he had run a score yards towards the wood, he fell dead with half a dozen rifle bullets in his head and body. For a moment or two the *Empecinado*, as he freely confessed to Dubois, fully believed that his hour was come. He was, as has been seen, an extraordinary man. The hour had come, but only for a display of his wonderful fertility of resource and prompt resolve. Steady as the hill on which he stood, he maintained his position near the precipice, while the Frenchmen closed around him on every side save one, and halted at last within twenty feet of the spot where their victim was at gaze, motionless, fearless, his

visage expressing naught but stern determination not to die unavenged.

The French officer, feeling sure of his man, and exulting in the capture of the famed guerilla chief, rushed forward and placed his grasp on the collar of the *Empecinado*. The guerilla, shaking him off with a mere show of effort, flung his right arm round the waist of the officer, a man of short, slight figure, and lifted him off the ground with the utmost ease. He then turned round, and cleared at a leap, as the French soldiers uttered a cry of terror, the space between the edge of the precipice and the Devil's Crag. The next moment, standing erect on the narrow surface of the platform, he cried "Halt!" in a tone like that of a trumpet. The command was needless. The soldiers, fully believing that their officer and the guerilla had gone down the precipice together, had stopped as if they had been turned to stone. The *Empecinado* then cried, "Advance but a step; point but a rifle, and down I go, and carry your officer with me!" Turning to the Frenchman, he inquired, "You know who I am?" "Martin Diaz, called the *Empecinado*," was the reply in a faint voice. "And you have come hither to arrest me?" "Yes." "Then I need scarcely inform you that I do not intend either to be taken alive or to die alone. Now look below you." A glance was enough, and the hapless officer clung closely to the terrible man in whose hands he knew his fate to be. "I perceive you don't admire the prospect," Diaz coolly went on. "Now mark my words. I leave this hill by the way I came, unharmed and free, or I leave it by the shorter route, and take you in my company. But do as I bid you and you shall suffer no hurt. First, order your men to face towards the wood and discharge their rifles." "What security have I that you will keep your promise if I do as you direct?" "For security," said Diaz, "you have only the word of a man who never broke his pledge to friend or foe! Do as I direct you," he cried, as the Frenchman hesitated,

“or we at once take the leap together!” The word was given.

The men, perfect in discipline, and now in mortal dread for their captain, at once faced round, and in another second every rifle in the company was empty. “Now order them to pile their arms and retire a hundred paces to the right,” said Diaz. Again he was obeyed. “One word more,” said the *Empecinado*. “Have I been betrayed by any Spaniard?” “Yes, by a member of your own band.” “His name!” “Pedro Velasca,” was the reply. “He awaits me at the fountain where the three roads meet, near the foot of the hill, expecting the offered reward.” “He has earned his reward, and he shall have it!” cried the guerilla chief. Bounding lightly from the platform of the Devil’s Crag to the top of the cliff, he called on the Frenchman to follow; but the officer, whose nerve had been severely shaken, found it needful, helped by his grasp of Diaz’ stout belt, to scramble down on the little isthmus, and thence to the top of the precipice. When he stood in safety on firm ground, the *Empecinado*, with a laughing farewell, started for the wood in a direction opposite to that where the soldiers were drawn up. They rushed for their weapons, but before they had covered the hundred paces the light-footed guerilla had traversed a hundred and fifty, and long before the quickest man in the company could load, the guerilla was lost to view in the woods. A brief pursuit took place, but the men were soon recalled by the officer, who had had quite enough of the *Empecinado* for one day. Diaz, running headlong to the foot of the hill, made his way to the fountain, and found his betrayer, Velasca, stretched beneath a tree. He started to his feet, and was palsied with terror at the sight of his chief. The work of punishment was terrible and brief. The French soldiers, passing the spot an hour later, found their guide of the morning a corpse with the blackened and distorted features due to death by strangulation.

The story of the *Empecinado's* career as a guerilla fighting for Spain against foreign foes has been told. We are now to view him for a short space in the still nobler part of a champion of constitutional freedom against a tyrant king of Spain. Ferdinand VII. was one of the worst of a bad race, the Bourbons, who, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, held the thrones of Naples and of Spain. Ferdinand I., king of "the two Sicilies," third son of Charles III. of Spain, had been driven from Naples in 1806, by the conquering arms of Napoleon. Restored by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, he had sworn, before his recall, to grant constitutional rule, and a popular movement in 1820 compelled him to renew his pledge. In the following year, with the help of an Austrian army, he broke his word and set up a rigorous despotism, maintained until his death in 1825. Ferdinand II. of "the two Sicilies," grandson of this perjured monarch, soon showed himself as corrupt and worthless a king. The tool of Austrian policy, ever hostile to liberal measures, he made his Neapolitan realm the scene of incessant conspiracy, insurrection, bloodshed, and cruel political prosecutions. In the storm of revolution which swept over Europe in 1848, this Ferdinand granted a "constitution" to both Naples and Sicily, but the Sicilians justly mistrusted his pledges, and their revolt was subdued by the inhuman bombardment of their chief cities which earned for their sovereign the epithet of "Bomba," a brand of dishonour destined to live in history's page. The new constitution was swept away, and Ferdinand's cruel persecution of the reforming party was exposed to the execration of the world in Mr. Gladstone's famous letters from Naples, written in 1851.

The name which has thus become infamous in the royal records of modern Europe was right worthily borne by Ferdinand VII. of Spain. During the Peninsular War, the patriotic party made great efforts to reform the government, and to confer political freedom on the people. The

task was a difficult one. The absolutist party was still strong, and the "liberals" were divided among themselves. The "Constitution of Cadiz" of 1812, the real beginning of modern Spain, was set aside by the king on his return to power in March, 1814, though he had sworn to maintain it. The Inquisition was re-established, and all restrictions on despotic rule were removed. An insurrection headed by the patriots Riego and Quiroga compelled the tyrant to accept the constitution from 1820 to 1823, but the mistakes of the liberal party and the aid of one hundred thousand French troops enabled him to regain his absolute power, and to maintain it until his death in 1833.

The *Empecinado*, in 1823, had a command, on the side of the Cortes, or Parliament, in the corps of General Placencia. When this body of troops, after the revolution of Cadiz had restored power to the party of absolute rule, was forced to capitulate, Diaz, the terror of the tyrannical faction, was arrested. He was a marked man in the eyes of his sovereign. In 1815 he had given great offence by the presentation of a memorial for the establishment of the constitutional rule promised in 1812, when Ferdinand's throne was only in prospect, not yet, through British and Spanish valour, in possession. He was then punished by confinement to Valladolid as his place of abode. In 1820, when a rising took place, as above mentioned, in favour of parliamentary government, the Cortes placed him in charge of a body of troops with which he dispersed the bands of the "curate" Merino, formerly the guerilla chief whose cruelty has been recorded. He was now in arms for the support of absolutism in Spain.

The arrest of the *Empecinado* was effected by the *corregidor*, or chief town-magistrate, of Roa, a functionary of royal appointment. The brave warrior, who had doubly fought for Spain, first for her deliverance from the French invaders, and then for the political freedom of her people, was flung

into a dungeon, and treated with outrageous insult and violence. He was at last tried and condemned to death as a traitor, becoming one of the numerous victims whose judicial murder, at that time, made unhappy Spain a land of mourning, misery, and shame. His aged mother addressed to King Ferdinand a letter full of dignity and pathos, recalling the services formerly rendered to Spain by her gallant son in the struggle against France. The miserable monarch refused to change the sentence of death for one of perpetual exile, and Martin Diaz ascended the scaffold, to be hanged, amid the insulting yells of a fanatical mob excited and encouraged by the monks and priests whose influence, nearly always employed in favour of absolute rule, has been for ages a curse to Spain in political and social affairs. At this last moment, the hero who had fought brilliantly, strenuously, and often with success, against the French, and had then covered himself with new honour in a vain contest against tyranny, could not refrain from resistance to inevitable doom. He struggled with his executioners, and received a mortal stab from one of the soldiers. Thus he passed away, with no small share of glory for himself, and of disgrace to his murderers, into the pages of history. The subsequent career of Spain—her recurring dynastic civil wars and revolutionary struggles, her utter failure to attain an European position worthy of her natural resources and of her past history, her loss of colonial empire and her present humiliation—these form at once the vindication of him who strove to place his country firmly on the road to reform, and the retribution brought by the shedders of innocent blood on their children's children.

CHAPTER II

THE TYROLESE WAR 1809

ANDREAS HOFER ; TEIMER ; SPECHBACHER ; HASPINGER

Tyrol and the Tyrolese—Early History—Country becomes Subject to Austria—Attachment of People to House of Hapsburg—Resistance against Bavaria in 1703—Against the French in 1797—The Brave Peasant-Woman—The Tyrolese and Marshal Ney in 1805—Country handed over to Bavarian Rule (1806)—Bavarian Tyranny—Popular Feeling aroused—Andreas Hofer, the “Sandwirth,” his Early Career—His Character as a Man and a Leader—Hofer and the Austrian Government—The Archduke John—A Rising planned—War between France and Austria—Personal Appearance and Costume of Hofer—The Time for Action arrives—Description of Teimer, Spechbacher, and Haspinger—The Rising of April, 1809—The First Action of the War—The Peasants, Bavarians, and French at the Gorge of Brixen—Hofer and his Men victorious at Sterzing Moos—The Brave Tyrolese Girl—Spechbacher and his Followers in the Inn Valley—His Capture of Hall—Tyrolese Women escort Bavarian Prisoners—Teimer arrives in aid—The Patriots capture Innsbruck—French and Bavarians capitulate—Other Tyrolese Successes—Hofer clears the Southern Country—Napoleon’s Wrath—A New Invasion of Tyrol by Marshal Lefebvre—Fierce Battle at the Strub Pass—Bavarians’ Heavy Loss—Austrian General Chastelar defeated—Enemy advance on Innsbruck—Cruelty of French Troops—Marshal Lefebvre enters Innsbruck—Hofer driven back to Passeyr Valley—He raises Fresh Forces—Spechbacher’s Grand Success—Occupies Innsbruck—Joins Hofer—The Tyrolese Victory at Berg Isel—Arrival of Teimer—Father Haspinger in Action—Another Brave Tyrolese Girl—Fierce Fighting—Hofer’s Splendid Charge—Enemy retreat in Night—Innsbruck again won by Patriots—Further Successes of Tyrolese—Effect on Tyrolese Cause of Archduke Charles’ Defeat at Wagram—The People abandoned by Austria—Tyrolese resolve to act alone—The “Sandwirth” chosen as

Commander-in-Chief—Napoleon's Resolve to crush Resistance—Marshal Lefebvre with Great Force enters Innsbruck—Hofer's Memorable Reply to Demand for Surrender—His March from the Passeyr Valley—Spechbacher and Haspinger again in the Field—Desperate Resistance to Lefebvre's Advance on Brixen—The Tyrolese "Stone-Batteries"—The French Marshal driven back near Sterzing—Hofer and Spechbacher defeat him at Sterzing Moos—Lefebvre retires to Innsbruck—The Great Battle of Berg Isel—Hofer, Haspinger, and Spechbacher in Command—Tyrolese at first repulsed—The Patriots rally—Lefebvre finally beaten with Loss of Guns—He abandons Innsbruck—Tyrolese, for the Third Time, have their Capital—Hofer's Triumphant Entry—Calms the Excited Patriots—Assumes Office as Governor of Tyrol—His Simple Manners—His Excellent Rule—Austrian Emperor confirms Hofer's Position—Tyrolese Dismay on News of Treaty of Schönbrunn—Tyrol abandoned to Napoleon—New Invasion by French and Bavarians in Immense Force—Spechbacher defeated at Strub Pass—Hofer, about to submit, roused by Haspinger—The Struggle revived—Bavarian Cruelties—Tyrolese defeated at Berg Isel—Hofer bids Peasants lay down Arms—Retires to Passeyr Valley—The "Sandwirth" again in Field—His and Haspinger's Successes—The Patriots overcome by Superior Forces—Hofer in Concealment near his Home—Atrocious Cruelty of Bavarians—Haspinger escapes to Vienna—Spechbacher's Romantic Adventures—His Marvellous Escapes—Hofer's Life in Hiding—His Refusal to escape to Vienna—Price set on his Head—A Tyrolese Traitor—Hofer seized at Last—Cruel Treatment of the Hero—His Passage down Passeyr Valley—Generous Behaviour of French Commander, Baraguay d'Hilliers—Hofer conveyed to Mantua—Tried by Court Martial at Napoleon's Order—The "Corsican's" Cruelty and Duplicity—French General Bisson tries to save Hofer—The Patriot refuses Conditions—His Death by shooting at Mantua—Relics of the Hero at Innsbruck—Final Interment at Capital of Tyrol—The Monument in the Great Church—Spechbacher and Haspinger lie beside him.

TYROL (in German, *Tirol*), usually called "*the Tyrol*" in England, a region which is now a notable "play-ground" of British and other foreign tourists in the summer season, is a "Crown-land" province of the Austrian Empire. The territory, with an area of 10,300 square miles, nearly two-thirds that of Switzerland, by which it is bounded on the west, has Bavaria to the north, Carinthia to the east,

Venetia and Lombardy to the south. In the great Alpine system, Tyrol is really a continuation of Switzerland, being entered thence by the three chains which traverse it from west to east. The central range, the Tyrol or Oetzthaler Alps, attaining 11,000 to 12,500 feet in height, is the most lofty, dividing the country into North and South Tyrol, and being crossed by the road over the romantic Brenner Pass, at 4,600 feet above sea-level, on the main highway from Germany to Italy. To the north of this central range lies the valley of the Inn, with the capital, Innsbruck. The southern chain is separated from the central range by the valley of the Etsch or Adige, and by that called the Pustherthal, and is itself divided into eastern and western portions by the river Adige forcing its way through. There are countless minor valleys, all, like the larger ones, capable of cultivation.

This region, inferior in magnificence of scenery to Switzerland alone of European countries, is one of snow-fields, glaciers, avalanches, and cascades among the mountains, and also contains many small lakes. Of the whole territory nearly one-third is accessible only to chamois, goats, and adventurous mountaineers; nearly one-half is covered by forests, and the remainder is natural pasture, feeding mainly sheep and goats, with some arable land producing grain; vineyards and gardens, and orchards richly yielding the finest fruits of temperate climes.

The Tyrolese, numbering early in the nineteenth century somewhat over half a million, are in race about three-fifths German and two-fifths Italian. They are a simple and manly people, marked by devotion to the Catholic faith, loyalty to their rulers, and love of the fatherland; not generally well educated, and somewhat superstitious. The territory, in the great Roman Empire of olden days, formed part of the province of Rhætia, conquered under Augustus Cæsar. After the collapse of the western empire, it was occupied by people

of the Langobardi and other German tribes. In the Middle Ages, the chief authorities were the bishops of Trent (Trient) and Brixen, towns respectively in the south and centre, and the Counts of Tyrol. In 1369 the land came under the sway of the Duke of Austria, being bequeathed to the House of Hapsburg by Margareta, the ruler, last of her line. Since that time the Tyrol has, save for the brief period we are about to deal with, from 1806 to 1814, formed part of the dominions of the House of Austria.

The Tyrolese, as if actuated by the old rivalry between the Austrian and Bavarian houses, have ever resisted all attempts to incorporate them with Bavaria, though the people are, in customs and in religion, in speech and in race, to a large extent identical with those of the country on their northern frontier. During the War of the Spanish Succession, Max Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria, then allied with France against Austria, wished to effect a passage through Tyrol, in 1703, in order to make a junction of his forces with those of the French general, the Duc de Vendôme, marching northwards out of Italy. The Elector and his army reached Innsbruck in safety, moved onwards to the Brenner, and then sent out a detachment, round by the Inn valley, to look out for the expected French army. In a gorge above Landeck, where the bridge of Pontlatz crosses the Inn, there a rough torrent over forty yards wide, the bridge was found to be broken, and the further side of the river defended by a rampart breast-high. Not a man could be seen by the Bavarians, but in a few moments musketry began to crackle from the sides of the mountains, and tree-trunks and rocks rolled down upon men and horses. There was no retreat possible, and in a very short time the whole force was crushed, shot, drowned, or made prisoners. In a few days the whole country was up in arms, and the Elector had to cut his way back to Bavaria with a heavy loss of officers and men. This lesson was not lost upon the foes

of Austria, and Tyrol remained free from invasion for nearly a century.

In March 1797 Joubert, a French general, marching from Italy, strove to cross the Brenner. He was met by an army of peasants at the point where the Brenner road is joined by the main eastern route through the Pustherthal. Desperate fighting went on for some days in the forests, the furious valour of the Tyrolese being almost beyond belief. One man was found dead with seven Frenchmen lying round. Another, after shooting six of the foes, was attacked by five at close quarters, and disposed of three before he was slashed with swords and left for dead. He lived, however, to tell the tale. It was in this struggle that a young woman of twenty-two years, Katharina Lanz, who survived until 1854, headed the defenders of the little church and churchyard in the hamlet of Spinges. With skirts tucked up, and hair floating in the breeze, this patriotic Tyrolese used a pitchfork in a style that was too efficient for the French bayonets. In the end, Joubert, whose way back to Italy was occupied by an Austrian force, had to make his escape down the Pustherthal. These instances suffice to show the spirit with which invaders were likely to be received in Tyrol. During the hostilities between France and Austria in 1805 Marshal Ney made his way to Innsbruck, the stubborn resistance of the Tyrolese having been foiled through the skilful turning of their positions. That renowned French commander, during his brief stay in the country, showed his respect for the warlike people by the moderation of his conduct.

The Peace of Presburg, concluded by Napoleon with the Emperor of Austria on December 26, 1805, after the glorious day of Austerlitz, was the immediate cause of further trouble to the Tyrolese. That instrument of diplomacy handed them over to Bavarian rule, after more than four centuries of loving allegiance to the House of Hapsburg.

National feelings were brutally disregarded in this annexation, and the faithless and cruel conduct of the Bavarian government inflamed the wound. The eighth clause of the Treaty of Presburg laid down that those countries (the ceded Tyrol and Vorarlberg) should "be enjoyed by the King of Bavaria in the same manner, and with the same rights and prerogatives as the Emperor of Germany and Austria and the princes of his House enjoyed them, and *no otherwise.*" These last two words were intended to preserve for the Tyrolese their ancient constitution, and all the rights and privileges which made the prosperous and intensely religious people practically free and self-governed, without any pressure of external authority. The King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph, on his courteous reception of some Tyrolese deputies at Munich, declared that "not one iota of their Constitution should be effaced." This solemn promise, apart from the treaty-obligation, was observed as follows: The constitution was abrogated. The public money was seized. New and heavy taxes were levied. The conscription, or compulsory service in the army, was introduced in place of volunteering for the national militia. The local authorities, to which the people had been accustomed for centuries, were superseded by a host of insolent officials from Munich. The Tyrolese were styled "Bavarians," and the country was re-parcelled into "circles" or territorial departments, with novel names. The use of their own language was forbidden to the Italian-speaking population of South Tyrol. To these injuries was added the bitterest insult in the sale, by public auction, of the ancient "Castle of Tyrol," near the lovely town of Meran, in the heart of the country. At that spot the Passeyr valley issues from the great mountain walls and opens into the valley of the Etsch or Adige, with high mountains, here and there snow-capped, rising on every side, and the slopes around covered with vineyards. The castle, once the abode of Margareta Maultasch, the Countess

of Tyrol above mentioned, and of the Counts of her line, was the place from which the country derived its name.

But there was worse than all this in store for the Tyrolese. They were stabbed in their most tender point, the religion closely interwoven with their daily and their national existence. Visible proofs of this are the decorations of the houses, in the carvings of the balcony and roof; and the little wayside chapels and crosses, where the peasant may be seen at prayer on his way to his daily toil. The Tyrolese is most deeply attached to his priest, as the friend, the adviser, the arbiter in disputes, for all his flock. A system of religious persecution began under the auspices of the Bavarian king's chief adviser, a bigoted member of the new sect of *Illuminati*, or "Enlightened Ones," rejecting Catholic dogmas. The churches were plundered, and the sacred vessels were put to profane uses, being sold to Jews who flocked into the country to "do a trade" in silver plate. The Church-festivals were suppressed, the convents and monasteries were seized. The centre of this odious persecution was Meran, in which district the bishop and many priests who refused obedience to the orders of the Bavarian government were imprisoned. The peasants worshipped, in fact, only among the mountains and forests, at the secret summons of faithful patriotic priests, as none would attend the Church services of those who had submitted to the new tyrannical rule.

For some time, the country groaned in despair under this yoke; but a stern, strong purpose was slowly growing in the hearts of the people. One day a mountaineer came down to Innsbruck, and stopped to gaze at the Bavarian colours, blue and white, where the Austrian black and yellow flag used to float. A passing Bavarian official asked him "whether he did not think the new colours prettier than the old ones?" "Oh, certainly," cried the peasant, "they are fine, but they will not last; in time the blue will turn yellow, and the white black."





[Face page 37.]

In no Tyrolese breast did this feeling of patriotic hope stir more strongly than in that of the chief subject of this chapter in our record, Andreas Hofer. This famous hero was born at St. Leonhard, in the valley of Passeyr, in the autumn of 1767. He lost his parents in early life, and was reared by friends who gave him a fairly good education. From his father he inherited an inn known as the Sandhof, or "House on the Sand," from its position, as it still exists, by the wild torrent of the Passeyr, where the bed widens into a little beach. As owner and keeper of this rustic tavern, Hofer was generally known among his countrymen as "the Sandwirth," or "landlord of Sand." The place is very central, at about four hours' march from Meran to the south and seven hours' rugged walk from Sterzing, half-way up the south side of the Brenner. Hofer had already fought against foes of Tyrol. In 1796, when war broke out between France and Austria, he led a company of riflemen against the French to Lake Garda, and after the Peace of Luneville, signed in February 1801, he was very zealous, with an eye to future contests, in organising a Tyrolese militia. Again, in 1805, he fought at the head of a few brave comrades against Marshal Ney. His position in his native country, prior to 1809, was already one of high distinction. To his calling as an innkeeper he added that of a dealer in horses and wine, and was well known in every quarter from his frequent passage to and fro. In business he was highly esteemed for his truthfulness and just dealing. His simple, manly piety, outwardly evinced in purity of life, and his fervid patriotism, were the real bases of the devoted admiration which he won and retained among the Tyrolese. The "Sandwirth" became the chief national hero, not from any special capacity in military tactics or civil affairs, not from any conspicuous "dash" or recklessness on the field of battle, not from any gift of eloquence, but through the complete trust which all men felt in his integrity and in his absolute devotion to the

cause of Tyrolese freedom. His one fault, as a leader of men, leant stongly to the side of virtue. He was so kindly in disposition, so extremely good-natured, so honest himself, that he was unable to distrust others, and these qualities, estimable in themselves, betrayed him by their excess into occasional lack of resolution and of adherence to plans deliberately formed. His great value as a leader lay in the personal magnetism which could at once raise ten thousand men by sending round the word, "Friends, come and help me!" Devoid, as we have hinted, of the splendid fighting qualities of his excellent colleagues Spechbacher and Haspinger, he was great in organising victory with scanty means, in circumstances that seemed desperate to ordinary men.

The fame of Hofer had reached Vienna, and when the Austrian government was meditating the renewal of conflict with Napoleon, it was to him that application was first made with a view to a rising in Tyrol. The depth and ardour of Tyrolese loyalty were well known to the House of Hapsburg. The emperor Maximilian I., who ruled in the days of our early Tudors, used to say, "The Tyrol is like a peasant's frock, coarse indeed, but right warm." The Archduke John, the most beloved member of the Imperial house in Hofer's day, reminded the people, in one of his proclamations, that the same emperor had styled their country "the shield of Austria," and that Charles V. had, with yet higher eulogy, declared Tyrol to be "Austria's heart." Hofer was well known to this archduke, the emperor's brother, who had been governor of Tyrol, and a wanderer through the land in search of game and in scientific work. The high-born man highly esteemed the character of "the Sandwirth," who, when the archduke quitted the country, after the Treaty of Presburg, early in 1806, was chosen to represent the valley of Passey at a parting interview.

It was towards Hofer that the minds and hearts of his countrymen naturally turned for counsel and hope in the

dark days which had fallen on the land. For some time his only word was "patience," but all through the year 1808 he was pondering ways and means, and planning for the advent of better things. An active secret correspondence had been long kept up by him with the government at Vienna, and he was, in the end, charged with the organising of insurrection against the Bavarian authorities. Especially during the winter of 1808-1809 letters were passing to and fro between the Archduke John and the Tyrolese leaders, couched in terms not to be readily understood in case the documents were intercepted by Bavarian officials. Tyrol, in the letters, appeared as a betrothed bride, separated from her bridegroom (Austria), who at last writes begging the father of the bride to come to the wedding, bringing his friends from the Etschthal, or valley of the Adige, and from the Innthal, and especially with "Barbone," as Hofer was styled by the Italian-speaking peasants of southern Tyrol, from his long black beard (*barba*), at that time uncommon among his people. In January, 1809, in accordance with this invitation, the Sandwirth and two other leading men went to Vienna for an interview with the archduke. A rising in Tyrol was arranged, and the three leaders, on their return, traversed the country in every direction, gaining over the chief men in each town and district. In these preliminary arrangements, Hofer's work included Salzburg and its neighbourhood, and the Brixen, Ziller, and Inn valleys. His trade as a horse-dealer enabled him to go about without arousing suspicion, and when all was settled, he returned to the Sandhof and awaited the hour of action.

War between France and Austria came in the spring of 1809, and a proclamation from the archduke promptly summoned the Tyrol to arms. On April 9 a like document, issued by Hofer and other leaders, announced that the time had at last arrived. The Sandwirth was then forty-two years of age. Of middle height, he was thick-set, strongly built,

and very muscular. Dark, vivacious eyes shone out of a round, ruddy face, with a kindly, sympathetic, cheerful, and resolute expression, the visage of a man of noble and chivalrous nature. His gait was measured, his voice soft and clear. His attire was that of a farmer of the better class, the picturesque dress of his native valley of Passeyr. Under an open jacket of dark material was a scarlet vest crossed by broad braces of emerald green. At the waist came a broad black leathern belt, with the owner's initials embroidered thereon in small threads of goose-quill. Black chamois-leather breeches, stockings of blue wool, and heavy high boots completed the lower costume. His head bore a black goat's-hair steeple cap with broad brim, surrounded by scarlet silken string. A little bronze crucifix was worn round the neck, mostly hidden by the bushy black beard lying over the chest. Such was the man as he stood, on the appointed day, near his little inn, among some thousands of followers from the valley of Passeyr and other parts of the country around Meran. Each peasant-warrior carried a heavy rifle with which he could bring down a chamois at three hundred yards. In estimating the results of the struggle between these peasants, of whom only part had training as a militia, and the forces of France and Bavaria, we must remember that the regular troops of that age were mostly armed with smooth-bore muskets, not effective at a range exceeding eighty yards.

We must now give some brief account of the other leaders all of whom had previously fought for Tyrol. Martin Teimer, the youngest, the best educated, and probably the ablest in military tactics, was thirty years of age. He had risen to the rank of major in the *land-sturm* or militia, having gained distinction in several actions of the year 1799. At the time of the insurrection he was keeping a tobacconist's shop at Klagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, east of Tyrol.

Joseph Spechbacher, forty years old, had in early life been a wild character. His father had a farm in the valley of the

lower Inn. This land was to come to him by inheritance, but the lad was of a roving nature, and at the age of twelve he adopted a poacher's life. The hunting of the chamois is, at best, a risky amusement. In a poacher's case, it has the additional excitement of liability to fall by a bullet from a gamekeeper's gun. Spechbacher took to the life as a duckling to water, and it is obvious that a youth could have no better training for irregular warfare. He quickly gained a reputation for feats of strength and daring in conflict with beasts and birds of prey. His mode of life had well qualified him for a patriot's work in the field of war by giving him a good knowledge of all the recesses of the mountains in the Inn and the Oetz valleys, and the secret by-paths and caverns for hiding in his own country and on the Austrian frontier became serviceable to him in time of need. Spechbacher's life as a poacher came to an end from the remorse aroused in him by the tragical issue of an affray with some Bavarian gamekeepers, in which a Tyrolese was shot dead. He turned to a more reputable career, married an excellent woman, settled near Hall, east of Innsbruck, and earned a comfortable living by supplying wood as fuel for some large salt-works. He was thus engaged at the time of the insurrection of 1809. He had an inherited grudge against the Bavarian oppressors of Tyrol, as a man whose grandsire had served against them in former wars of the Empire. The spirit of the ex-poacher had passed into his son Anderl, a dark-eyed lad of twelve, who was allowed, at his own earnest entreaty, to follow his father to the war, and hang about on the outer edge of battle picking up stray bullets for further use in Tyrolese muskets and rifles. According to the portraits often to be seen in Tyrol, Spechbacher was a dark-hued, handsome man, with a keen, eagle-like face, and piercing black eyes. His undaunted valour and boundless resource made him a most formidable foe. He was Hofer's right-hand man as friend and adviser throughout the struggle.

Joachim Haspinger, a priest and Capuchin friar, lived in a monastery perched high up on some rocks between Brixen and Botzen. He had served as an army chaplain and won a silver medal for his courage on the field, and had now no scruple whatever in taking a fighter's part in a contest which he regarded as a crusade. He was the leader in many a fierce attack, but wielded no weapon except a great crucifix of ebony, with which he dealt fearful blows, like a mediæval bishop with his weighty mace, in case of need for personal defence at close quarters. He became a special favourite among the peasants whom he hounded on in the thick of battle, and was known among them as "Rothbart" or "Red-beard."

When the order for action was issued by Hofer and the other leaders, Teimer took the command in the Inn valley above Innsbruck, while Spechbacher had charge of the district between the capital and the Bavarian frontier. The rising took place on April 11, 1809, the signal being carried through all the country by women and children, who took, to the doors of lonely huts and to hamlets scattered in the vales and on snowy heights, slips of wood bearing the words "'S'ist Zeit" (*It is time*). The people in the river valleys were aroused by sawdust sprinkled on the blue-green water of melted snow, and by floating planks bearing tiny red flags stuck thereon. Fires were set ablaze on the mountain-tops. Every village was in commotion as the men poured forth from the houses, armed with rifles, swords, or rude implements of husbandry, and flocked to the churches for prayer and for the blessing of the priest on the great undertaking. Then came the parting with mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, all as eager as the men for the freedom of Tyrol. The peasants of the Passeyr valley were led, as we have seen, by Hofer, and after confession and communion at the church, they gathered by the river near his inn, and swore fidelity to the Kaiser on the Sandwirth's white silk banner.

At his word, "Up, brothers! with God's help we will cross the Jaufen," all streamed away to the north-east along the half-frozen mountain paths. Austrian support was at hand. The famous Archduke Charles, the emperor's brother, had entered Tyrol across the Inn. The Archduke John was to the east, at Klagenfurt, and General Chastelar had come into the country from the south.

The first shot in the war was fired in the south-east, near Brixen. Colonel von Wrede, commanding the garrison at that town, heard of Chastelar's approach through the Pustherthal, and on April 10 he sent a detachment to destroy the bridge over the river at Saint Lorenzen. The peasants, all ready for action, though the signal for general insurrection had not yet reached them, instantly gathered and prevented the detachment from approaching the bridge. When the main body under Wrede came up in support, the troops were received by a hot fire from the mountain-side. When guns were brought up to destroy the bridge, the Tyrolese, many armed only with clubs and flails, made a furious charge, surrounded the cannon, and drove the gunners into the stream. Wrede could then only strive to force his way to Sterzing, to the north-west, in order to unite with the garrison there. A force of three thousand French, under General Bisson, marching from Italy, had joined Wrede, and the peasants caught the whole body in a narrow defile called the Gorge of Brixen. Assailed with rocks and tree-stems rolled down the mountain-side, and with bullets from well-hidden foes, and with Chastelar's advance-guard pressing on the rear, the Bavarians and French suffered heavy loss before they reached the plain in which lies Sterzing.

This little town, a notable one in this period of Tyrolese history, was the destination of Hofer and his men when they started for the Jaufen Pass. The Bavarian commander of the garrison, aware of their approach, wisely resolved to meet them on the open ground favourable for the action of

his disciplined troops. The battle of Sterzing Moos (or Moss) took place on April 11. The first rush of the peasants was promptly checked by a steady fire of musketry and grape-shot. The Tyrolese, reforming in a hollow road, where they had refreshments brought by their countrymen from Sterzing, made a second attack, which was also repulsed. Hofer, seated on a hill above, watching the fight, caught sight of some loaded hay-waggons, and at once bethought him of drawing them up as a shelter for his sharpshooters, whence they might pick off the enemy's gunners. When no man could at first be found to bring them within range, a girl came forward, swung herself up on one of the draught-oxen, plied whip and voice, and, bidding her countrymen "not to fear the Bavarian dumplings," drove on amongst the bullets until, by the aid of the men with other waggons, some shelter was provided. From behind this novel rampart the riflemen soon silenced the guns, and a new rush of the Tyrolese compelled the surrender of the whole remaining Bavarian force. The prisoners were locked up, under a guard of women, in an adjacent castle, and, with special care on the part of the victors, every trace of a battle was removed. The Tyrolese then dispersed among the mountains to await the arrival of Generals Wrede and Bisson. When those luckless commanders came upon the scene on the following day, April 12, they were completely puzzled. No garrison was to be found in Sterzing. No one would say a word on the matter, and not an armed enemy was in sight. Their march was then directed on Innsbruck, and in every defile of the mountain road the Tyrolese inflicted severe loss.

We must now turn to the performances of Spechbacher and his men of the Inn valley. All night long between April 11 and 12, beacon-fires had been blazing on the mountains which look down into the streets of Innsbruck. The river Inn, which, soon after its rise in the Innthal, at the foot of the Alpine heights where trickling mountain rills have joined to

form a brook, is but a turf-bordered rivulet, flows through the capital of Tyrol as a noble stream on its way to cross the south-eastern corner of Bavaria and fall into the Danube at Passau. On the banks are seen rich fields and forests, with here and there the ruins of a fort or castle frowning in shattered majesty upon the summit of a rugged precipice. Rows of chestnut-trees border the roads, and the craggy pinnacles of the lofty North Tyrolese Alps form a stately ridge behind the city as viewed from the south, a frame worthy of the picture which they partly enclose.

At dawn, on the morning of April 12, Spechbacher was at the gates of Hall. No suspicion of his presence had arisen, and when the portals were opened at the usual hour, the Tyrolese rushed in and surprised the garrison. The officers were seized in their beds; scarcely a shot was fired, and in a few minutes, with the loss of only two peasants, four hundred Bavarians became prisoners of war. They were marched away to Salzburg, under the usual escort of armed women. Hall lies only about seven miles east of Innsbruck, and before noon Spechbacher and his men joined the Tyrolese from the upper Inn valley, as they were striving to capture the two bridges across the river just outside the town walls. They had wanted a leader until Spechbacher arrived, but then, as he waved his hat and rushed to the front with a cry "For the Emperor," a charge was made which ended in the clubbing of the Bavarian gunners with the butt-end, or their flinging into the river. At this moment some of the students of the university reversed the guns and poured grape-shot into the Bavarian troops hurrying up from the town. The peasants pressed forward, many fighting only with clubs and fists. The Tyrolese sharpshooters, who now filled the houses near, drove off the cavalry by a deadly fire from every window.

A reinforcement for the Tyrolese soon came up in the persons of Major Teimer and some drilled battalions of

militia from the upper Inn valley. The Bavarian commander, General Kinkel, suggested surrender, but his second-in-command, brave Colonel Dittfurt, declaring for death rather than submission, as he cried, to "a mob of peasants," made a desperate effort to revive the battle. As he spoke he fell from his horse, being hit by two bullets, but he struggled to his feet, rushed, sword in hand, on the enemy, and was now shot through the chest. Even then, with a few officers at his back, he attacked a body of Tyrolese who were keeping up a hot fire from higher ground, but a fourth bullet, in the head, caused him to be carried lifeless from the scene of action. His fall brought the surrender of the surviving Bavarians, and thus, on the second day of the insurrection, the Tyrolese had possession of their country's chief town. There was some plundering of townsfolk who were believed to have been friendly with the Bavarians, but many acts of kindness were done to the vanquished. The only act of vengeance on the part of the victors was the destruction of the house of a Jew merchant who had purchased church-vessels and had carried them in mockery through the streets before the eyes of the people. The man's life was spared. The Bavarian arms were replaced by the Austrian eagle, saluted even with tears of joy by some aged patriots.

The new day brought fresh success for the rejoicing Tyrolese at Innsbruck. We left Wrede, the Bavarian commander, and his French colleague General Bisson, struggling towards Innsbruck from the south, amidst constant attacks from the peasantry. At early dawn on April 13, the harassed force, from the height of Berg Isel, nearly two miles from Innsbruck, looked down upon the city, and a mounted officer was sent forward to announce the arrival to Kinkel and Dittfurt. As he rode through the town gate he fell from his horse, pierced by a bullet, and knew that the Tyrolese were in possession of the place. The head of the French and Bavarian column had reached Berg Isel at five o'clock.

The Tyrolese barricaded the gates when the enemy's presence was known, and prepared for a street-fight. At six o'clock the enemy were drawn up for battle on the level ground between the hill and the south side of the town, the Bavarians on the left, the French on the right. The Tyrolese then, by a skilful flank movement, occupied the Berg Isel in force, and the enemy were thus enclosed in front and rear. Major Teimer, in Innsbruck, caused his prisoner, General Kinkel, to send an order for Wrede to dispatch an officer to the town in order to learn the real position of affairs. Wrede and a French staff-officer went forward, after the skirmishers on each side had opened fire. The Bavarian commander was detained; the French staff-officer went back with his report. A meeting then took place between Teimer and General Bisson at the suburb of Wilten, and the matter ended in the capitulation of the whole French and Bavarian forces—two generals, a hundred and thirty officers, six thousand men, seven guns, and eight hundred horses. Major Teimer was created Baron von Wilten, from the place where he received the French general's sword. The peasants had no band, and the prisoners of war were marched through Innsbruck to the strains of their own music. On the day after this grand success, the Austrian troops under Chastelar reached the capital. In other quarters, good fortune attended the Austrian and Tyrolese arms. The Archduke John gained a victory, and Hofer struck other blows for his country's cause.

The Sandwirth, after his victory near Sterzing, led his valesmen of Passeyr southwards to Botzen, where he commanded an army composed of his own contingent and of the peasants of the Etschthal (Adige valley). With these troops he took up a position between Trent and Romagnano. He had many actions with the French forces, and succeeded, for a time, in clearing southern Tyrol. By the end of April the whole country, except the strong fortress of Kufstein, on the Bavarian frontier, was in the hands of the Tyrolese.

The struggle was, however, only begun. Napoleon was enraged when he heard of the defeats of his disciplined troops by mere mountaineers, and on May 5 he issued an "Order of the day," in which, with an insolent reference to "a certain Chastelar, calling himself a general in the Austrian service," he accused him of causing insurrection in Tyrol and of "massacring" Bavarians, and directed that, in case of capture, he should be shot within twenty-four hours. A fresh strong invading force was already in the field. On May 1 Salzburg was occupied by Bavarians under General Wrede, and by French troops under Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Danzig, a man who had risen with great rapidity by ability and courage, and had his title from the capture of the town of Danzig in the Franco-Prussian war of 1806. Many of the Tyrolese peasants had by this time dispersed to their homes, to take out their herds to the mountain pastures after the melting of the snow. French victories beyond the frontier had also compelled the withdrawal of most of the Austrian troops, and Chastelar alone remained, encamped in the Inn valley between Innsbruck and Hall. The French and Bavarians entered Tyrol from the north-east by way of Reichenhall, whence the road to Innsbruck lies through a narrow defile, the Strub Pass.

The long and gloomy ravine, shut in between walls of rock, is traversed by a road which, with many abrupt turns, winds among pine-woods, and around huge projecting rocks, with a torrent roaring far below. On May 11, Ascension Day, with a brilliant sun shining on slopes decked with the blue and pink flowers of the Tyrolese spring, this passage of defence was held by about three hundred peasants and soldiers, with two six-pounder guns. The enemy's advance-guard, Wrede's whole division, composed of fourteen thousand men, with several guns, entered the pass, and were received with a hot, well-aimed fire. Hundreds of men were killed and wounded, and the gorge was carried only after a fight of five hours, eight

repulses of the Bavarians, the disabling of one of the Tyrolese guns, and an attack on the brave defenders' rear by a detachment of the foe sent round for the purpose. The struggle ended with the slaughter of the wounded peasants lying on the road. Few Tyrolese escaped, but they left behind them fifteen hundred dead Bavarians. A like desperate resistance was made at the Achen gorge, but an almost incessant conflict of three days found the invaders still advancing, and on May 13 the force under Wrede arrived near the little town of Wörgl. There he was joined by a French force under General Deroy, who, in his advance along the Inn valley, had relieved Kufstein from a Tyrolese blockade. During the Bavarian march, the Tyrolese stubborn resistance had infuriated the foe to the point of burning villages and slaying women and children.

At Wörgl, General Chastelar, with two thousand regular Austrian troops, was utterly routed by superior forces, escaping from his threatened fate at the hands of Napoleon's military commission only by the speed of his horse. During the advance upon Innsbruck, the invading forces perpetrated atrocious deeds of massacre and plunder. At one village, Schwatz, the men, women, and children were all cut down and their bodies were flung into the flames of the houses. The Bavarian general, Wrede, however, interfered to prevent the burning of the little town of Rattenberg, and saved the lives of some scores of peasants, taken with arms in their hands, from the rage of his French colleague, Lefebvre. He also issued strict orders to the Bavarian troops against ill-treatment of the people. On May 19 the Duke of Danzig entered Innsbruck. In the south of the country, at this time, Hofer had been forced to retire by invaders from Italy under General Rusca, and he returned to the Passeyr valley. There he soon raised fresh forces, and on May 20 was in Meran, at the head of six thousand men. A new turn in the fortunes of the country was close at hand.

On May 21 Napoleon was defeated by the Archduke Charles in the two days' sanguinary battle of Aspern (or Essling). Before receiving news of this event, Lefebvre and Wrede had returned to Salzburg, with the view of intercepting the Archduke John on his march from Italy, and Innsbruck was held by the division of General Deroy. The Tyrolese were planning the recovery of their capital. Spechbacher was a chief hero in the enterprise. He was ready with a force at Hall, and on the day of Chastelar's defeat at Wörgl he had seized at Innsbruck all the weapons and powder that could be found. After the enemy had captured Innsbruck, the indefatigable Tyrolese leader managed by a stratagem to get across the Inn in the face of the Bavarian posts, and then he made a rush for the Brenner Pass, in order to see Hofer and concert measures for the struggle. On May 23, with only four companions, he was at Steinach, to the north of the pass, and the five of them, by spreading themselves along the mountain-side and taking a fresh position for every shot, managed to frighten away a cavalry patrol of some hundreds of men sent out to reconnoitre. At the defile of Lueg Spechbacher found Hofer, who had come northwards with his force, and the Austrian general Buol put twelve hundred men and six guns at the disposal of the two leaders.

On May 24 the Tyrolese army was on the Schönberg mountains, overlooking Innsbruck, and preparations were made for the memorable battle of Berg Isel, the "Bannockburn" of Tyrolese history. The spot has now become a public park containing monuments to Tyrolese who have fallen for the fatherland, with a museum of fire-arms, some used in the action of 1809 and others once possessed by Hofer. The northern end of the hill looks down on Wilten, the suburb south of Innsbruck. On May 25 Hofer took up his position on the Berg, while Spechbacher held the right wing as far as Hall. "Rothbart," Friar Haspinger, commanded on the left, near the villages of Mutters and Natters.

The Tyrolese, in all, were about eighteen thousand men. The Bavarian army under General Deroy was about twelve thousand in number, many of whom were veterans. This force was extended along the Inn as far as Hall and Völders, from which places, prior to the main engagement, Spechbacher drove the enemy with the aid of some Austrian regular troops. The Bavarians then, after some vain attempts to storm Berg Isel, gathered round Innsbruck. Hofer and his colleagues decided on May 29, the day of a great Church festival, for a general action. This delay gave Teimer, who was at Landeck, to the west, the opportunity of bringing his men down the Inn valley to join his countrymen. On the morning of May 28, the Bavarians being drawn up to the south of the capital, the Tyrolese line faced them in a great crescent, with the left at Zirl, ten miles above, and westwards of the town, and the right on Völders, about as far away to the east of Innsbruck. The action began on the day before that chosen by the Tyrolese leaders. Spechbacher assailed the Bavarians on their left, while Father Haspinger led the men of Meran, with two Austrian companies, by way of the villages of Mutters and Natters, down to the marshy ground just above the town on the right bank of the Inn. Close fighting ensued, and the heroic friar had some narrow escapes. One enemy was laid low by a blow from the great crucifix as he was about to fire. Another Bavarian, while delivering a bayonet-thrust, was stopped by a bullet fired from a Tyrolese rifle over Haspinger's shoulder, close enough to singe his red beard. Now and then stopping a moment or two to shrive a dying man, the Capuchin pushed on at the head of his peasants, who, with bullet and butt-end, were slowly and steadily winning their way. It was on this occasion that, near a farmhouse called Rainerhof, a Tyrolese girl showed a heroism not rare among her sex in that country. In the thick of the fight, with a small cask of wine on her head and a mug in her hand, she sped about giving drink to the Tyrolese and Austrians. A bullet pierced

the cask and the wine was running down her cheek and neck as she laid down the cask and placed her finger in the hole, bidding the fighters come and drink while there was wine to be had.

The fighting was of a desperate character. At the Berg Isel, the centre of the Tyrolese position, where Hofer was in command, the Bavarian attempts to storm were only repulsed when the right had been nearly turned. Hofer, from his head-quarters on the Schönberg heights, was anxiously looking for Teimer from the left. At last he was seen, at the head of his column, by the Inn above the town; but ammunition was failing with the Tyrolese. In order to gain time, the Tyrolese commander sent a flag of truce to Deroy with a summons for surrender. The Bavarians, refusing this, sought an armistice for twenty-four hours, which was, in turn, declined. On May 29, with fresh supplies of ammunition, Hofer massed all his forces in the centre, and, sword in hand, charged grandly to the usual cry of "For God, the Emperor, and Fatherland." The Bavarians were forced back, and, when ammunition was again nearly spent, the Tyrolese women and children brought up handfuls of fired bullets gathered up on the outskirts of the struggle. The wounded patriots lay by hundreds on the slopes of the hill, declining all help which would lessen the number of fighters. At a critical moment Teimer and his men suddenly appeared on the Höttingen heights to the north of Innsbruck, and the fight continued until dark, after a brief suspension by agreement. The Tyrolese lay on Berg Isel. During the night, the Bavarian commander, feeling his position untenable, had the hoofs of the horses and the gun-carriage wheels carefully muffled, and the whole force withdrew over the Mühlau bridge, along the Inn valley, to Kufstein, and thence across the frontier into Bavaria. When morning dawned, not a man could be seen, and the Tyrolese peasants, after beating a trained host of disciplined

men, streamed joyous and victorious, about seven o'clock on the morning of May 30, into their capital, won now for the second time from the grasp of the Bavarians.

The fortunes of the Tyrolese patriots were closely connected with those of the Austrian forces under the Archduke Charles, near Vienna. As long as that great commander could hold Napoleon at bay, all would be well for Tyrol. French success would assuredly bring a fresh invasion of the country in force. For about six weeks after his reverse at the battle of Aspern-Essling, the French emperor was shut up in the island of Lobau, in the Danube, awaiting reinforcements, and preparing the famous bridges of his own design for a crossing to the northern bank and a renewal of the contest. In the Tyrol, the enemy was meanwhile driven back in every other quarter, and the war was carried, through Vorarlberg, the district north-east of Tyrol, into Würtemberg and Swabia, where the peasants released the prisoners taken in the battles between the French and Austrians, and brought them to join in the struggle for the Austrian cause in Tyrol. At the beginning of June, Hofer had relieved Count de Linanges, a man much beloved by the Tyrolese, who was besieged by the enemy at Trent (Trient), and he was on the point of effecting a junction, at the head of a large force, with the troops which were to capture Klagenfurt, and so open communication between Tyrol and Austria, when his action was paralysed by the receipt of news of disaster for the Austrians. Dark days were coming for the land just freed by the arms of her own heroic sons. We should here record that, after the glorious success at Berg Isel, a despatch from Innsbruck sent the tidings to the Emperor Francis, and a letter from him, dated on the lucky day, crossed the despatch, and was found to contain a solemn assurance that "my faithful country of Tyrol shall never more be separated from the empire of Austria, and I will sign no peace except one which shall re-unite the country to my monarchy." This

was written, of course, after the Aspern victory, and the conqueror on that dreadful day of carnage, the Archduke Charles, wrote to Chastelar, after he had abandoned the struggle, in words of encouragement for "the brave Tyrolese."

Never was a people more cruelly betrayed. On July 5 Napoleon again crossed the Danube, and on that and the following day he overthrew the archduke's forces in the great battle of Wagram. The armistice of Znaim, signed on July 12, 1809, arranged that all the Austrian troops should leave Tyrol, and left the country again to Bavarian rule. The land, of which not a word was said in the armistice, was thus abandoned, as the territory of mere rebels against France, to Napoleon's mercy. The Tyrolese, struck to the heart by the falsification of their Kaiser's pledge, were full of rage. Some were for arresting the Austrian general Buol, depriving his soldiers of their cannon and ammunition, disarming all who would not join a new insurrection, and shooting the French and Bavarian prisoners. Calm reflection succeeded to this patriotic frenzy, and the Austrian troops quitted Tyrol according to the terms of the armistice. A feeling of despair at first prevailed. The bands dispersed. Hofer took refuge on the Schneeberg, near the Passeyr valley, but he was brought out from his place of hiding by news that his valiant comrades Spechbacher, Haspinger, and Peter Mayer were again in the field. The chief command was assigned to the Sandwirth, a choice which brought large reinforcements to the patriots, while many Austrian soldiers deserted in order to join him. The Tyrolese were once more fully roused for action against foreign conquest and tyranny.

Napoleon was resolved to finally crush Tyrolese resistance, and he despatched Marshal Lefebvre for the purpose with an army of about forty thousand French, Saxons, and Bavarians. The Duke of Danzig, on July 30, entered Innsbruck, ordered all weapons to be given up within forty-eight hours, and

summoned the leaders to immediate surrender. It was on this occasion that Hofer, being charged to appear before Lefebvre at Innsbruck on August 11, sent the memorable reply: "I will do so, but it will be at the head of ten thousand riflemen." The men were soon ready and marching with their leader through the rocky defiles that guard his native valley of Passeyr. Lefebvre sent one of his divisions, under General Rouyer, across the Brenner Pass to Sterzing, on its way to Brixen and Botzen, in order to pacify Southern Tyrol. Another force was dispatched westwards up the Inn valley, to march round by Landeck, and southwards and eastwards through the Etsch (Adige) valley, for junction with Rouyer's force at Botzen. In order to meet these movements, a body of Tyrolese, under Haspinger and other leaders, occupied the Eisach valley, south of Sterzing, on August 2, and seized the Peisser bridge, where the road crosses the river Eisach between the hamlets of Oberau and Unterau ("Upper" and "Lower" Meadow). There they were joined by Spechbacher and the men of the Pustherthal, east of Brixen, and preparations were carefully made to give a warm reception to the advancing foe. The Duke of Danzig was with the rear of Rouyer's division, and on his stay at Sterzing he found fault, as he departed, with the poor fare for his breakfast at the little inn. He left his hostess with the words, "Never mind, I shall have a famous dinner to-day at Brixen."

The invading force left Sterzing, marching south, at dawn on August 4, and at seven o'clock the vanguard, composed of more than two thousand Saxons, entered the narrow gorge below Mauls, south-east of Sterzing. There they were brought to a stand by a barricade, under a severe fire from the Tyrolese on the mountain-side. Many of the Saxons were also maimed or killed by a torrent of rocks rolled down by the peasants. Having cleared away the obstacles, after heavy loss, the column struggled forward for about five miles to Mittelwald, and was there compelled to clear the road with grape-shot, as many

hundreds of marksmen, in front and on both flanks, poured in their fire. As they neared the little wooden bridge over the Eisach at Oberau, it was crossed by the peasants and set on fire, and then came one of the most terrible scenes in the whole Tyrolese war. At a signal-cry from the heights, a voice of doom for many hundreds of brave men, a rumble, succeeded by a roar of sound, gave token that the awful "stone-battery" of the mountaineers was in action. Rocks and tree-trunks, placed on platforms ready to be cut loose, rolled down on both sides, crushing countless files of the Saxons, and cutting the column fairly in two. By night-fall, thirteen hundred of the invaders had perished, and the remnant of them, after a brave defence, was forced to surrender. The scene of this tragic episode of the war is still known as the "Sachsen-Klemme," or "Saxons' Gorge."

The main body of the column under Rouyer, after this discomfiture for the vanguard, withdrew to Sterzing in disorderly style, harassed all the way by the fire of the Tyrolese, and the Duke of Danzig, returning to the same inn in wrath and confusion, was greeted with the hope, from his hostess of the previous day, that "he had enjoyed his famous dinner." Such a man as Lefebvre was not, however, to be daunted by one disaster, and at three in the morning of August 7, the marshal, with seven thousand men and ten guns, left Sterzing again for Mauls, clad himself as a private soldier, as a protection from the special aim of the Tyrolese marksmen. Skirmishers were sent up and round to clear the heights, and Haspinger, who was in command of the peasants, withdrew his men for attack at the most favourable points for their action. Reinforcements had reached the Tyrolese, and to shorten the story, we may state that, with a narrow escape of his own life, the marshal and his men, after severe fighting, were driven back in confusion to Sterzing.

There was no rest there for the roughly handled invaders of the Tyrol. Returning to Hofer, whom we left with his

men in the Pässe valley, we find that they made their way over the Jaufen Pass, to the west of Sterzing, where they were joined by the swiftly moving, energetic Spechbacher. At Sterzing Moos (or Moss, Moor), a place we already know, the marshal, with fresh men from Innsbruck, attacked the Tyrolese with the utmost fury. He was repulsed with severe loss in each of three attempts, and was forced on August 10 to order a retreat to Innsbruck, leaving behind him fifteen hundred prisoners and eight guns. We turn to the fortunes of the column sent westwards from the capital, for the projected junction with Rouyer's division at Botzen. The invaders were met by the Tyrolese at the bridge of Pontlatz, in a gorge above Landeck, the memorable spot where the Elector of Bavaria's troops had been so severely handled in 1703. Assailed by the "stone-batteries," they were so treated that, after heavy loss in killed and wounded, many of the survivors had to surrender, and on August 10 the column returned to Innsbruck, weakened by over twenty officers and more than a thousand men.

At Innsbruck, the Duke of Danzig ("the Danziger," as the Tyrolese scornfully styled the eminent marshal), gathered an army of twenty-five thousand infantry, a thousand horse, and forty guns. The Tyrolese, flushed with victory, massed all their forces in order to make an end of the invaders. On August 12 both sides had a needful rest. The following day, August 13, was Sunday, and at early morning the brave Haspinger, Father Joachim the friar, said mass in the church of Schönberg, a little town about eight miles due south of the capital. The scene of conflict was to be again Berg Isel, and Hofer was once more in chief command. As a specimen of his pithy speeches, we give Hofer's words to his men after service: "Are you all here, Tyrolese? Then we will advance. You have heard mass, you have taken your dram. In the name of God, then!" Another service was still being held in the great abbey-church of

Wilten when the first shots were fired. The centre of the patriot army, under Hofer, was on Berg Isel; the left wing was commanded, as in the spring, by Haspinger; the right wing was again led by Spechbacher. The French marshal, in order to keep open a line of retreat down the Inn valley, had detached a body of troops under Count Arco to hold the village of Schwatz, nearly twenty miles east of Innsbruck, and the forces on the field were about twenty thousand men on each side.

It was about two in the afternoon when Lefebvre ordered an attack on the Tyrolese positions. Under cover of a severe fire from well-served guns, two of his regiments stormed Berg Isel, while others attacked the village of Amras, on the eastern side of the river Sill. The battle was fought with the utmost resolution. The men of Passeyr, under Hofer, were at last forced back, and Spechbacher and his men were driven from their positions. On the left, the Tyrolese were successful, repulsing all the enemy's attacks, and, under Haspinger's heroic leadership, driving their assailants fairly back into the plain. The Bavarians then began to set fire to the houses, and aroused the Tyrolese to fresh fury. After being re-formed under cover of the adjacent woods, they poured forth in masses, and firing a volley from their rifles, rushed to close quarters with the butt-end, their favourite weapon, and soon retook their old positions. Several fresh assaults were made by Lefebvre, but all were repulsed. Fighting went on through the night, and at last the peasant forces captured the Sill bridge in Innsbruck itself. The victors lost a few hundreds of men; the vanquished were weakened by some thousands, including many prisoners and some guns. At Schwatz, Count Arco had fallen by a Tyrolese bullet, and his men were driven from their ground.

At seven o'clock on the evening of August 14 Marshal Lefebvre marched out of the capital for Schwatz, on his way of retreat to Kufstein, and entrenched himself in the village for

a few days, but the forces under Haspinger and Spechbacher were pressing around him, and he thought it prudent on August 19 to retire to Salzburg. For the third time, the Tyrolese had won possession of their capital and cleared Tyrol of their foes. Lefebvre, in his retirement from Innsbruck, had carried away two important prisoners, the Count of Sarnheim and the widowed Baroness von Sternbach. Another captive, still more valuable to the Tyrolese, Joseph Straub, made a clever escape by a sudden rush to the river Inn, into which he plunged and hid himself under one of the arches of the bridge. The Duke of Danzig, in his despatch to Napoleon, described his defeat and flight as "a retrograde movement—one of those retreats of which history speaks so much." The facts spoke more truly for themselves, and at an interview later on, Napoleon scornfully said, "Well, M. le Maréchal, have you learnt military tactics from the Tyrolese this time?"

Hofer on August 14, as Commander-in-chief of Tyrol, entered Innsbruck in triumph, in an open carriage drawn by four greys, and took up his abode at the *Golden Eagle*, whence he delivered a short, quaint speech to the enraptured peasants who had fought so well for "God, Emperor, and Fatherland." He was just in time to save the town from being plundered by those who had regarded the Tyrolese cause as lost, and from mischief at the hands of the excited victors. An hour or two after his entry, the Sandwirth was told, as he sat at supper, that the mountaineers in the place were becoming unruly, and were about to seize the weapons that Lefebvre had taken in the neighbouring villages and stored in the Burg or palace. He rushed to the window, looking down on the noisy throng of excited men, in their bright green and red coats and vests and embroidered belts, and as their hats decked with flowers and black cocks' tails were flung high in the air, he cried, "What are you here for? Is it to rob and plague people? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why don't you go after the enemy?"

They are not too far off. Go after them to the lowlands. Go, I say, for I won't have you here! And if you don't do as I bid you, I won't be your leader any more!" With a loud laugh and a cheer the men went their way.

When order had been fully restored, Hofer, as Governor of Tyrol and Viceroy of the Emperor, took up his abode at the Burg, the palace of former governors, and issued an edict for a general thanksgiving. The innkeeper who, with other gallant chiefs, had freed his country from foreign domination, well bore the severe test of a sudden rise to greatness and power. During his brief tenure of office he was never known to abuse it in any instance. Great in his simplicity of spirit and manners, he adorned his high and honourable post. His body-guard consisted of his rough peasant brothers-in-arms, men who sat about in the ante-rooms in their shirt-sleeves, smoking long pipes, as they waited to admit in their turns the many visitors to "Father Hofer." He would have no title of "Excellency" or "Von Hofer." "I am Andere Hofer the peasant," was his reply to such greetings. His only mark of distinction was a hat with a plume of feathers and an inscription, this head-ornament being a present from the Ursuline Sisters at Innsbruck. Still wearing the green coat, red waistcoat, leathern belt and breeches of his life in the Passeyr valley, he lived, for his own food, on about tenpence a day. He was fond of entertaining his friends at supper, after which none could depart without joining in the evening prayers. Assisted in his rule by a council, Hofer passed many good laws and decrees. The ecclesiastical institutions of Meran, Botzen, and Marienberg were restored, and a new coinage of twenty-kreuzer pieces, known as "Sandwirth's Zwanzigers" (from *Zwanzig*, twenty), was issued. These coins are still regarded in Tyrol as precious relics and memorials of a glorious phase in her history.

On September 29 there arrived at the Burg Hofer's former

adjutant, Eisenstecken, and Major Sieberer, bearing a despatch from the Emperor Francis. All the acts of the Sandwirth, and his appointment as governor of Tyrol, were therein confirmed, and a gold medal and chain of honour were sent as decorations for the chief deliverer of the land. With these ornaments on October 4, the Emperor's "name-day," Hofer was solemnly invested in the great Franciscan Church, the Hofkirche, by the Bishop of Wilten. The bells rang merrily as the procession returned to the palace for a grand banquet. The Sandwirth's speech on that occasion has been preserved, and is characteristic of the man: "Gentlemen, I thank you. News I have none to give you to-day. I have three messengers on the road, Hansel Watcher, Seppel Sixten, and Franz Memmet; the lot of them might have been here long ago. I expect the vagabonds every hour." This was Hofer's last day of happiness in his country's good-fortune.

On that same evening, as the governor sat at the theatre, where a piece was being played in his honour, he was made restless and wretched by reports which came of a permanent peace between France and Austria. He left the place, and was found by a friend standing beneath one of the lanterns hung by great chains across the narrow street. "He could not," he said, "enjoy the honours rendered to him when he knew the cause was not prospering elsewhere." He was right. The disgraceful Treaty of Schönbrunn, signed that very day, made no mention whatever of the land whose gallant people had displayed the utmost loyalty, the highest heroism, the deepest devotion, the extreme of self-sacrifice, for their own freedom and for the rights of the Austrian crown. They were left to the tender mercies of the conqueror whom their stubborn resistance and their destruction of his troops had enraged. Handed back again to Bavarian sway, the Tyrol was doomed to fresh invasion by forces which it was impossible to overcome. Internal troubles of dissension arose, and Hofer's influence was taxed to calm

districts where the people, despairing of their country's future, gave way to turbulence and various excesses.

The new invasion began with the occupation of the Pustherthal by General Rusca, and an irruption of the French from Italy under Peyri. The north of Tyrol was entered by General Drouet d'Erlon with three Bavarian divisions under the Crown Prince, Wrede, and Leroy. This large force came from Salzburg by way of the Strub Pass, which Spechbacher bravely, but vainly, strove to defend. On October 16 he was utterly defeated, and his young son was taken prisoner. The father had barely escaped capture, and the captors of the son cruelly showed him a part of his father's dress and his sword stained with blood, with the declaration that he was killed. The lad, with bitter tears flowing, was taken to Bavaria, where he was kindly received at Munich by the king, and sent for education to the Royal School. The truth as to Spechbacher was that, after he was wounded, his peasants carried him up into the mountains, and placed him beyond reach of pursuit. Friar Haspinger, for his part, had fled with the remains of Spechbacher's force, and Hofer, leaving Innsbruck towards the end of October, took up his quarters first at Schönberg, and then on the Berg Isel, waiting the approach of Drouet d'Erlon. A formal announcement of the signing of the peace had reached the Sandwirth from that officer, and a copy of a proclamation, in the same sense, arrived from Prince Eugène Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson, who had the chief command in the new campaign. The peasants would not believe that their Kaiser had forsaken them until the evil news was confirmed by a letter from the Archduke John, whom all loved and trusted, bidding the Tyrolese to lay down their arms.

Hofer thereupon called a council, at which it was decided that further resistance was useless, and that Prince Eugène's proclamation must be accepted. The carriage was already

horsed to convey the Sandwirth for his surrender to the Prince Royal of Bavaria, when Haspinger arrived in hot haste, and managed, by his vehement assurances, to convince Hofer that the whole thing was a delusion. The Tyrolese leader accordingly wrote to Joseph Straub of Hall, stating his purpose of making "a desperate stroke." The contest was renewed in several quarters, and assumed an atrocious aspect. The Bavarians wantonly burnt to the ground the large thriving village of Zirl, a few miles west of Innsbruck, an outrage followed by a day of vengeance and victory for the peasants, a conflict in which the wife fought beside her husband, the sister by her brother, the maiden by her father's or her lover's side. A terrible slaughter on both parts occurred, three hundred and twenty Tyrolese women being cut down by the Italian cavalry. These men, in their turn, were slain in hundreds by the maddened Tyrolese. Early in November, General Wrede succeeded in surprising the Tyrolese position on Berg Isel while the peasants were celebrating a festival in the neighbouring churches. A fierce struggle of three hours ended in the enemy's retention of the battle-field. Spechbacher held out all day, but at last fell back on Rinn, and Hofer, crossing the Brenner Pass, sent envoys to Prince Eugène and to D'Erlon. To the latter, he proposed to disperse his men on condition that the French troops remained stationary until the peasants reached their homes. D'Erlon at once published this letter as an unconditional surrender, and threatened to shoot any one found in arms. The Sandwirth then retired to Sterzing, where he received the answer from Prince Eugène. The tone was one of conciliation. The people were bidden to resume their ordinary occupations, and assured that all complaints should be listened to. Hofer then issued a proclamation bidding the peasants to lay down their arms. The Bavarian prisoners were released, and the Tyrolese leader returned to his Passeyr valley.

We must now record the one fault of Hofer's great career. He was bound by his own published words, but in patriotism he was a real fanatic. When the mountaineers, mad with despair, came round him with entreaties and even with threats, he could not stand firm, and at his bidding the people, in some quarters, again rushed to arms. Donay, one of the envoys sent to Prince Eugène, knowing the real condition of affairs, strove to quiet the people, but he was fiercely denounced as a traitor to the country and the Sandwirth, and at his own home his mother greeted him with scorn as "seller of souls!" Rusca and Baraguay d'Hilliers, coming from Italy, had to fight their way at every step along the Pustherthal, and at the old Castle of Tyrol, near Meran, Rusca was defeated with great loss by Haspinger. At St. Leonhard, in the Passeyr valley, Hofer, after three days' conflict, compelled over a thousand Frenchmen, who had crossed the Jaufen Pass in pursuit of him, to lay down their arms. At another point, in a narrow defile, a pursuing Bavarian force was compelled to capitulate through a sudden attack made by the wives of the Tyrolese fugitives, armed with guns and scythes. All heroic efforts were, however, vain against the great hostile forces and the wintry weather, which rendered mountain warfare impossible. By the middle of December, most of the chiefs had accepted the amnesty offered by Prince Eugène. Hofer declined to surrender on promise of a safe-conduct and a pardon, and, knowing that some of his countrymen would remain in arms as long as he appeared in the field, he suddenly vanished from the scene. His three daughters were placed in safety with a friend, at St. Martin, and his wife and son went to live on the Schneeberg. The hero withdrew to his native valley of Passeyr, and took refuge in a mountain retreat some leagues away from his inn. His abode was a tiny pasture-hut, belonging to a man named Pfandler. It was situated on the Brantach mountain, high above the Passeyr valley. On one side, approach was made

impossible by a deep ravine, with a torrent dashing in foam along the bottom ; on the other, the place could only be reached by a very difficult path. A little dell on the mountain-side had a level space for the hut, and a thick covering of fir-trees and brushwood made the spot an excellent one for concealment. There Hofer lived, with his young secretary, Sweth, existing partly on game shot with bow and arrows, and on roots and berries, and partly on supplies brought by faithful friends.

Thus had ended the last Tyrolese rising against Bavaria and France. The trampling out of the embers of revolt was attended by atrocious cruelty, especially in the Brixen district and in the Pustherthal. At one village, a peasant was shot in presence of his ten children, as they begged for mercy. At another, an old man was condemned to die unless his son, a young lieutenant, surrendered himself. The young man, who was hiding in the forest, at once came in, and was shot close to his own door before the eyes of his father and of his wife, the body being left there hanging on a gibbet. The spot is now marked by a little chapel, with the hideous tragedy painted on the walls. Peter Mayr, an innkeeper near Brixen, one of the leaders, was tried by court-martial at Botzen, and doomed to die. He could have saved his life by a declaration that he had not read and understood Prince Eugène's proclamation of November 13, but he walked calmly to death rather than tell a lie. Haspinger and Spechbacher had narrow escapes. The heroic friar made his way into Switzerland, and thence back, by lonely paths, into Carinthia, whence he journeyed to Vienna. He long survived the struggle in which he won undying fame, ending his days at Salzburg in 1858. Spechbacher's adventures were most romantic. His knowledge of the mountain-land, gained during his life as a poacher, was of great service. Once he was betrayed, by a villainous countryman, to the Bavarians, and the house was surrounded, but the hunted man climbed on to the roof,

took a flying leap, and darted into the forest. During a month's hiding, he was nearly dead from cold and hunger. As he wandered, he met his wife and children, who were in little better condition, as they fled from pursuit. For some weeks the whole family hid together on the Volderberg, and then came compulsory flight, the wife and children being at last permitted to return home. Until March 1810 Spechbacher lived in a cavern on the hills, and from that spot he was swept away by an avalanche for a quarter of a mile down, and found himself with a dislocated hip. He dragged himself, in torture, to the village of Volderberg, and was taken by a peasant to his own home at Rinn. The place was occupied by Bavarian troops, and for six weeks the Tyrolese hero lay hidden in his own cow-house, through the help of his faithful man-servant. His wife was not in the secret, lest her anxiety should betray him. He daily saw and heard the Bavarian soldiers, but at last their departure allowed his escape, across the Styrian Alps, to Vienna, where he was joined by his wife and children. Spechbacher, one of the bravest patriots of modern days, died at his old home, at Hall, in 1830. We must now take up the last scenes in the career of Andreas Hofer.

In November, a heavy fall of snow had covered the mountains, and the cold was terribly severe in the little dwelling on the Pfandler Alp, where no fire could be lit for fear of attracting attention to a place usually vacant in the winter months. In many messages, including one from the Emperor Francis, the patriot was implored to make his escape to Vienna; but he resisted all entreaties, declaring that he was saving himself for his country's future service; that he could not quit her soil; that if his enemies found him, they must take him; he would not be seized as one who had deserted his post. It is in this fanatical, and, as the selfish cynic would describe it, this almost besotted devotion to his beloved Tyrol, that we are to find the chief source of his countrymen's

devotion to the Sandwirth. December passed away quietly with Hofer and Sweth. The year 1810 opened in gloom and storm. A price of 6,000 gulden (about £500) had been set on the hero's head. One man alone was tempted thereby. To the disgrace of humanity, this was a friend to whose son Hofer had given his name "Andreas" at the font. The name of the wretch was Franz Raffl. He was on the look-out to earn the blood-money, and his chance came through Hofer's incaution, due to his love for wife and son. One day they appeared at the hut door, taking refuge from their abode on the Schneeberg, which had become unsafe, and a fire was lit to warm them in their distress. The thin blue wreath of smoke was seen by the traitor as it rose against the snows of the Brantach mountain. One morning, Hofer, as he stepped from the gloomy hut into the clear frosty air, found Raffl lurking close at hand. He begged him to keep his secret, and gave him all the money he could spare. The promise was given, but the man went straight to the Bavarian official at St. Leonhard, and made report of his discovery.

A force of 1,500 men was sent up the Passeyr valley from Meran, guided by Raffl, and after marching nearly all night they reached the village of St. Martin. A detachment of 600 men made their way up the Brantach mountain, and they reached the Pfandler Alp at early morning on January 20, 1810. The secretary, Sweth, was the first to hear the trampling of feet, and he and young Hofer sprang, half-dressed, from the window of the hay-loft. They were at once seized, bound, and laid down on the snow. In a few moments the hut-door was opened, and the Sandwirth appeared, saying to the officer in command, "I am Andere Hofer. Do as you like with me. I am the guilty one. I ask mercy for my wife, my son, and this young man; they are innocent." He was at once seized and bound, submitting thereto without a struggle. When he heard that 600 men were close at hand, and that nearly a thousand more troops were in the valley to support

them, he stood erect, and smiled with a disdainful pride. The captors behaved with gross brutality. A cord was flung round the hero's neck; his hands were bound with cruel tightness behind his back; and when he was helpless he was struck and insulted, even to the plucking out of pieces of his long black beard until the blood came and froze on his face. The prisoners were then marched down to St. Martin, along the rough, slippery path. The young Hofer and Sweth were without coats or shoes, and their feet were cut on the icy road. The Sandwirth bade them be courageous and patient, saying, "Thus we can do penance for our sins." The Sand Inn, Hofer's old abode, was plundered by the troops left at St. Martin, and then for several hours the patriot marched, ill-treated and mocked, through his own beloved valley of Passeyr. Every door was closed; no face was at any window. No Tyrolese would behold the humiliation of their adored defender. He was then conveyed from Meran by carriage through the beautiful Adige valley to Botzen.

The brave and kindly General Baraguay d'Hilliers, on seeing the bonds and blood of the victim, expressed the utmost indignation at the treatment accorded to the illustrious prisoner, and received him with the respect due to his noble character. After some conversation with him he expressed his opinion to his staff in these terms: "There is something of the antique in that man; when I look on him, I imagine that I see a good brave knight of the days of Peter the Hermit." The captive, during his brief stay at Botzen, was lodged in a comfortable room, and many of his countrymen were admitted to see him. On the way to Mantua, after taking leave of his wife and son, the simple piety and courage of Hofer were admirably shown. At the place of one halt for the night, the officers of the escort invited him to share their supper. The table was well spread, but it chanced to be a fast-day of the Church, and Hofer, finding nothing suitable

for the occasion, sat down by the stove, recited the evening prayers, and supped afterwards on dry bread. The drinking of the military party was so deep that the house was set on fire, and Hofer, springing out of bed, saved the life of the sentry at his door by dragging him outside as he was being suffocated, in his sleep, with smoke. He would not escape in the confusion, as "it was against his honour." When the party reached Mantua, the prisoner was placed in a fortress on the banks of the Mincio. On the night of February 18 a court-martial was held, the president being General Bisson, the officer whom we have seen compelled to surrender to Martin Teimer at the first Tyrolese capture of Innsbruck. The votes were divided. All were for sparing the prisoner's life. Two were for complete acquittal. The fate of Hofer was, however, in the hands of one of the most vindictive of mankind, a man devoid of all chivalrous and generous feeling towards those who dared to oppose his will. No act of Napoleon's whole career, save, perhaps, the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, has left a worse stain on his memory than his base and cruel treatment of the Tyrolese hero-patriot. The victor over Austria was about to marry the emperor's daughter, the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and it was certain that Austrian intercession would be made on Hofer's behalf. Such a request, under all the circumstances, could scarcely be refused, and thus, in order to ensure Hofer's death, an order was dispatched for his execution within twenty-four hours after the closing of the court-martial. When all was over, Napoleon, with the meanest duplicity, caused his minister at Vienna to express to the emperor extreme regret for Hofer's hasty execution, with the assurance that his master would have prevented it, if it had been possible.

General Bisson did himself honour by his exertions to save a noble foe. He visited him in his cell, and offered him his life on condition of his joining the French service; this being, as Bisson knew, the only chance. The answer came, "I

remain faithful to the House of Austria and the good emperor Franz." During his last hours, Hofer prophesied the restoration of Tyrol to her lawful sovereign, and spoke with deep interest on her rights and claims. At five o'clock in the morning of February 20, 1810, he wrote his last wishes, in quaint, homely phrases of the Tyrolese dialect, to his brother-in-law in the Passeyr valley. The letter, expressive of the most sincere and simple piety, is touching and sublime in resignation to the will of God. Among the last words are, "Farewell, vain world! Dying appears to me so easy that my eyes do not become wet," and "the landlady" (Hofer's wife, as he was the Sandwirth or landlord of the Sand Inn), "must not be too much distressed." This letter is still preserved at his former abode, the *Wirthshaus am Sand*. The cross which he always wore on his breast is in the Museum at Innsbruck.

Clad in the dress of a Tyrolese soldier, with a priest at his side, Hofer moved forth from his prison to die. As he passed the Porta Molina, a fort in which many Tyrolese were confined, he was sorely tried by the sound of the weeping and the prayers of the prisoners on his behalf. At the citadel, many of his countrymen, at large on parole, were assembled, and pressing as close as possible to the escort, they knelt and implored his blessing. He was permitted to address to them a few words of comfort, of assurance of his love for Tyrol, and of sorrow for having engaged them in a struggle that ended in failure. On a broad bastion near the Porta Ceresa the party halted for the execution. Hofer then delivered to the priest, Manifesti, all his remaining personal property—five hundred florins in Austrian notes, his silver snuff-box, and his beautiful rosary. The body of grenadiers then formed a square, open in the rear. Twelve men and a corporal stepped forward, while Hofer stood alone in the centre. Being requested to have his eyes bandaged and to kneel, he declined both, saying, "I have been used to stand upright before my Maker, and in that posture I will deliver up my

spirit to Him." The first volley, given at his word, brought him wounded to his knees. Striving to raise himself, he cried, "Ah! how ill you aim!" Then the corporal, putting a pistol to his head, pulled the trigger, and finished Napoleon's evil work on a man who was, morally, vastly his superior. Thus perished, in the prime of life, to the deepest grief of his countrymen and amid the respect of the worthier of his foes, one of the truest and finest heroes and patriots of modern days.

The body of Hofer was at once borne on a black bier by the grenadiers to the Church of St. Michael, instead of being left, as usual in a military execution, lying on the ground for a time. After lying in state under a guard of honour, the remains were buried, with a solemnity worthy of the brave French officers and troops who attended the ceremony, in the priest's garden near the church, the grave being covered with a marble slab. The patriot's body was not destined to remain long interred on foreign soil. In January 1823 a battalion of Tyrolese Jägers was quartered at Mantua, and six of the officers, two of whom were of Tyrolese birth, resolved to remove the remains to Innsbruck. They were there solemnly re-interred in the Hofkirche, the coffin being borne by six old comrades-in-arms, all innkeepers, and the tomb was covered by a massive and simple monument. On a block of marble is carved in relief a scene representing six Tyrolese swearing fidelity to Austria on the white banner. Above stands the figure of Hofer in his usual dress, holding a banner with his favourite words "For God, Emperor, and Fatherland." A good pension was bestowed on the patriot's widow and children, and the family was ennobled as "Von Hofer, of Passeyr." The little pasture-hut, his last place of refuge, still stands on the Pfandler Alp. At the inn above the river, lately belonging to Hofer's grandson, residing at Vienna, are many carefully kept relics of the patriot. The traitor Raffl died in want and misery in Bavaria, loathed by all his countrymen. We close this record by

stating that on one side of Hofer's grave now lie the remains of his faithful friend and gallant comrade-in-arms, Joseph Spechbacher ; on the other, those of the noble friar, Joachim Haspinger. The wide world contains no more interesting shrine for all lovers of heroism consecrated by devotion to the cause of freedom.

CHAPTER III

THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

1821—1827

A GROUP OF HEROES : GEORGIOS KARAIKAKIS ; MARKOS BOZZARIS ; ANDREAS MIAULIS ; KONSTANTINOS KANARIS

Greek Independence—How effected—Character of Struggle—Greece in 18th Century—Effect of French Revolution—Chief Elements of Greek Population—The *Primates*—The *Klephts*—Turkish Oppression—The Poet Pheræos—Rising Spirit of Revolution—Sultan Mahmoud II.—Failure of First Insurrection—The Rising in Southern Greece—Cruel Deeds of Greeks—Events in the Morea—Kolokotrones—Rising North of Morea—State of Athens—Christians blockade Acropolis—Mesolonghi in Revolt—Successes of Patriots—The Naval Contest—Islands of Hydra, Psara, and Spetzas—More Greek Cruelty—Greek Raids on Asia Minor—The Rival Fleets meet—The Greek Leader Miaulis—Greek Fire-ships at Work—Turkish Cruelties—Fighting in the Morea—Turks defeated—Navarin taken by Greeks—Bad Conduct of Greek Leaders—Success of Egyptian Squadron against Greeks—The Hapless Fate of Scio (Khios)—Greek Fleet in Action—Turkish Liner destroyed by Fire-ship—The War in Western Greece (1822)—Markos Bozzaris—Greeks defeated at Petta—The First Siege of Mesolonghi—Turkish Assault repulsed—Greeks capture Acropolis of Athens—The Morea invaded by Sultan's Forces—Greek Victories—The Brave Leader Niketas—Capture of Nauplia—Greek and Turkish Fleets—Kanaris burns Turkish Liner—Campaign of 1823—Heroism and Death of Bozzaris—The Greek Mariners on Asiatic Coast—Lord Byron's Arrival and Death—His Opinion of Greeks—Waste of Money contributed for Greek Cause—Sultan Mahmoud's New Policy—Revives Turkish Naval Power—Aided by Mehemet Ali of Egypt—Turks capture Psara and Kasos—Skilful Operations—The Men of Hydra and Spetzas at Sea—Actions with Turkish and Egyptian

Vessels—Energy of Miaulis—Morea invaded by Ibrahim Pasha—Capture of Navarin—Greek Defeats in Morea—The Second Siege of Mesolonghi—Heroic Defence—Greek and Turkish Fleets in Conflict—Repulse of Turkish Attacks on Mesolonghi—Karaïskakis arrives to aid Greeks—Ibrahim Pasha joins Besiegers—Greek Vessels come up—Assaults repulsed at Mesolonghi—The Great Sortie—Part of Garrison escape—The Place taken by Turks—Ibrahim ravages the Morea—Turkish Siege of Athens—Karaïskakis' Efforts for Relief—Siege of the Acropolis—Relieving Forces defeated—Acropolis surrendered—End of Struggle by Greeks.

THE regeneration of Greece is one of the most interesting facts of modern European history. The people did not, by all their efforts, achieve their own independence, but they did succeed, along with their own ultimate failure in the field, in so forcing their claims upon the attention of three chief Powers—Great Britain, France, and Russia—as to cause effective intervention in their behalf and the establishment of the freedom of Greeks as a new nation in the European State system. The struggle, on the part of the Greeks, was one which an impartial observer, however devoted he may be to the cause of freedom, can by no means contemplate with unmixed satisfaction. Large corrections have to be made, in the interest of historical accuracy, in the account of events, and in the estimate of Greek leaders, furnished by fervidly patriotic and, sooth to say, untruthful Greek writers. Some of the personages praised by them as unblemished heroes were, in fact, self-seeking intriguers. Other leaders were little better than brigands on a large scale, impartially plundering their own countrymen and their Turkish foes. There was no lack of treachery to the great cause. There was, in many instances, a grievous display of military incapacity. Single-handed success of Greeks against Turks was, in the end, made impossible by the above causes, combined with dissension sometimes ending in armed conflict. We have also unhappily, in this record of heroism and patriotism, to separate the crimes which stained the outbreak



KONSTANTINOS KANARIS.

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and the progress of the contest on the part of the Greeks from the cause which consecrated the struggle. The names of the men, however, which stand at the head of this chapter are those of real hero-patriots, ever brave and enduring, ever faithful and true, and, as such, worthy to rank with those commemorated in other parts of this work.

After the conquest of Peloponnesus by the Turks from the Venetians, in 1715, a revival of Greek influence came in the appointment of Greeks to many posts of importance under the Turkish government, and the establishment of schools in all parts of Greece through the aid of wealthy and enlightened patriots. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, premature armed efforts for independence were crushed with the usual Turkish barbarity, but a great impression was made by the heroic valour displayed by the Suliotes of Epirus, a race of mixed Hellenic (Greek) and Albanian origin. In a community comprising less than six hundred families, dwelling in hamlets nestling among the mountains, the women and boys fought like brave athletic men, a remnant only escaping in 1803 to the Ionian Islands. The French Revolution had given a new impulse to the rising spirit of Greek nationality, and the admirable scholar Adamantios Coraïs (or Koraes) not only fostered this spirit, but was the first to purify the modern Greek language and reduce it to fixed rules, and to bring home to the modern Greeks a knowledge of the ancient literature. At the same time, among the islands of the Ægean Sea arose the nucleus of the naval force which was to play a prominent part in the war of liberation.

The chief elements of the population of Greece, early in the nineteenth century, were the clergy, the *primates*, the merchants, the *Klephths*, the peasantry, and the large maritime class. Strongly at variance in some points, these classes had bonds of union in their religion, their language, and their hatred of Turkish domination. Among the clergy, the highest dignitary was the patriarch, under whom each bishop, in his

own province, was the political as well as the ecclesiastical guide of the Greeks. He not only regulated the affairs of the Church, but was, in some sort, the political governor of his diocese, acting as judge in all private affairs, so that Greeks, in disputes among themselves, never appeared in Turkish courts of justice. The clergy, as a body, did not regard the political independence of Greece as either desirable or possible, but looked for deliverance from Turkey to Russian intervention, and then to inclusion within the empire of the Czar. The *primates* (or Archons) were men freely elected by the people for the management of civil affairs. It was their duty to collect the tribute in various kinds, and to hand it over to the Turkish authorities, and they were able, in some measure, to protect the Greeks against arbitrary dealings of the Turkish civil and military powers, partly by persuading and partly by bribing the pashas. Like the priests, they were recognised by the Turks as the representatives of the people, but, like the priests, they were also responsible for them. The *primates* were, in fact, a sort of aristocracy of administrative agents and tax-gatherers. They were, in moral and political position, "a kind of Christian Turks." The *voivode*, or the bey of a district, purchased the taxes as a farmer-general, and then sublet the different branches of revenue to *primates*, who again usually relet their portions in smaller shares to the local magistrates of the communities within the district. In this way the public revenues of Greece maintained three distinct classes of fiscal officers at the expense of the people. The oppressive nature of such a system for the workers and creators of wealth is obvious. The most oppressive badge of Christian subjection was the *haratch*, or capitation tax, the collection of which involved many vexatious police regulations, and which was doubly hated because Mohammedans of the lowest class were exempted from its burden.

The *Klephts* were the warlike and invincible mountaineers of Epirus, Thessaly, Acarnania, Ætolia, Arcadia, and Maina

(Laconia), men descended from refugees who were lovers of freedom; maintaining a constant warfare against the Turks, celebrating their exploits in popular songs, and cherishing the hope of a day when freedom for the whole land should exist. There was really, however, little that was noble or patriotic in these men. They were, for the most part, mere brigands, levying contributions from the cultivators of the soil, plundering rich *primates*, and causing far more suffering to Greeks than to Turks. The best representatives of the Greek nation were the peasants of the mountain districts; the muleteers, a very important class in a country destitute of good roads; and the numerous shepherds. The Greek inhabitants of the islands showed a great variety of character, as living under a diversity of social influences. The maritime population of Psara, Kasos, Kalymnos, and Patmos were active, intelligent, and brave. The people of Scio were industrious and honest. The inhabitants of Tinos and Syra were timid and well-behaved, formed by nature and art to make excellent cooks and nurses. The characteristic of the islanders of the Archipelago was supposed to be timidity, and the Turks who visited them to collect tribute, and who saw them scamper off to the mountains when the tax-gatherers arrived, nicknamed them *taoshan*, or hares. They little thought that these hares were about to turn on the greyhounds and drive them back into their kennel.

A close observer, intimately acquainted with modern Greece, has said: "It would, no doubt, be possible to cite a more cruel oppression than that of the Turks towards their Christian subjects, but none so fitted to break men's spirit." The Greeks, in fact (under which name are to be understood not only those speaking Greek, but the Christian Albanians of Roumelia and the Morea, speaking a different language but united with the Greeks in spiritual obedience to the same Church), were, in the emphatic phrase of the same writer, Mr. Gordon, "the slaves of slaves." That is to say, not only

were they liable to the universal tyranny of the despotic Divan at Constantinople, but "throughout the empire they were, in the habitual intercourse of life, subjected to vexations, affronts, and exactions from Mohammedans of every rank. Spoiled of their goods, insulted in their religion and domestic honour, they could rarely obtain justice. The slightest flash of courageous resentment brought down swift destruction on their heads; and cringing humility alone enabled them to live in ease, or even in safety." We have reason to wonder that the Greeks, stooping under this iron yoke of humiliation, preserved sufficient nobility of mind to raise so much as their wishes in the direction of independence. In a condition of abasement, from which a simple act of religious apostasy, a conversion to Islam, was at once sufficient to raise them to honour and wealth, "and from the meanest serfs gathered them to the caste of oppressors," we ought not to wonder that some of the Greeks were mean, perfidious, and dissembling, but rather that any, in Mr. Gordon's words, "had courage to adhere to their religion, and to eat the bread of affliction."

The man who first strove to realise the idea of delivering the whole Greek nation from the yoke of the Turks was the Thessalian Rigas Pheræos. By his fiery war-songs he inspired the people with a burning love for their country and for freedom, and he published an atlas and other works for the purpose of making known to his countrymen the extent of territory inhabited by their forefathers, and the great achievements and merits of the ancient Greeks. In 1797 he went to Italy in order to come to an understanding with Bonaparte concerning his plan for the deliverance of Greece. At Trieste he was arrested by the Austrians and delivered up to the Turks, who ordered him to be beheaded at Belgrade. Before his execution he cried, "The Greeks will soon avenge my death." To this patriot of modern Greece was also due the first impulse to the formation of the remarkable secret

association the *Hetairia*, or "Society of Comrades," which first assumed a political character in 1815. Its affairs were managed with such secrecy and subtilty as to escape the notice not only of the Turks, but even of the rigorous police of Moscow, the head-quarters of the society. There were five degrees of initiation, and a great moral effect was exercised upon the Greek mind by the mystery which surrounded all the proceedings. Among the watchwords of the society were "London" and "Moscow," and an organised agency of "apostles" compassed land and sea as pioneers for the coming crusade.

By 1820, Greece was thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of revolution, and circumstances made it clear that the outbreak of insurrection could not long be delayed. In that year, the Ottoman empire seemed to be on the eve of dissolution. In the south-west, the famous Ali Pasha was in open rebellion at the head of a warlike nation, and with a reasonable hope of establishing an independent throne in Albania. It was fortunate for the Turks that they had, at this juncture, a ruler of exceptional ability, energy, and resolution. Sultan Mahmoud II. ascended the throne in the year 1808, in his twenty-fifth year, after a series of revolutions at Constantinople, caused by the attempts of his cousin, Sultan Selim III., to reform the public administration and to introduce military discipline in the corps of janissaries. Mahmoud combined iron firmness of character with the prudence which caused him to abstain from premature attempts to reform the abuses that would, if they remained unreformed, inevitably bring, at no distant day, the dissolution of the Ottoman empire. He was a man of the sternest severity in rule, and his main object was to centralise all power in his own hands. After a long struggle, Ali Pasha was subdued and slain, and Mahmoud was free to deal with the Greek rising soon after its inception.

The first blows against tyranny were struck in Wallachia and Moldavia, and ended in total failure. An incapable

personage, Prince Alexander Ypsilanti (or Hypsilantes), representing the *Hetairia*, crossed the Pruth, with a few followers, on March 6, 1821. He was foolishly hoping to gain the rule of the two principalities, and, perhaps, ultimately the throne of Greece, through Russian aid. His delays and military incapacity rendered success impossible. A number of Turks of every rank—merchants, soldiers, and sailors—were surprised and murdered in cold blood at Galatz, and this atrocity was followed by a similar crime at Yassi, perpetrated on fifty Turkish soldiers and on some Turkish merchants, who had all received a promise of safety. The Turkish people rushed to arms, and the utter defeat of the revolutionary forces included the destruction of a regiment of volunteers called the "Sacred Battalion," composed of about five hundred young men of the higher and middle ranks, full of enthusiasm for the cause of freedom. Hypsilantes saved himself by an ignominious flight to Austrian territory.

The first insurrectional movements in southern Greece occurred at the end of March 1821. At that time, a Mussulman population exceeding twenty thousand was living dispersed in Greece, employed in agriculture. Before two months had elapsed, the greater part of these people had been slain—murdered without mercy or remorse, men, women, and children—by the Greek insurgents. This bare, brutal statement shows the character impressed on the struggle, from the first, by the Greek aspirers to freedom, and proves that Turkish cruelties were the vengeance wrought by men who had been grievously provoked thereto. In Achaia, the struggle began, on March 25, with the slaying of three couriers carrying letters to a Turkish authority. This was followed by the murder of eight *haratch* collectors, Albanian Mussulmans, and by other attacks, and by April 2 the outbreak was general throughout the Morea. All communication by the great roads was cut off, and many Turks were slain in different places. On April 3 about three hundred Mussulmans,

men, women, and children, surrendered to the Greeks at the town of Kalavryta, on a promise of security. Within a short time, most of the men were murdered, and the women and children were dispersed as slaves or as domestic servants in the houses of Greeks.

About the same time, more decisive operations occurred in Messenia, under the command of Petrobey of Maina (Petros Mavromichales), a man of great personal influence, vain, bold, ambitious, restless, and self-indulgent, of frank and joyous disposition, and prompt to form courageous resolutions, but not of much political or military ability. He was aided by Theodore Kolokotrones, a noted *Klepht*, then fifty years of age, of violent passions, athletic frame, stentorian voice, and bold demeanour; ferocious, cunning, avaricious, selfish in his patriotism, persuasive in popular addresses, averse to order and law—a man of clear intellect and hard heart, who failed to render to his country the service which some of his qualities gave reason to expect. With them were joined leaders named Niketas and Anagnosturas, the latter being, like Kolokotrones, a famous chief of *Klephts*. It was on April 3 that the town of Kalamata was besieged by two thousand Greeks under these leaders, and on the following day the place capitulated on a solemn promise of safety for life. The prisoners were dispersed among their captors as slaves, and within a few months the men had all been killed. On April 5, a solemn service of the Greek Church was performed, on the banks of the torrent that flows by Kalamata, as a thanksgiving for the success of the Greek arms. Twenty-four priests officiated, amid a scene of the deepest and most enthusiastic feeling, in presence of five thousand armed men, while rude warriors and ruthless brigands shed tears of joy over the opening of a new era in Greek history. Two days later, Petrobey, as commander of the first Greek army in the field, issued a proclamation, addressed to all Christian nations, declaring that the Greeks were resolved to throw off the Ottoman yoke, and

soliciting aid for their cause. The war of independence was thus fully started on its eventful course.

By this time, the Mussulmans of Laconia, estimated at fifteen thousand, were thoroughly alarmed, and prepared for escape to the strong towns of Monemvasia and Tripolitza; but a large number, certainly more than half, were either slain on the road or surprised before they could quit their dwellings. At Patras, on the north-west coast of the Morea, a Greek movement failed through the incapacity and dissension of the leaders, and the citadel of the town was held by the Turks throughout the war. There were alternate defeats and successes in April, but the Greeks, before the end of the month, had burned down the country houses of the wealthy Turks in the Morea, plundered and destroyed about three thousand farmhouses and other dwellings, and slain in cold blood over ten thousand of the hated Mussulmans. These hateful cruelties, the work of slaves rending their bonds, and of religious fanatics, have been carefully omitted from the records of most of the Greek historians. They were chiefly due to the cowardly and vindictive suggestions of civil members of the *Hetairia*, men devoid of courage to lead their countrymen to battle, and making it their policy to render peace impossible by the indiscriminate slaughter of their foes at the outset of the struggle.

On April 11 Kolokotrones, heading an untrained force of six thousand young peasants, and investing the town of Karitena, was routed by a body of five hundred Turkish cavalry from Tripolitza, the central fortress of the Morea. He conceived therefrom, like other military leaders, a very unjust and impolitic contempt for the courage of the peasantry. These tillers of the soil were, in fact, the backbone of Greek warfare, through their perseverance and self-devotion, during the six-years' struggle, prolonging their resistance when others shrank away, and renewing the contest, after every defeat, with indomitable energy.

To the north of the Morea, the Albanian peasantry of Megaris, Attica, and Bœotia took up arms against the Turks early in April. The town of Salona (Amphissa) was taken by the insurgents, and many Turks who surrendered on promise of their lives were cruelly slain. The same work was done in many quarters. The whole Christian population of eastern Greece, Albanian and Greek, was up in arms, and Turks were surprised and butchered in hundreds of villages from Cape Sunium to the valley of the Spercheios, amidst circumstances of peculiar atrocity. No "orthodox Christian" would demean himself so far as to dig a grave for the carcass of an infidel, and the bodies of the slain, of all ages and both sexes, were thrown into some outhouse, which was set on fire.

And what of Athens, that place of ancient fame, amidst this turmoil—Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts And eloquence, native to famous wits?" In fallen Greece, Athens had become a town of low importance. It was a wretched village of a few hundred houses, one-half the people being of Albanian race. The Christian and Mussulman inhabitants were an impoverished community, consisting of torpid landowners and lazy petty traders. Its old renown and its remains of former splendour brought many travellers. The Mussulmans formed about one-fifth of the population, and were unwarlike and inoffensive. The Greeks were of like character. The garrison was composed of the sixty Mussulman Albanians of the *voivode's* guard. When the first reports of a general insurrection reached the little town, the Mohammedans transported their families and their valuable movables into the Acropolis, where they filled with water the empty cisterns. On April 23 the Turks seized eleven of the principal Christians as hostages, and this act was followed by a close blockade of the Acropolis. The people there suffered severely from hunger and thirst as the hot weather came on, but they held out obstinately until their relief in August by a Turkish force.

The real military strength of Greece lay in the population of Ætolia and of Pindus, but it was some time before the "apostles" of the *Hetairia* could induce the leaders to rise against the Sultan. Mesolonghi was the first place in western Greece to join the revolution. On June 1 the people rose, and arrested and soon murdered the Mussulmans, the women and children being, as usual, sold as slaves among the wealthier Greeks. Early in June, Vrachori, the most important town in western Greece, in a fertile district on the highroad between Janina and Lepanto, containing five hundred Mussulman families, was attacked and forced to surrender from famine. The promise of safety on surrender was, as usual, violated by the Greeks, and the Turks, with about two hundred Jews, were massacred. In about three months from the first rising, the Christians had become masters of the whole of Greece to the south of Thermopylæ on the east and Actium on the west, with the exception of the fortresses, all of which were blockaded. These places were, in the Morea—Tripolitza, Nauplia, Corinth, Patras, Navarin, Modon, Coron, and Monemvasia. In continental Greece, the Sultan's forces held Athens, Zeituni, Lepanto, the castle of Roumelia, and Vonitza. In Eubœa, the Turkish strongholds were Kanystos and Negropont. We turn now to the naval aspect of the stirring contest.

The greater part of the soldiers who fought against the Sultan were Greeks, but two-thirds of the Greek navy was composed of Albanian ships and Albanian sailors. In the eighteenth century, colonies of Albanian seamen settled at Hydra and Spetzas, and of Greek seamen at Psara and Kasos, which were all then barren islands. The new settlements were formed under the protection of a special law which exempted those islands from the general fiscal administration. The new-comers built ships and formed self-governing communities. In this manner a large commercial navy had grown up under the Ottoman flag, and when the revolution

broke out these four islands were populous and flourishing. The people of these lightly taxed territories, enjoying "home-rule," and subject to fewer restrictions on personal liberty and on commercial enterprise than those of most Christian countries, had assuredly no personal reasons for rebelling against the Sultan. The local magistrates were elected by the householders, the taxes were collected by Christians, and there were no resident Mussulmans. Revolution was, however, in the air, and the advance of civilisation had inspired them with a longing for political independence. The island of Psara, lying off the north-west coast of Khios (or Scio), and thus in the very centre of the Archipelago, was enabled, from its geographical position, to watch the lines of sea-trade to and from the chief commercial cities of the Turkish empire. The population numbered about six thousand; the seamen were unwearied in activity, and the island had the honour of giving birth to one of the chosen heroes of this narrative, the illustrious Konstantinos Kanaris. The government was thoroughly democratic. Every house-owner, every man sharing the risks of a trading voyage or supporting a family, though he might be only a common sailor, could attend the annual assembly of the people, and vote at the election of forty councillors. Hydra, off the eastern coast of the Morea, had over thrice the population of Psara, and the government was in the hands of rich oligarchs, and administered by twelve *primates*. The trading trips of all these islanders were conducted on partnership principles. The capitalist who provided the cargo, the owner of the vessel, the captain, and the sailors, were all sharers in the success of each voyage, according to a settled rate. Everybody was thus interested in the quickness and safety of the run, and the Albanian and Greek ships had the largest gains of all that sailed the Mediterranean. This system had a bad effect upon naval discipline during the war with the Turks. The degree of equality enjoyed, and the habit of consulting

the men on board, in the commercial voyages, had rendered it impossible for the captain of a man-of-war to enforce prompt obedience to orders. The consequence was that the naval achievements of the Greeks, brilliant as they were in some instances, fell far short of what might have been performed with due discipline among the captains, petty officers, and crews.

The flag of Greek independence was hoisted first at the island of Spetzas (or Spezzia), to the west of Hydra. This event occurred on April 7, 1821, and eight brigs were at once equipped for cruising off the coast of the Morea. The first exploit of this earliest contingent of the new Greek navy was the surprise of a Turkish corvette of twenty-six guns and a brig of sixteen guns, both greatly under-manned, lying at the island of Milo. The success was disgraced by atrocious cruelty. Many of the Turkish crews were murdered in cold blood at Spetzas, and others were tortured with the utmost barbarity. Psara quickly joined the revolutionary cause, and her cruisers became the terror of all the Mussulman maritime population. A Turkish expedition from Asia Minor to the Morea was promptly frustrated by the destruction of a large transport laden with military stores, and by the capture of vessels conveying troops and provisions. The whole western coast of Asia Minor, from Tenedos to Rhodes, was raided by the Psarian schooners, and the attempts of the Turks to send supplies to their soldiers in Greece were paralysed. At oligarchic Hydra, the wishes of the people for revolution were opposed by the *primates*; but the matter was soon settled by insurrection, and on April 28 the independence of the island was proclaimed. Naval operations were concerted in common with Psara and Spetzas; but the first cruise of the Greek navy, apart from the useful operations above described, was marked, in consequence of ill-discipline among the crews, by little else than rapine, which sometimes included the plunder of neutral vessels, and by infamous cruelty to captured

Turks. Early in May, Samos joined the patriotic cause, and her people carried on a vigorous war in descents on the coast of Asia Minor.

We come now to the first meeting of the rival fleets. A Turkish squadron left the Dardanelles on June 3, consisting of two line-of-battle ships, three frigates, and three sloops of war, all in bad condition and very ill-manned. The Greek fleet was at sea on its second cruise. One division, under ANDREAS MIAULIS, destined to high renown in the annals of the revolutionary war, consisted of twelve brigs, and sailed to blockade Patras and to watch the Turkish ships on the coast of Epirus. The chief division, of thirty-seven sail, was under Tombazes, a Hydriot *primate* of some nautical science, a worthy and honourable man, but deficient in decision and promptitude for warlike affairs. His ships were cruising in the Archipelago, on the look-out for the enemy's fleet. On June 5 the Greeks fell in with one of the Turkish line-of-battle ships off the north of Khios. She fled for safety to the roads of Erissos, on the coast of Mitylene, and the Greeks, after an ineffectual cannonade, resolved on the use of fire-ships. One of the Psarian vessels was prepared, but it was badly manœuvred and uselessly burned. On June 8 the Turkish vessel was attacked by a fire-ship which arrived from Psara; but this also failed from the timidity of the men on board, who fired the train of powder too soon. A third vessel, prepared in the fleet off Khios, commanded by a Psarian named Pappanikolo, and manned by eighteen sailors, had better fortune. The brave and skilful captain, well backed by his crew, ran his vessel under the bows of the Turk, and did not light the train until she was firmly fixed. He then jumped into his boat and rowed away. The flames mounted instantly into the sails of the fire-ship, the canvas and ropes being saturated with turpentine, and the fire was driven by the wind over the bows of the Turkish vessel, whose hull was soon wrapped in flame. No effort could be made

to save the ship. The cable was cut, and two launches full of men rowed away. Many of the crew jumped overboard and swam ashore. Between three and four hundred perished. The explosion of the magazine left her a complete wreck. "This conflagration," in Finlay's words, "was the naval beacon of Greek liberty." The remaining ships of the Turkish squadron, terrified by this disaster, fled to the Dardanelles, and Tombazes, lacking in energy and resolution, lost an excellent chance of striking a heavy blow, and came to an anchor at Moschonnesia, near the town of Kydonies, a commercial place of great wealth, supporting within itself, or in the adjoining villages, a Greek population of thirty thousand. The people, fearing a Turkish attack, applied to Tombazes for help, and the embarkation of the inhabitants began on June 15. A fight occurred, and amid a scene of fearful confusion about four thousand persons escaped in the launches of the Greek ships. About a thousand more were safely brought off on the following day, but the prosperous town was plundered and burnt by the Turks, and many thousands of Greeks were murdered or enslaved.

The cruelty of the Greeks on the outbreak of the contest had naturally provoked cruel retaliation. When the news of the massacres in the Morea reached Constantinople, the Sultan, who had already caused the execution of about twenty members of the *Hetairia*, on charges of complicity in the rebellion, put to death some official and other Greeks of good position. On Easter Sunday, April 22, the Patriarch Gregorios was hanged, as an accessory to the plot of the *Hetairia*, and three bishops suffered with him. The body of the patriarch, after public exposure for three days, was delivered to the Jews of Constantinople to be dragged through the streets and cast into the sea. This proceeding was a regular part of Turkish criminal justice, inflicted alike on Christians and Mussulmans. The execution of Gregorios aroused horror among all members of the Greek Church.

The body was rescued from the water by night, conveyed to Odessa, and interred with much pomp as that of a martyr. Other executions of bishops followed in various places. Scenes of pillage and murder were enacted at most of the chief cities, islands, and districts of the empire where there was a considerable Greek population—at Constantinople, Saloniki, and Smyrna ; in Cos, Rhodes, Cyprus, and Crete. According to some authorities, the number of Greeks massacred and enslaved in various quarters equalled that of the Mussulmans who became victims to the fury of their Christian foes.

During the year 1821 Sultan Mahmoud succeeded in suppressing the revolutionary movement in most of the provinces of European Turkey beyond the limits of the kingdom of Greece as it was ultimately established. In all these districts the Greeks were defeated, compelled to lay down their arms, and induced to resume their ordinary occupations. During the whole period of the revolutionary war they remained peaceful subjects of the Sultan, and when peace came and they were permitted to emigrate, if they chose, to liberated Greece, they remained where they were. This fact refutes the assertion of Greek historians who declare that cruelty and oppression were the prominent features of Turkish government under Sultan Mahmoud.

It has been already shown that the Turkish fortresses were blockaded by the Christian insurgents. Famine and sickness were soon making terrible ravages among the Mohammedans crowded together without due preparation and precaution for siege. The first decisive victory of the Greeks was gained at Valtetzi, one of the blockading positions held by them to watch Tripolitza, about eight miles distant from the city. The hills at Valtetzi overlook the great plain of Arcadia, and Achmet Bey, a Turkish commander who had recently reached the fortress with fifteen hundred infantry and eight hundred cavalry, resolved to try to force the position and open up communications with Messenia. On May 24, 1821,

he made a vigorous attack ; but his Albanian infantry were severely repulsed by the Greek marksmen firing from the cover of stone walls. The Turks were at last forced to retreat on Tripolitza, with the loss of four hundred men killed and all their baggage. The victors had one hundred and fifty men slain. This success destroyed the military reputation of the Turks in the Morea. On August 5, after a blockade of four months, the Turks surrendered the fortress of Monemvasia. A fortnight later came the capitulation of Navarin, on the south-west coast of the Morea, an event disgraced, for the Greeks, by the plunder and massacre of the Turks. The Greeks behaved with atrocious cruelty, deliberately shooting women, dashing infants against the rocks, and drowning many young children in the sea. The Greek leaders quarrelled over the booty, and the government and the fighting men were cheated of their shares of plunder. On October 5 Tripolitza was taken by escalade, and the capture of the place was followed by a disgraceful scene of pillage and murder. The number of Mussulmans slaughtered was estimated, by a witness friendly to the Greek cause, General Gordon, at eight thousand. The conquest of the capital of the Morea should have brought great advantage to the revolutionary cause, but all good effect was neutralised by the confusion which prevailed in Greek civil and military affairs. Kolokotrones had been foremost in cheating the troops at Tripolitza, and most of the other leaders had, by similar conduct, forfeited the confidence of their men. From this time forward anarchy prevailed among the revolutionists, and the successes obtained were due to the unfaltering efforts of the peasantry, guided by a minority of honest men and sincere patriots.

During the later summer of 1821, when the Albanian islanders had allowed their ships to return to Hydra and Spetzas, a Turkish admiral, Kara Ali, had some success. Late in August he sailed from the Dardanelles with three

line-of-battle ships, five frigates, and about twenty corvettes and brigs. Egyptian and Algerine squadrons joined him. After throwing supplies of provisions and ammunition into the fortresses of Coron and Modon, on the south-west coast of the Morea, which saved them from falling into the hands of the Greeks, he reached Patras, on the north-west coast, about the middle of September. Early in October the Egyptian squadron attacked Galaxidhi, on the north coast of the Gulf of Lepanto. The inhabitants were the chief ship-owners of western Greece, and almost their whole navy—sixty vessels including forty brigs and schooners—was then in port. Many vessels were burned, the town was plundered, and thirty-four vessels were carried to Constantinople as prizes.

The fortress of Corinth capitulated on January 22, 1822, the Greeks displaying their usual faithlessness in plundering and murdering Turks who had surrendered on terms. The effect of this conduct was that the Mussulmans in their remaining Morean fortresses—Coron, Modon, Nauplia, and Patras—defended themselves with desperation, and began to show unwonted prudence and energy in obtaining supplies. We must pass over many minor events and record the unhappy fate of Khios (Scio), a calamity which aroused the sympathy and compassion of the whole civilised world. The industrious, unwarlike inhabitants were mildly governed and averse to join the revolution. By insurrection against the Sultan they had nothing to gain and everything to lose. When Tombazes, during the first cruise of the Greek fleet, appeared off the island, the people refused to throw off the Turkish yoke and avenge the "martyrdom" of the patriarch Gregorios. The alarm of the Sultan had been, however, aroused. The Christians of Khios were disarmed; the Turkish garrison in the citadel was strengthened; the archbishop and seventy of the principal Greeks were kept there as hostages for the tranquillity of the island. The wealth of the Khiots had

excited the cupidity of many of the ruling men in Greece, and the conquest of the island was undertaken by adventurers.

A man named Lykourgos, on March 22, 1822, landed there with about two thousand five hundred men. They behaved more like banditti than national troops. The town of Khios was entered, the custom-house burned, and two mosques destroyed. The siege of the citadel was begun in form, but little progress was made from lack of engineering skill and energy. Lykourgos was joined by large numbers of peasants from the villages in the hills; but he knew not how to employ his forces, and his camp was a scene of utter disorder. The Greek government sent a few heavy guns and some artillerymen, but there was no fleet to prevent Turkish troops from crossing over from the coast of Asia Minor. Many of the wealthy Khiots were plundered by their invading countrymen. The Turkish fleet put to sea as soon as the news reached Constantinople, and large bodies of troops were gathered on the opposite coast. The admiral, Kara Ali, arrived off the island on April 11, and landed seven thousand men to the south of the city of Khios. The Greeks at once fled from their entrenchments, and the town was in Turkish hands. Lykourgos embarked with his followers in some Psarian vessels, and the islanders were left to the fury of the exasperated Turks. All were treated as rebels, and rendered responsible for the evil deeds of the Greek invaders. General slaughter of men and wide devastation followed, in spite of the efforts of Kara Ali, who was anxious to preserve as many of the peasantry as possible, with a view to the Sultan's revenue in taxation. Thousands of women and children were carried off and sold as slaves. The Greek people strongly and justly accused their government of incapacity and neglect in not sending the fleet to oppose the Turkish squadron and to prevent the landing of troops on the island.

It was only on May 10, when the fate of Khios was settled, that the Greek fleet put to sea. It consisted of fifty-six sail,

The squadron of each of the naval islands had its own admiral, but the chief command over the whole fleet was, by common consent, given to Andreas Miaulis, already named in these pages. This native of Hydra, the greatest naval commander of Greece, described as "an iron man who never smiled and never wept," had given proofs of prudent firmness and sound sense, and won for himself universal respect by these qualities, combined with maritime experience and skill. There was very little order, and no discipline, in the force under his command, and the achievements of Miaulis were necessarily limited by these conditions. On May 31, the admiral arrived off the north channel at Khios, and an indecisive action between the two squadrons, renewed at intervals during three days, took place at the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna. The Greeks then returned to Psara, and the Turks to their anchorage at the town of Khios.

On June 18, a day already famous in European history, as the darkness of night came on, the whole Turkish fleet was illuminated in celebration of the festival of Bairam, the second feast of that name in the year, instituted to commemorate the offering up of Isaac by Abraham. A number of the chief officers of the fleet were assembled on board the admiral's ship. Two Greek vessels, which had been hugging the land all day as if baffled by the wind in striving to enter the Gulf of Smyrna, changed their course at dusk, and bore down into the midst of the Turkish fleet. One steered for the eighty-gun ship of the admiral, the other for the seventy-four, both vessels being made conspicuous amid the gloom by the variegated lamps on their masts and yards. The Greek craft were fire-ships, and one was commanded by Konstantinos Kanaris, a chief hero of the Greek revolutionary war. Directing his ship with his own cool courage and skill, he ran her bowsprit into an open port of the Turkish admiral's vessel, and fixed his deadly instrument of naval warfare alongside, as near the bows as possible, so as to bring the flames

to windward of the foe. He then lighted the powder-train with his own hand, stepped into his boat, where all the men were ready at their oars, and pushed off as the flames rose from the deck. The sails and cordage, steeped in turpentine and pitch, at once blazed up, and the Turkish crews were too much amazed at the sudden conflagration to pay any heed to the solitary boat rowing swiftly into the shade. The flames, driven by the wind, rushed into the open ports of the upper and lower decks of the great Turkish liner, and filled her with a furnace of fire. The scene was terrible. A number of tents piled on the lower deck took fire so quickly, and the flame rushed so furiously through the hatches, that all communication between different parts of the ship was cut off. No effort could be made to stay the flames or to scuttle the vessel, and those on board could only save their lives by jumping into the sea. The few boats alongside, or which could be lowered, were sunk by the crowds that rushed into them. The crews of the nearest ships were mostly busied in hauling off their vessels, and the progress of the flames on the doomed man-of-war was so rapid that boats could rarely venture to approach her. The ship was crowded with Greek prisoners, and their shrieks filled all who heard them with pity and horror. The admiral, Kara Ali, jumped into one of the boats brought alongside, but before he could leave the side of the ship he was struck by one of her falling spars and carried dying to the shore. The other Greek fire-ship failed in her purpose. Instead of holding fast to her intended victim, she drifted to leeward and burned away harmlessly to the water's edge. The new Turkish commander, after this catastrophe, sailed away for the Dardanelles.

The massacres of Khios, the horrible destruction of a large part of the best specimens of modern Greeks, excited indignation in all Christian countries. Statesmen began to think of intervention, and all liberal men and sincere Christians longed for the independence of Greece. Committees were formed to

aid the arms of the revolutionists, and subscriptions were made for the suffering Khiots.

We turn next to the war in western Greece, for the prosecution of which the Sultan, in the spring of 1822, had gathered a powerful army, mostly composed of Albanians, under the command of Omar Vrioni. The Greek force was under the incapable Mavrocordatos. He had with him a body of about one hundred foreign officers, serving as a corps of private soldiers called the "Philhellenes," or lovers of Greece. The first Greek regiment, six hundred strong, under Colonel Tarella, was in the army, with a body of Ionian volunteers, and a band of Suliotes under another of our selected heropatriots, MARKOS BOZZARIS (Botsares). Born about 1788 at Suli, in the mountains of Epirus, this brave man passed his youth in conflict for his native land, and was one of the few who, in 1803, as already recorded, escaped to the Ionian Isles after the desperate conflict with Ali Pasha. The outbreak of the revolution brought him to Epirus with about eight hundred Suliote refugees. At Mesolonghi the army was joined by a few hundred men from the Morea. Mavrocordatos marched out with about two thousand men and two light guns, and joined at Petta, on the left bank of the river Arta, a chieftain named Gogos, commanding about a thousand men. A Turkish cavalry attack was brilliantly repulsed, and then a decisive action followed at Petta. The Turks were in great force at Arta, and Petta lies only about two miles from the bridge over the river flowing under the walls of that city. The commander-in-chief, Mavrocordatos, was at his head-quarters, fifteen miles away, and left the command to a German, General Normann, his chief of the staff.

The occupation of Petta by the Greeks was most injudicious. A victory there could bring no advantage; a defeat was destruction. The Turks had six hundred excellent cavalry to cover their retirement in case of need, and guns to defend the bridge. There was treachery in the Greek

camp. Gogos was jealous of the "Philhellenes," and a chieftain named Geneas Kolokotrones, a son of the old Klepht, deserted on the eve of battle. The Turkish commander in Arta was Reshid Pasha, an able and energetic man destined to have much success against the Greeks. On July 16, 1822, he marched out of Arta at the head of five thousand foot and six hundred horse to attack his enemy, who were not above three thousand strong. General Normann was in the first line with the corps of Philhellenes, the Greek regiment, and the Ionian volunteers. The irregulars occupied a ridge of hills rising behind Petta, of which Gogos held the key by occupying an elevation on the extreme right. The first Turkish assaults, extending over about two hours in a desultory way, were repulsed. Reshid Pasha, unseen by Normann, was at this time sending a force to turn the Greek position from the north, and the treacherous Gogos, viewing the movement from his elevated post, did not stir. When the Turks attacked the Greek rear, exposing their flank to Gogos, his men fled, and all the Greek irregulars followed their example. Reshid Pasha then made a strong attack on the Greek regulars in front, leading his cavalry in person. The two Greek field-pieces were taken; the Philhellenes were surrounded and almost all shot down. The Greek regiment under Tarella and the Ionian volunteers were both broken by infantry fire and cavalry charges, and left half of their men dead on the ground. Four hundred of the best soldiers of Greece perished on this disastrous day. The defeat at Petta was a severe blow to the cause of order in the Greek revolution. Henceforth no confidence was felt by the people in the central government, and amid a scene of anarchy the contest against the Turks was maintained by irregular forces devoid of art and science in military operations. We turn next to the siege of Mesolonghi by the Turks under the command of Omar Vrioni, who had ten thousand men at his disposal.

The siege of this important place, lying on the south-west

coast of continental Greece, just outside the entrance to the bay of Patras, was begun on November 6, 1822. The Greeks had now been deserted by Gogos and other traitors, but the people—the peasantry and the population of the towns—remained true to the revolutionary cause. The town was protected only by a low mud wall, with a ditch little more than six feet deep and about sixteen feet wide. The ramparts mounted only fourteen guns. The flanking defences were very imperfect, and the regular garrison was composed of only six hundred men. The guns in the batteries were worked by the boatmen, and the townsmen laboured to complete the line of fortifications. To all appearance, the ditch might, on the arrival of the Turkish forces, have been filled up with fascines, and the place have been easily carried by storm. Mesolonghi, however, the place which seemed a ready prey for her foes, was destined to win undying fame among the besieged towns of history by her prolonged, brave, and obstinate defence. Mavrocordatos had arrived on the scene, attended by some experienced and skilful officers who gave much useful aid to the defenders. On November 20, seven Hydriot brigs of war compelled the Turkish blockading squadron to withdraw to Patras, and three days later the little garrison of Mesolonghi was reinforced by a thousand men from the Morea under Petrobey and other leaders. The Turkish commander, Omar Vrioni, had been negotiating, under the advice of the treacherous Greeks in his camp, for a surrender of the town. The defenders of the place pretended to consider his overtures, and then, on the arrival of the men from the Morea, sent him a message that, if he wished to become master of Mesolonghi, he had better come and take it. The garrison of the place had been, by this time, increased to two thousand five hundred men, well supplied with ammunition from Leghorn.

The Turkish army did not now exceed eight thousand men, harassed in the rear by the Greeks of Ætolia and Acarnania, who were busy in attacking the enemy's convoys. Provisions

and military stores were growing scarce in the camp, and Omar Vrioni resolved on an assault. This event took place at the earliest dawn of the Greek Christmas Day, January 6, 1823. The storming columns hoped to surprise the Christians at their church services; but the defenders were quite prepared, having received notice from a Greek fisherman in the service of the Turkish governor of the province. Two thousand two hundred well-armed men were posted either under cover on the ramparts, or as a reserve in the nearest houses. The storming parties of eight hundred Albanian volunteers attacked the place at two points. One division strove to scale the wall on the eastern flank; another sought to enter the town by wading through the shallow lagoon round the eastern extremity of the wall. The assault was masked by heavy volleys of musketry along the whole of the Turkish lines. The besieged reserved their fire until the columns were within pistol-range, and then poured in a deadly fusillade. The effect was decisive. Those who intended a surprise were themselves confounded; they broke and fled in utter rout. Desultory and vain attempts to renew the assault were made, and a vast amount of ammunition was expended on both sides, but the matter ended in the loss of some hundreds of men by the Turks, while the Greeks had only four men slain. Six days later, Omar Vrioni broke up his camp and retired, leaving to the enemy ten guns, four mortars, and a small amount of shot and empty shells.

The surrender of the Acropolis at Athens was an event of great moral and military importance for the Greek cause, attracting the attention of the whole civilised world, and giving the revolutionists possession of a fortress on the flank of the Turks who might invade the Peloponnesus (Morea). We have seen that Omar Vrioni had relieved the place in the autumn of 1821. Before quitting Attica, he supplied the garrison with provisions and military stores; but his aid was rendered ultimately useless through the neglect of the

besieged as regarded a supply of water. The cisterns were left uncleansed during the winter; the only good well was imperfectly defended. The season proved extremely dry. The Greeks secured possession of the well, and capitulation followed as an absolute necessity. The surrender, which took place on June 21, 1822, was attended by the grossest breach of faith on the part of the Greeks. The terms bound the victors to convey the Turks to Asia Minor in neutral ships, and to leave them one-half of their money and jewels, with a certain portion of their other movables. The bishop of Athens, a man of high character, compelled all the Greek civil and military authorities to swear on the sacrament of the Greek Church to observe strictly the articles of capitulation. The Mussulmans in the Acropolis numbered one thousand one hundred and fifty, of whom only a hundred and eighty were men capable of bearing arms. Three days after the surrender the Greeks began to murder the prisoners, in spite of all the efforts of the Austrian and French consuls. News had reached Athens that the Ottoman forces had seized the pass of Thermopylæ, and in their rage the Greeks put to death four hundred men, women, and children among the captives. The rest were saved by the intervention of the foreign consuls, and by the arrival of two French men-of-war in the Piræus.

Sultan Mahmoud forthwith sent to the Morea an invading army of twenty thousand men under the command of Dramali. This large force included eight thousand cavalry, and since the day when Ali Kumourgi crossed the Spercheios to reconquer the Peloponnesus from the Venetians in 1715, no such display of military pomp had been seen in Greece. The Greek priest who commanded in the Acrocorinth, the citadel of Corinth, abandoned that impregnable and well-provisioned fortress after murdering the Turkish prisoners in his hands, and the city, on July 17, was occupied by Dramali. The Turkish commander was rash and devoid of experience in

Greek warfare, and advanced as if to sweep the Morea of his foes without any regular plan of campaign. On July 24 he fixed his headquarters at Argos, and sent forward an officer, with five hundred cavalry, to assume the command of the Turkish garrison at Nauplia, then hard pressed for supplies. At this juncture Prince Demetrius Hypsilantes acted with great courage and energy. His eloquent appeals to Kolokotronis, who held an independent command as a Klepht, and to Petrobey, the nominal chief commander in the Morea, inspired them with patriotic enthusiasm, and a large Greek force was quickly assembled at the mills of Lerna, south-west of Argos. The position was fortified by low walls, and flanked by the artillery of several Greek ships. The river Erasinus, issuing in a large stream from a cavern about two miles from Argos, confines the road leading to Lerna and Tripolitza between a rocky precipice and several artificial channels formed to conduct water for turning mills and for irrigating plantations of maize and cotton. Lower down, towards the sea, the plain is intersected with ditches and planted with vineyards.

No position could be better suited than the line of the Erasinus for the work of the irregular Greek infantry against the Turkish cavalry, and the Greeks came off decidedly the better in the numerous skirmishes which took place. The mountains overlooking the plain of Argos were occupied by strong bodies of the patriots. The Turkish horse were very short of forage, the season being unusually dry. Provisions became scarce, and the invading troops, devouring freely grapes and unripe melons, fell victims to disease, and were soon compelled to fall back on Argos. On August 6 Dramali sent forward the first division of his army. The Greeks now largely outnumbered the Ottoman force, and in the recesses of the mountain country the Turks were severely handled. A Greek leader named Niketas was specially distinguished by his energy and skill, and in one ravine a terrible slaughter

of the Turks was made under his direction. At last a general flight back to Corinth began, and immense booty fell into the hands of the victors. The personal valour of Niketas, who rushed sword in hand on a body of Turkish infantry which was rallying for an attack on his position, won for him the honourable nickname of "Turkophagos," or the Turkey-eater. Two days later, on August 8, Dramali moved forward again; but he was defeated by Hypsilantes and Niketas, and driven back on Corinth with the loss of his military chest and the whole baggage of the army. If the Greek leaders had combined their movements and acted with ordinary military skill, the whole Turkish invading army might have been annihilated. The fabulous accounts styled "history" by the Greek writers have awarded the praise in this case to Kolokotrones, whose own troops had no share in the glories of the two days' conflict. The remains of the Turkish army melted away at Corinth, and Dramali died in the following December.

The success of the Greeks was followed, late in December, by the capture of Nauplia. During September, a series of skirmishes had taken place in the Gulf of Nauplia between the Greek fleet and a Turkish naval force seeking to relieve the fortress. Little credit was won on either side. Kanaris was not present, and the sailors of Hydra and Spetzas showed neither skill nor daring in handling the Greek fire-ships. The Turkish capitan-pasha (admiral) displayed positive cowardice, and sailed off at last without any serious attempt to throw supplies into the place he might have succoured. The defenders were suffering dreadfully from famine. Children were often found dead in the streets. The soldiers were so enfeebled that few were fit for duty, and the citadel was abandoned by the garrison. Before the occupation of the town by the Greeks, a scene of confusion occurred in disputes between the greedy Kolokotrones, who wished to have a chief share of plunder, and the soldiers of other leaders. The

arrival of an English frigate, under Captain Hamilton, a man of fine character, well known to several of the Greek chiefs, restored order, and the Turks were conveyed away safely to Asia Minor. We must now record a naval exploit.

The Turkish admiral, after his failure to relieve Nauplia, recrossed the Archipelago, and anchored between the island of Tenedos and the Troad, amid scenes famed in Virgilian and Homeric verse. The contingents of the Greek fleet from the islands remained inactive in the ports of Hydra and Spetzas, neglecting to assail the capitan-pasha, though his cowardice and lack of energy were so well known. The great Kanaris came again to the front. At his instance, the community of Psara fitted out two fire-ships, and with these the heroic sea-warrior, on November 10, 1822, approached the Ottoman fleet, riding at anchor without a suspicion of peril. At daybreak, Kanaris and his colleague steered for two line-of-battle ships lying to windward of the rest of the fleet. Kanaris took for himself the more difficult task of assailing the leeward vessel. The breeze which brought up the Greek fire-ships had scarcely reached the Turks, whose vessels, under the influence of the current from the Dardanelles flowing through the Tenedos channel, were now swinging head to wind. Kanaris, with his usual keen observation and coolness, took advantage of the position, and ran aboard the foe just aft of the fore-chains on the larboard side. His ship was thus to windward, with sails nailed to the masts, the yards secured aloft by chains, and all the rigging saturated with turpentine. In an instant after the application of fire to the train, the flames rose above the main-top of the Turkish seventy-four, and her deck was wrapped in a whirlwind of fire. The crew had no time to escape in boats. Those who jumped out of the portholes were drowned as they made for the distant shore, and about eight hundred men perished. The ships at anchor cut their cables and sailed away. The commander of the other Greek fire-ship, who might, if he had

been a Kanaris, have made a sure prey of the flag-ship of the Turkish admiral, failed in his effort. The vessel was run under the bowsprit of the Turkish liner as she swung to the breeze, and the fire-ship fell off and drifted away to leeward. The main Turkish fleet was soon gathered in the Dardanelles, but one corvette went ashore at Tenedos, and another was abandoned, amidst the panic, by her crew, and found floating a wreck in the Archipelago. Kanaris and the crews of the two fire-ships reached Psara in their boats. The great patriot had, with his own hand, during the year 1822, caused the Sultan the loss of two line-of-battle ships and nearly two thousand men. His fame was enhanced by contrast with the general mismanagement of the Greek navy, which had not prevented the ill-commanded Ottoman fleet from throwing supplies into the fortresses of Coron, Modon, Lepanto, and Patras, and from twice sailing over the Archipelago without any serious loss. During the year, however, the desultory expeditions of the men of Psara and Kasos had inflicted much loss on the Turks on the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt.

At the opening of the year 1823 the cause of Greece was fairly before the world as that of a people resolved to be free, pitted against a powerful, able, and energetic sovereign, Sultan Mahmoud, determined to maintain Ottoman supremacy and the divine right of absolute rule. The Sultan's efforts were, for a time, frustrated by a great fire at Constantinople, destroying the arsenal and cannon foundry at Tophana, with an immense train of field-artillery, many hundreds of brass guns ready for new ships, and a vast amount of ammunition and military stores packed for service. Fifty mosques and about six thousand houses were also consumed, a large part of Pera being laid in ashes. The spirit of the ruler was not abated by this disaster. A small fleet was fitted out for desultory operations against the Greeks, and a new army was prepared for the invasion of the Morea by way of Lepanto and Patras. The military operations were entrusted to

Reshid Pasha, who began his work by restoring order in northern Greece. Phocis and Bœotia were wasted by the Turkish cavalry, and the main army, under Mustai Pasha and Omar Vrioni, advanced through western Greece. The Greek leaders, at issue among themselves, made no due preparations to meet the enemy; but the heroic Markos Bozzaris, a chief defender of Mesolonghi, again threatened by the Turkish advance, took matters into his own hands, and saved at least the honour of his country for that time.

The first division of the Ottoman forces consisted of four thousand men, who encamped in the valley of Karpenisi, near an abundant fountain of pure water, forming a brook as it flows from its basin, shaded by a fine old willow-tree. Bozzaris was at the head of twelve hundred Suliotes, and he formed the bold resolution of attacking the enemy with a picked body of his men. At midnight on August 21, 1823, he surprised the Turkish camp at the head of three hundred and fifty warriors, broke into the midst of the foemen and rushed forward to slay the commander, Djelaleddin Bey. The Turks fled in haste, leaving their arms behind. The whole force might have been destroyed but for the supineness of the Greek leaders of the *armatoli*, or militia, of Ætolia and Acarnania, who remained in the villages on the heights idly watching the flashes of the Suliot muskets. The Albanian hero was thus sacrificed to Greek envy. The Turkish bey had pitched his tent in a *mandra* or walled enclosure, built to protect beehives or young lambs from badgers and foxes. Bozzaris reached this wall, and, finding no entrance, raised his head to look over it. The veteran troops under Djelaleddin, now aroused from slumber, were accustomed to nocturnal warfare, and several were on the watch when the Suliot hero's head rose above the wall, showing clearly against the grey sky. His brain was at once pierced with a ball, and the Suliots carried off his body. Thus died one of the chief patriots and warriors in this long contest, leaving behind him a glorious

name. His loss spread sorrow and consternation throughout the land. The initial success of the attack was not followed up. The brave Suliots knew nothing of scientific warfare, and their victorious career was stopped by a rough wall, which might have been carried by the use of a few hand-grenades against its defenders. They retired after collecting the spoil of the Turkish camp, which was very abundant in the shape of arms and ammunition. The advance of the Turks was not stayed by this temporary success of their opponents, and in October the united forces of Mustai and Omar Vrioni attacked Anatolikon, a small town in the lagoons about five miles west of Mesolonghi. The place was bombarded from a couple of mortars; but little damage was done, and the siege was raised on December 11.

The Turkish fleet, in the course of the summer, threw supplies into Modon and Coron, on the south-west coast of the Morea, and landed a body of troops and a large sum of money at Patras. The Greek seamen of Psara, Samos, and Kasos were very active and enterprising, and committed great ravages on the coast of Asia Minor. During the autumn, the brave and skilful Miaulis sailed from Hydra with a small fleet; but all his efforts were paralysed by dissension and disorder among his men, and he returned to port in October almost in a state of despair. Before the close of the year, in November, 1823, the Turks surrendered the Acrocorinth, or citadel of Corinth. A massacre of the garrison by the Greeks was prevented only by the firmness and honourable conduct of Niketas, supported by the brave and steady men under his immediate command.

The year 1824 opened with the arrival of Lord Byron at Mesolonghi. His brief career in Greece was unconnected with any important military event. He died on April 19, and we can only conjecture what services he might have rendered to the cause of freedom in political or military affairs. It is certain that he formed a more correct estimate

of the character of the Greeks than any other foreigner. The leaders showed him clearly their selfishness and self-deceit, but he formed a high estimate of the virtues of the people, and sincerely praised the determined spirit with which they asserted their independence. In the course of the year there were two civil wars among the Greeks, and a great waste was made of the large sums of money lent from England. The Klepht leaders, as we have already shown, too often acted as mere brigands, plundering Greeks and Turks alike. The money obtained by the English loans was largely spent on gaudy equipments. Every man in the field was eager to assume the splendid Albanian dress with its gold-embroidered jacket, gilded yataghan, and silver-mounted pistols. Boundless fraud was committed in drawing pay and rations for ten times as many men as were really under arms. The more prudent of the civil authorities strove in vain to stay this system of plunder, and to deal with the gross corruption that prevailed in naval affairs. Within two years, all the money raised by loan had disappeared, and the cause of the revolt against Turkey was ruined, so far as Greek efforts were concerned, by the dishonesty of the government, military rapacity and incapacity, and want of discipline in the navy. Having now stated the main discreditable facts concerning the Greeks, we resume the narrative of military and naval operations, in which we shall have to refer to at least one instance of heroic and desperate defence on the revolutionary side, as honourable as any which history records.

Early in 1824, Sultan Mahmoud adopted a new course of action, after a careful study of the causes of disaster in his fleets and armies. He resolved to destroy the outlying resources of the revolutionists before attacking the centre of their power in the Morea. He saw that the first step towards the reconquest of Greece must be the recovery of Turkish supremacy at sea. The Greeks were unable, from financial mismanagement, to replace the loss of a few ships.

The Ottoman empire could afford to build a new fleet every year. The loss of a Turkish line-of-battle ship or frigate was a low price to pay for the destruction of one Greek brig ; the ruin of a Greek naval island was worth the sacrifice of a whole Turkish squadron.

Psara and Kasos, the most exposed naval stations of his enemies, were selected as the first objects of attack. Their cruisers had inflicted the greatest losses on Mahmoud's maritime subjects, and their destruction would be more popular in the empire than any victory either by land or sea. Psara was the cause of intolerable mischief to the Mussulmans in Thrace and Asia Minor ; Kasos, off the east of Crete, was a torment to Syria and Egypt. The Sultan therefore concerted with Mehemet Ali, his viceroy in Egypt, a sudden and simultaneous attack on the two islands with separate fleets. The plans were skilfully formed and vigorously carried out. The island of Kasos, about twelve miles long, with a barren and iron-bound coast, contained at this time about seven thousand people, owning fifteen square-rigged ships and about forty smaller craft. These vessels had, for three years, been engaged in plundering the coasts of Crete, Rhodes, Cyprus, Syria, Egypt, and Karamania, the region of Asia Minor to the north of Cyprus. The force sent from Egypt to assail Kasos consisted of three frigates and ten sloops of war, conveying three thousand Albanian troops. The island was ill fortified, and the inhabitants neglected all precautions against an enemy's descent. On June 19, 1824, the Albanians landed during the night, and scaled the rocks commanding the Kasiot batteries. The attack was a complete surprise for the people, dwelling in four villages high up in the mountain. These places were at once captured. All the men capable of bearing arms were slain : the old women shared their fate. The young women and the children were taken on board the Egyptian ships for sale in the slave market of Alexandria. The Kaslots in the batteries near the beach were soon

overcome by fire from the higher ground. Fourteen square-rigged vessels and about thirty smaller craft were taken, with the slaughter of five hundred Kasiot seamen. This success, the news of which spread consternation through Greece, cost the Albanians only thirty men killed and wounded. The disaster at Psara was greater still.

The Turkish admiral, Khosreff Pasha, issued from the Dardanelles in May, escorting transports carrying three thousand janissaries. He took on board four thousand Asiatic troops, and then sailed for Psara with a fighting fleet of thirty-eight frigates, corvettes, and brigs. The high rocky island which he was about to attack is smaller than Kasos. The northern and eastern sides are precipitous. In the south-west lay the town, and below it, to the west, is a good anchorage sheltered by a rocky islet, Antipsara. The native Psarians numbered about seven thousand, but this population had been swelled by Greek refugees from Khios, Smyrna, and other quarters to over twelve thousand. A thousand Macedonian *armatoli* had been engaged to defend the island, and much other preparation had been made, though with little scientific skill. Two hundred guns were mounted in batteries which were ill-placed and ill-constructed. The Psarians were presumptuous and domineering from their success as privateers, and they rated far too low the skill and enterprise of their foes. Most of the ships were laid up in the roadstead of Antipsara, and the crews were employed as gunners on shore. In all, the island had four thousand well-armed defenders; but, without a leader and devoid of discipline, the force was a mere mob. The Turkish capitan-pasha went to work in a very leisurely fashion, and consumed six weeks in making preparations which should have been completed in as many days. He had thus left ample time for a Greek fleet to work much mischief; but nothing was done, through the jealousy and avarice of the Hydriot primates and the self-sufficiency of the Psarians.

The attack on Psara was skilfully conducted. Khosreff Pasha, with ten ships, opened a heavy fire on the batteries, while he detached a part of his fleet so as to induce the Psarians to expect a debarkation of troops. In the meantime a body of men landed on a small open beach and stormed a battery manned by fifty *armatoli*. They then ascended the heights above the town, unfurled the Turkish flag, and fired a volley announcing their success to the Pasha and to the astonished Greeks. At a signal from the Turkish flag-ship, a hundred boats, filled with troops, pushed off and attacked all the batteries at the roadstead. After a brief engagement the assailants were everywhere victorious. Terror seized the defenders, and all who saw a chance of escape fled. Those whose retreat was cut off resisted with desperation, and no Psarian laid down his arms. Eight thousand persons were slain or reduced to slavery; about four thousand, chiefly natives of the island, succeeded in getting on board vessels in the port while the enemy were busied in sacking the town. Only twenty vessels escaped: about one hundred, of various sizes, were taken.

The news of the catastrophe at Psara, filling the Turks of Asia Minor with joy, roused to activity the mariners of Hydra and Spetzas. They hastened on board their ships, and the whole Greek fleet put to sea. The Turkish admiral had returned to Mytilene, and the Greek ships were able to save at Psara a few fugitives who had hidden themselves in caverns and secluded ravines. They also captured in the port two transports with some captives on board. There was soon work ready to their hands. Mehemet Ali of Egypt, as the Sultan's agent, was preparing for the reconquest of the Morea. A fleet of twenty-five sail was ready, and a hundred transports were gathered in the port of Alexandria to receive troops, provisions, and military stores. Eight thousand men and a thousand horses were embarked, and the great armament sailed from Alexandria on July 19, 1824, under Mehemet's

able son, Ibrahim. The whole sea between Egypt, Cyprus, and Crete was dotted with ships as they beat up in small squadrons against the strong north winds prevailing in summer. On August 2 Ibrahim put into the Gulf of Makry, on the coast of Asia Minor, opposite Rhodes. Many of the transports had reached this rendezvous. The troops were landed for the celebration of the Feast of Bairam, which was marked by a magnificent display. In the afternoon the whole army was drawn up on the beach. As the sun went down, brightly-coloured lanterns were hoisted at the mast-heads of all the ships, and every gun joined in the thunders of a salute. The troops on shore then fired by platoons, companies, and battalions, until at last a continuous discharge of musketry along the whole line arose, prolonged in one incessant rattle for a quarter of an hour. The spectacle was wild and strange in the deserted bay, overlooked by the sculptured tombs of the ancient Telmessus, a city of Lycia. Suddenly, when the din of artillery and musketry had swelled to its loudest roar, every noise was hushed, and, as the smoke rolled away, the thin silver crescent of the new moon was visible in the cloudless sky. A prolonged shout, repeated in melancholy cadence, rose from the army and was echoed back from the fleet. A minute later, a hundred camp-fires were lit, and the troops dispersed to their evening meal.

The Egyptian fleet sailed next to Budrun, on the northern shore of the Gulf of Kos, and there joined that of Khosreff, the capitan-pasha, on September 1. The united force consisted of a seventy-four, bearing the flag of the Turkish admiral, twenty frigates, twenty-five corvettes, and forty brigs and schooners, with nearly three hundred transports of every class. The Greek fleet had over seventy sail, mounting eight hundred and fifty guns, and manned by five thousand able seamen. These ships appeared on September 5 in the channel between Kos and the island of Kappari. The Turkish vessels got under weigh and stood out for action. The Greeks were

seeking to cause confusion in the enemy's host, in order to have a favourable chance for their fire-ships. Suddenly four Turkish and Egyptian frigates sailed boldly forward to gain the weather-gage. Their object was to force Miaulis and the leading vessels of the Greek fleet under the guns of the fort of Kos. The naval skill of the Hydriots baffled this manœuvre. Some confused fighting took place. A Greek fire-ship was directed against Ibrahim's frigate, but it drifted past, and burnt away harmlessly in the midst of the Ottoman fleet. Another fire-ship was forced by the Egyptians under the guns of Kos, and was left in the hands of the Turks. On the whole, the first battle off Budrun was favourable to the Ottoman force. Little damage was done on either side, but the Greeks should have made far better use of the opportunity presented by the crowding of their enemies' ships in a narrow channel.

On September 10 the Turks again stood out of Budrun, with the object of forcing a passage northwards to the island of Samos. A confused engagement ensued, in which both sides suffered several disasters. A Greek fire-ship was dismasted, and burnt by its own crew. Three other fire-ships, launched in succession against an Egyptian brig, drifted away and burned out harmlessly to the water's edge. The Turks, on this, acted with unusual courage. The Tunisian commodore led his squadron boldly on. Two Hydriot fire-ships bore down upon him, and one grappled his frigate, which was blown up with her crew of four hundred men and two hundred and fifty regular Arab troops. The commodore, the colonel of the soldiers, and about fifty men were picked up by Greek boats. A Turkish corvette was also destroyed by a fire-ship from Psara, and the Ottomans, terrified by these losses, drew off. In a subsequent action the Greeks managed to prevent the Turkish admiral from landing troops on Samos, and both armaments were dispersed by heavy gales at the end of September. Khosreff Pasha returned to the Dardan

elles, leaving several of his frigates and corvettes with the Egyptian fleet. The Psarian vessels returned home, but Miaulis remained to harass the squadron of Ibrahim. In an action off Mytilene a Turkish corvette and an Egyptian brig were burned. Most of the Greek vessels, late in the season, sailed off without orders to Hydra and Spetzas; but the indefatigable patriot Miaulis, now commanding but twenty-five sail, continued to watch and annoy the foe, though he was constantly impeded in his enterprises by the lack of order and discipline among his captains and crews. Ibrahim embarked his army at Budrun and steered for Crete. On November 13, as the whole Egyptian fleet approached the island, about twenty Greek brigs hove in sight, and seven or eight of the transports were taken. The convoy was so completely dispersed that many vessels made off for Alexandria; a number of others reached Marmorice, on the Asiatic coast near Rhodes. The Greek ships then sailed away to Hydra with their prizes, leaving Ibrahim Pasha to invade the Morea.

On December 5 that enterprising and energetic commander sailed from Marmorice, and reached Suda Bay, in Crete, before the end of the year. On February 24, 1825, he disembarked at Modon with four thousand regular infantry and five hundred cavalry, and his fleet, at once returning to Crete, brought across his second division, composed of six thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry and a strong body of field-artillery. The final phase of the revolutionary war had begun when the Egyptian army, on March 21, sat down before the fortress of Navarin. Strict discipline and perfect order prevailed in the camp of the invaders. The Greek camp seemed to contain an accidental crowd of armed men. The old castle on the ruins of Pylos, on a promontory at the northern entrance of the bay of Navarin, was also besieged by the Egyptians, the scene of action being that made famous in the pages of Thucydides. The garrison of Navarin consisted of sixteen hundred men; that of Pylos, of eight hundred. The flower

of the Greek army, over seven thousand men, advanced to relieve the two fortresses. Ibrahim, on April 19, attacked them with three thousand infantry, four hundred cavalry and four guns, and easily defeated them with a Greek loss of six hundred men left dead on the field. This affair decisively proved that the best Greek irregulars had no chance whatever in the open field against battalions of ordinary discipline. The island of Sphakteria, commanding the port of Navarin, was the key of the whole position. Greek neglect had left the island without defence, and at the last moment only two batteries, one of three eighteen-pounders, on the point, and another of four guns, were constructed.

On May 8 the Egyptian fleet, carrying three thousand troops, put out from Modon, and opened a cannonade on Sphakteria. Under cover of this fire, a regiment of Arab regulars and some Turkish troops made a landing. The Greeks at the batteries fled before their charge, with the loss of three hundred and fifty men slain and two hundred taken prisoners. The capture of Sphakteria was followed, three days later, by the surrender of Pylos. The defence of Navarin was feeble. All hope of relief, both by land and sea, was cut off, and on May 21 the garrison surrendered on honourable terms, which were faithfully observed by the victor. Miaulis, with all his goodwill to the cause, had been unable to assemble a squadron capable of attacking the Egyptian fleet in the bay of Navarin; but he made a gallant effort, before the surrender of the fortress, on some vessels in the harbour of Modon. On May 12, he sent six fire-ships at once into the midst of the Egyptian squadron as it lay at anchor. The attack was well planned and promptly and boldly executed. A terrible conflagration was caused, in which a fine double-banked frigate, fitted out at Deptford, three sloops of war, and seven transports, with a magazine of provisions on shore, were destroyed. This success had no influence on the fate of Navarin or on the main contest in the

Morea; it only sufficed to show what might have been effected by the heroic and patriotic Miaulis, if he had received due support from his countrymen.

Ibrahim Pasha advanced, after the fall of Navarin, towards the centre of the Peloponnesus, before any national effort was made to repel his invasion. The Greek government was lethargic and corrupt, and selfishness and party-animosity had far more influence than patriotism. A new army needed to be raised, and as the people of the Morea would have no other leader than Kolokotrones, that ambitious and avaricious man, limited as he was in military and administrative capacity, was again appointed to the chief command of the forces in the peninsula. A smart and well-contested battle was fought in the hills near Nauplia, at a village called Maniaki, the Greeks being commanded by a priest named Dikaios, having no military quality except courage. He had fifteen hundred Moreot peasants in an ill-selected position, and on June 1, 1825, he was there attacked by Ibrahim in person with six thousand men. A short and desperate struggle ended in the defeat of the Greeks; but not until two-thirds of their force had fallen under the fire and bayonets of the Arabs, who left four hundred men dead on the field. The action was honourable to the worsted side, and the national spirit was revived by the severe loss inflicted on Ibrahim's regular troops. Dikaios died bravely at his post.

Kolokotrones was completely out-generalled by Ibrahim, who turned his flank and seized important positions, and forced the Greeks to abandon Tripolitza without a struggle. Large stores of provisions were there secured, and the Egyptian general then pushed on, with about five thousand men, to the plain of Argos, hoping to capture Nauplia either by treachery or surprise. On June 24 he was near the mills of Lerna, already seen by us in this narrative. The town was thrown into the utmost alarm by his sudden appearance, and cries of treachery arose. The patriotism of the people, how-

ever, quickly rose to the height of the peril, and a force of three hundred and fifty men was sent to seize the Lerna position, where a large supply of grain was stored. The mills were surrounded by a stone wall, flanked by the marsh famous in mythology for the monster slain by Hercules, and by a deep pond. The garrison had the support of two gunboats anchored within musket-shot of the shore. An Arab attack on a small breach in the wall was repulsed by the Greeks. Reinforcements were continually reaching the patriots, and Ibrahim, after reconnoitring the neighbourhood of Nauplia, returned to Tripolitza before the end of June. Early in July Kolokotrones, preparing to blockade Tripolitza, had gathered about ten thousand men on the hills overlooking the great Arcadian plain. On July 6 Ibrahim attacked all his positions, and the Greek army was defeated without being dispersed. The soldiers, who only needed an able leader to cause much trouble to their foe, rallied in the mountain passes and showed great activity and perseverance. Kolokotrones had neglected to fortify the mills from which Tripolitza was supplied with flour. Ibrahim promptly seized and secured these valuable positions, connecting them with the town by a line of posts in the hills, and his foraging parties scoured the country from Mantinea to Megalopolis and obtained large quantities of grain. On August 13 the Egyptian general was back at Modon, and in a subsequent campaign he laid waste the country in every direction, intent on destroying the resources of the people, while his own troops were furnished with supplies by sea. We now turn to one of the chief events of the struggle, the famous second siege of Mesolonghi.

This event was, for the patriots, the most glorious military operation of the whole war, and also that which best displayed the moral and political condition of the new Greek nation. The inertness and ignorance of the civil government, and the lack of ability in the military chiefs, are therein strongly contrasted with the unconquerable energy of the Greek people.

Never was there a smaller show of science in a siege : never did the population of a besieged town evince more constancy and courage. Greek patriotism, while hostilities died away to insignificance elsewhere, seemed to have concentrated itself within and around the walls of Mesolonghi. The duties of a trained garrison fell upon an undisciplined crowd of citizens in a small town, supported nobly by the fishermen of a shallow lagoon, and by the peasants of a region wasted by war. The task of assailing this asylum of Greek freedom was entrusted by Sultan Mahmoud to the able Reshid Pasha, the man whom we have seen in conflict at Petta. On April 29, 1825, with about six thousand men and three guns, he opened his first parallel against the town, at a distance of about six hundred yards from the walls.

Mesolonghi was now in a good condition for defence. An earthen rampart, 2,300 yards in length, extended from the waters of the lagoon across the promontory on which the town was built. This rampart was partly faced with masonry, having flanking bastions near the centre, and batteries near each end. In front was a muddy ditch, not easy to pass, separating the fortress from the adjacent plain. Forty-eight guns and four mortars were mounted, and the garrison consisted of four thousand soldiers and armed peasants, aided by one thousand citizens and boatmen. The place was well supplied with ammunition and food when the siege began, but there were more than twelve thousand persons to sustain within the walls. Early in June, the besiegers had eight guns and four mortars. The approaches were pushed on rapidly, while the Greeks, on their side, constructed traverses and new batteries. On June 10 a Greek squadron of seven sail arrived, encouraging the besieged by landing a large supply of military and other stores, and by the announcement that Miaulis would soon appear with a large fleet. The garrison at once began to make frequent and vigorous sorties, and the Turks were, on their side, repulsed with severe loss in an

assault on the little isle of Marmoras near the western end of the rampart.

On July 10 the Greeks had a severe disappointment in the arrival, not of a relieving squadron under the gallant Miaulis, but of a large Turkish fleet under the capitan-pasha. Reshid now adopted vigorous measures. Introducing a number of flat-bottomed boats into the lagoon, he gained possession of two small islands, and completely invested Mesolonghi by sea and land. At the end of July and early in August, two furious assaults on different bastions were repulsed. After the first failure, terms were offered to the garrison and refused, and the Turkish commander thereupon beheaded some prisoners before the walls. The cruisers of the Turkish fleet had already announced the approach of a powerful Greek squadron.

On August 3 the garrison descried forty sail of the best ships which Greece still possessed, under the command of the veteran Miaulis and of Georgios Sachturis, the next naval commander in ability and courage. After some manœuvring the Greeks were unable to break the line of the main Turkish division, consisting of twenty-two ships. Three fire-ships were vainly employed against the flag-ship of Khosreff, the capitan-pasha; but he was so intimidated by the determined attempts of the enemy that he avoided any further action, and sailed away for Alexandria on the pretence of effecting a junction with the Egyptian fleet. His cowardice left the flotilla of Reshid in the lagoon without support, and as the Greeks had captured a transport laden with powder and shells for the army, the besiegers were left short of ammunition for their mortars. Miaulis next aided the besieged in driving the Turks from their posts in the lagoons, and in destroying the flotilla. He then sailed off in pursuit of the Turkish fleet, leaving eight vessels to keep open communications with the English at the Ionian Islands and to cut off supplies sent by sea to the besiegers.

Reshid was now in a very difficult position. His supplies

of provisions were irregular ; his store of ammunition was so scanty that he was compelled to abandon the hope of forcing the surrender of Mesolonghi by bombardment. He was without pay for his troops, and the Albanians returned home. The Turkish commander then resorted to the spade, and set his army to raise a mound before the walls. This primitive work was carried on towards the ramparts in spite of all the efforts of the besieged. It was from five to eight yards broad at the base, and so high as to overlook the walls. After much severe fighting in the trenches, the mound was extended to the ditch, the ditch was filled up, and one of the bastions was stormed. The besieged had, however, cut off this work from the other defences, and soon erected batteries which commanded it. The Mesolonghiots then became the assailants, and, after a hard struggle, drove the Turks from the bastion. By the end of August all lost ground was regained, and a great effort against the mound was prepared. On September 21 the whole garrison made a great sortie, and attacked the Turkish camp with the utmost fury. In the end, the Greeks carried the works protecting the head of the mound, and kept possession until they had levelled the part which threatened their defences. Rain soon made it impossible for the besiegers to repair damages. Considerable reinforcements had come into Mesolonghi, and by the end of September the garrison, still amounting to four thousand five hundred men, was much more efficient than at the beginning of the siege. On October 13 a vigorous sortie inflicted such loss on the Turks that Reshid withdrew his army to a fortified camp at the foot of Mount Zygos, where he awaited the return of the Turkish fleet, and reinforcements to be brought by Ibrahim Pasha.

Karaiskakis, a man whom we have thought worthy, on the whole, of ranking among the patriotic heroes of the Greek struggle against Turkey, now appeared on the scene of action. During the early years of the revolution, his conduct was

devoid of good principle ; but he lived to redeem his name, and became one of the bravest and most active leaders in the latter part of the contest. His military talents were those of a commander of irregular bands, without any formal plan of campaign. At this time he threw himself with a body of men into a strong position on the Turkish rear. The garrison of Mesolonghi destroyed, but in no thorough style, the works of the besiegers, and they were culpably careless in failing to bring in a supply of grain which had been collected in magazines on the western coast of the Morea. On November 18 the Ottoman fleet returned to Patras in time to save Reshid's army from starvation, and brought him some reinforcements, with an ample supply of ammunition. The Greek fleet, under Miaulis, came up too late to interrupt the landing of stores. A series of indecisive naval engagements followed. Miaulis threw supplies into the besieged town, and kept open communication with the Ionian Islands ; but the Turkish ships kept their station at Patras, and early in December the Greek fleet sailed away to Hydra.

Mesolonghi was now to be tested to the utmost in the arrival of Ibrahim Pasha, who was by this time master of the Morea. His march from Navarin to Patras was not opposed, and he gathered on the way large quantities of grain which ought either to have been destroyed by the Greeks or sent to the gallant defenders of Mesolonghi. The month of December was employed by Ibrahim in forming magazines, and bringing up ammunition to his camp before the town. Nothing could be done at the trenches owing to heavy rain—the whole plain was transformed into a marsh. The Greek government seemed to wake up at last to the need of aid for Mesolonghi ; but they had no means of raising supplies, and it was a large subscription of Greek patriots of all classes, except the official, which enabled a Greek fleet to put to sea. Twenty Hydriot and four Psarian ships were equipped, and on January 21, 1826, these vessels forced the Turkish cruisers

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to retire under the guns of Patras, and enabled the besieged to obtain from the Ionian Islands stores of provisions and ammunition for two months. Most of the Greek ships then sailed away.

On February 25 Ibrahim opened his fire from batteries mounting forty pieces, and on the 27th and 28th two attempts to storm the walls were repulsed. A flotilla of thirty-two flat-bottomed boats was then launched, and the Turks had quickly the command of the lagoon. The fort commanding the entrance of the lagoon leading from the sea directly to the town was stormed on March 9, and four days later Anatolikon surrendered. Ibrahim, hearing that provisions were again running short in Mesolonghi, offered terms of capitulation, but these were rejected with disdain. The besieged expressed their resolve to defend the place to the last, and bade the two pashas, if they wanted their arms, to come and take them. An attack of Reshid's Albanian troops on an islet about a mile from the town, to the south-east, was repulsed with loss, and Ibrahim then brought up his Egyptian regulars. Three determined assaults were vainly made, and a hundred and fifty good Greek marksmen, defending a mere sandbank, with a low earthen rampart and a little chapel with an arched roof of stone, had caused their enemies the loss of five hundred men in killed and wounded. During April, a Greek fleet under Miaulis again appeared; but that brave and skilful man had not the means of effecting anything worthy of mention. His vessels were much inferior in force to those of the Turks; his crews were wanting in the old heroic enterprise. The fire-ships failed to cause any damage, and the Greek admiral was forced to leave Mesolonghi to her fate. The magazines in the town had only rations for two days, and the garrison and people had before them death by starvation, or surrender, or the terrible enterprise of striving to force a way through the besiegers.

Rarely in history has patriotism raised any beleaguered

population to such a height of heroism as was now displayed at Mesolonghi. The soldiers and citizens resolved to dare all rather than submit to the foe. For once there was unanimity in Greek counsels. The inhabitants who were unable to bear arms, the women, the children, were as patient and brave in this dreadful position as the veteran soldiers hardened in warfare with the Turks. After deliberate consultation in a numerous assembly, it was decreed that the fighters should force a passage for the whole population through the Turkish lines. Many would perish, some might escape. The dead and the living would alike be free. A skilful plan was formed ; but fortune, on this occasion, did not favour the brave, and success was marred by several accidents.

About sunset on April 22, 1826, a discharge of musketry was heard by the besieged from the ridge of Zygos. The signal informed the leaders in Mesolonghi that fifteen hundred men from the camp of Karaiskakis were ready to attack the Turkish rear in aid of the great sortie. The garrison was mustered in three divisions. Bridges had been made ready to throw across the ditch, and breaches had been opened in the walls. Of the nine thousand persons remaining in the town, three thousand could bear arms. Nearly two thousand men, women, and children were so feeble from age, disease, or starvation, that they must be left behind, and some of the relatives of the helpless stayed to share their fate. The non-combatants who were to join the sortie were drawn up in several bodies, each under the escort of a chief and his men. Most of the women were dressed as Albanian soldiers, and carried weapons ; most of the children had loaded pistols in their belts, and many knew how to use them.

At nine o'clock in the evening the bridges were placed over the ditch without noise, and a thousand soldiers crossed and ranged themselves along the covered way of the besiegers' works. A traitorous deserter had prepared the enemy for the attempt. A terrific fire was opened on the most crowded

parts of the bridges as soon as the non-combatants began to cross, but the greater part got over in tolerable order. The native Mesolonghiots, in a separate band, had lingered behind, loth to leave their relations and their property, and the garrison, under a heavy fire, waited patiently for them. At last the leading men of the tardy patriots crossed the ditch, and then the troops, with a loud shout and sword in hand, rushed on the Turks. A most valiant charge, in three divisions aiming at different roads for escape, was made. At this moment, an ill-timed cry of panic did a traitor's work. Some of the Mesolonghiots on the bridges shouted "Back, back!" and a great part of the band stopped, retired, and re-entered the town with the military escort which was to form the rearguard of the sortie. There can be little doubt that this unfortunate occurrence had its origin with people in danger of being forced into the ditch. The three leading divisions of the Greeks bore down all opposition. The yataghans of Reshid's Albanians, the bayonets of Ibrahim's Arabs, were vain against the rush, and a way was forced, with no great loss, amid the labyrinth of trenches and other works. Only some women and children were left behind.

The evil action of the deserter was most fatal in having caused the Turkish and Egyptian commanders to send cavalry to watch the roads aimed at by the three Greek divisions. It was when they were about a mile beyond the Turkish lines and beginning to have some sense of safety that the columns fell in with the horsemen. One division of the Greeks was broken by the first charge of the cavalry, and the others were much disordered. Small bands of the brave garrison still kept together, and by their continuous fire enabled numbers of women and children to rally under their protection. At last the scattered remnants of the three bodies were beginning to recover some order on reaching the slopes of Mount Zygos, where the cavalry could not act, when a thousand Albanian musketeers, posted for the purpose by Reshid Pasha, suddenly

fired on them. The men were obliged to scatter in flight; most of the women and children were made prisoners. About midnight, small parties of the garrison of Mesolonghi and a few women and children reached the post occupied by the Greek troops from the camp of Karaiskakis; but they were only fifty men instead of fifteen hundred. The plan for assailing the Turkish rear had failed through dissensions among the military leaders. In the end, about fifteen hundred of the fugitives reached Salona during the month of May. Of these, about thirteen hundred were soldiers. There were a few girls, and some boys under twelve years of age. We return to the town of Mesolonghi.

As soon as the two Pashas found that most of the garrison had left the place, they ordered a general assault. Their troops met no resistance in occupying the whole line of the ramparts. The Greek soldiers whom wounds or disease had disabled from marching had taken refuge in different buildings. Those who occupied the chief powder-magazine, being surrounded by the Turks, set fire to the powder and perished in the explosion. It was not until morning dawned that the Turkish troops went into the interior of the town. The whole day was spent in plundering. A second powder-magazine was exploded by its defenders, who perished along with the assailants. A windmill used as a central depôt for ammunition was defended until April 24, and then the little garrison, destitute of provisions, blew up the place, preferring death to surrender. The loss of the Greeks in these events amounted to four thousand, and it is probable that at least a thousand more perished from wounds and starvation. About three thousand prisoners, chiefly women and children, were taken. About two thousand made their escape in all, including those who made their way to Salona. This memorable siege rivals that of Plataea in ancient days, as described by Thucydides, in the energy and constancy of the defenders.

After the capture of Mesolonghi, the Turkish fleet returned to Constantinople, and the Egyptian ships to Alexandria. Ibrahim Pasha went to the Morea to complete his conquest. With only four thousand infantry and six hundred cavalry he worked his will, laying Achaia waste and capturing large herds of cattle and countless flocks of sheep. Marching to Tripolitza, the Egyptian commander was joined by large reinforcements from Modon, and the summer was employed in deliberate devastation, for the purpose of starving the Moreots into submission. In Achaia, Elis, Arcadia, Messenia, and Laconia, the crops were either destroyed or carried off. Villages were burned to the ground, cattle driven away, and all inhabitants taken were either shot or sold as slaves. During the following winter numbers of the peasantry, especially women and children, died of sheer hunger. The military operations of Kolokotrones and the other chiefs in Peloponnesus were conducted without any union, vigour, or skill. At the end of the year Ibrahim found his troops so worn out by disease and fatigue that he was compelled to wait for reinforcements from Egypt.

Meanwhile, Reshid Pasha, having fixed his headquarters at Mesolonghi in June, 1826, received the submission of many chiefs in continental Greece, and then marched across into Attica, after occupying the passes over Mounts Ceta, Knemis, Parnassus, and Parnes, and reinforcing the garrison of Thebes. The Attic peasantry, having been plundered ruthlessly by Greek leaders, welcomed Reshid as a deliverer, and he began the siege of Athens with an army of seven thousand men, including eight hundred splendid cavalry, and with a good artillery-train of twenty-six guns and mortars. The hill of the Museion was occupied, and batteries were erected on the level above the Pnyx and at other points. On the night of August 14 he stormed the town, and drove the people into the Acropolis. Six days later Reshid utterly defeated a body of four thousand men advancing to the relief of the

Acropolis, including two thousand five hundred irregulars under Karaiskakis, and fifteen hundred regular troops under a French officer, Colonel Fabvier. Karaiskakis soon regained his reputation with his own men by a successful foray in which they captured a great herd of cattle destined for the use of the Turkish army. Fabvier, for his part, withdrew his men to Salamis.

A cry of indignation arose in Greece at the incapacity and negligence of the government with regard to attempts for the relief of the besieged Acropolis, which Reshid had been in vain attacking by bombardment and by mining. Karaiskakis advanced in a movement which enabled another leader to land a force unobserved in the Bay of Phalerum, whence he reached the Acropolis, without loss, at the head of four hundred and fifty men. The besieged fortress being safe for a time, Karaiskakis moved off to Mount Helicon, with the view of capturing some of the Turkish magazines in Bœotia and intercepting Reshid Pasha's supplies from Thessaly. The Acropolis had now a garrison of about one thousand men, but they were encumbered by the presence of over four hundred women and children. The supply of wheat and barley was abundant, but there was no fuel for baking bread. At this juncture, faction and imbecility among the Greek leaders prevented any due effort for the relief of the place. The Turks had no squadron in the channel of Eubœa, and a force might have been taken to any point for an attack on the rear of Reshid's army. All his supplies by sea might have been intercepted, and much mischief wrought to the Turkish cause in conjunction with the troops of Karaiskakis at Mount Helicon. The Greek navy, however, either remained idle or engaged in piracy. The only good work for the cause at this time was done by Karaiskakis, heading three thousand of the best troops in the country. Though he was greatly hampered in his operations by difficulty in obtaining supplies of food for his troops, he displayed both activity and sound

judgment. His object was to throw his whole force on the rear of Reshid's army, to master his line of communications, and destroy his magazines. In the mountains about Parnassus he contrived, by prompt and skilful movements, to blockade a body of Turkish troops, whom he then attacked with the loss of most of their baggage and provisions. During the night after their defeat they made a bold attempt to escape to Salona by climbing the precipices of Parnassus, left unguarded by the Greeks. At sunrise they were pursued, and on December 6 they were nearly all destroyed. A brave but hopeless defence was made ; no quarter was asked or granted. Many were frozen to death. Three hundred, under cover of a dense fall of snow, climbed the precipitous hills and reached Salona. The heads of four Turkish beys were sent to Ægina as a token of victory. On February 12, 1827, a general attack on the Greeks under Karaiskakis was made at Dystomo, the Turks being defeated ; but the complete exhaustion of the country forced the Greek leader to fall back on Megara and Eleusis, in order to co-operate in a direct attack on Reshid's force at Athens.

The supply of powder in the Acropolis had become exhausted, and Colonel Fabvier was entrusted with the task of succour. About midnight on December 12, 1826, he landed in the bay of Phalerum with six hundred and fifty picked men, each of whom carried on his back a leathern sack filled with gunpowder. The whole body reached the Turkish lines unobserved and in good order. They were then formed in column and rushed on the enemy's guard with fixed bayonets, while the drums beat a loud signal for the garrison of the Acropolis to divert attention by a desperate sortie. Fabvier cleared all before him, swiftly leading on his troops under a shower of grape and musket-balls, and the whole body arrived within the walls of the Acropolis, with the loss of only six men killed and fourteen wounded. This was one of the most brilliant episodes of the war.

The Greek cause had been rendered hopeless by the chronic anarchy of the "government" and the leaders in the field. The active strength of both army and navy was rapidly diminishing. The people in general had lost all confidence in the abilities and the honesty both of military men and politicians. Some of the bravest and most patriotic chiefs had fallen in battle. Kanaris and Miaulis survived, bright names amidst the gloom; but they had no work provided for them in a country whose naval force had turned from patriotic deeds to piracy. Karaiskakis alone was doing any good work in the field. The peasantry alone remained true to the national cause; but they could do little more than patiently endure. Many died of hunger rather than submit to the Turks, especially in the Morea, where they feared lest Ibrahim, in case of their submission, would convey their children to slavery in Egypt.

Some further efforts were made to raise the siege of the Acropolis. In February 1827 Reshid Pasha defeated a body of eight hundred irregulars under Colonel Burbaki, a native of Cephalonia, and various other attempts failed. On May 4 Karaiskakis, the last hope of the Greek cause, was mortally wounded in a skirmish, and two days later Reshid inflicted a total defeat on a relieving force, with the loss of fifteen hundred Greeks and six guns. Some thousands of the Greek army at the Piræus deserted after this disastrous battle of Phalerum, and on June 5 the Acropolis was surrendered. About fifteen hundred persons, including four hundred women and children, came forth. This event was followed by Reshid Pasha's conquest of that part of continental Greece which Karaiskakis had occupied. The country was by this time utterly exhausted, and it was only the interference of European powers which ultimately secured Greek independence.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION

SIMON BOLIVAR, 1811—1830

Simon Bolivar, *El Libertador*—His early Career—Gross Misrule of Spanish Colonies in South America—Rising at Carácas in 1810—Bolivar joins the Venezuelan Revolt—Is obliged to surrender Puerto Cabello—Retires to Cartagena—Takes Field in New Granada—His Success against Royalists—Invades Venezuela—Atrocious Cruelty of Spaniards—Bolivar's Campaign of 1813—Spanish General Monteverde defeated—Bolivar enters Carácas in Triumph—The *Llaneros* of the Orinoco join the Patriots—The Margaritans—Monteverde again defeated—Campaign of 1814—Success of Royalists under Boves—Bolivar defeated—Carácas and La Guayra taken by Spaniards—Bolivar in New Granada—Captures Santa Fé—Large Reinforcements arrive from Spain—Spanish General Morillo successful—Bolivar retires to Jamaica (1815)—Morillo seizes Santa Fé (Bogotá)—Cruelties—Spanish attempt to assassinate Bolivar in Jamaica—He goes to Haiti (Santa Domingo)—Aided by a Dutchman, Luis Brion—Renews Venezuelan War in December 1816—His Heroic Conduct—Joined by Paez, *Llanero* Leader—Campaign of 1817—Bolivar defeats Morillo—Paez successful—Bolivar at Angostura—Campaign of 1818—Great Success of Patriots—Bolivar's Grand Campaign—Venezuelan Independence proclaimed—Campaign of 1819—Bolivar in Supreme Power—Joined by a British "Legion"—His General Success in Field—Invades New Granada—His Great March across the Cordilleras—Difficulties overcome—The Scene among the Mountains—Arrival on New Field of Action—Spaniards defeated—Courage of British Infantry—Bolivar's Dashing Leadership—His Great Victory at Boyaca (August 17, 1819)—Triumphant Entry into Bogotá (Santa Fé)—Bolivar appointed President of New Granada Republic—Returns to Angostura—His Reception by the People—Venezuela and New Granada United as "Republic of



SIMON BOLIVAR.

[Face page 128.]

Colombia"—Bolívar, as President, troubled by Dissensions—A Six-months' Truce with Royalists—Renewal of War—Campaign of 1821—Bolívar's Rapid Success—Santa Marta stormed—His Victory at Carabobo, in Venezuela—He captures La Guayra—Grand Entry into Carácas—Spaniards cleared out of Colombia—Bolívar in Peru—General Sucre's Victory for Patriots at Pichincha—Bolívar enters Lima and receives Dictatorial Authority—Independence of South American States recognised—Bolívar again in Field against Spanish Forces—Grand Review of his Army—He defeats the Royalists—Resigns his Peruvian Dictatorship and returns to Colombia (1826)—Upper Peru becomes "Bolivia"—Attempts on his Life by Royalist Party—Assailed by Calumny—His Great Scheme for South America—Movement against his Measures in Peru—The Country pacified—Bolívar in Supreme Power in Colombia (1828)—Civil Strife arises—Bolívar resigns Office' (1830)—His Death—Character of Bolívar—His Great Services—In Advance of his Age—Honours to his Memory at a Later Day.

SIMON Y PONTE BOLIVAR, gloriously named *El Libertador* ("the Liberator"), as the deliverer of a large portion of the Spanish South-American colonies from the tyranny of the mother-country, was born in the Venezuelan city of Carácas, on July 24, 1783. He came of noble families by his parentage on both sides, and his father was the wealthy owner of large estates. In early youth he had a careful training, and his knowledge and mental power were afterwards extended and invigorated by study at universities in the United States and several European countries. He was a reader of political writers of all ages, and became a man of energetic and reflective intellect to a degree rarely found in his race. He was a fluent speaker and able writer in Spanish, French, Italian, German, and English. In the course of his foreign travels he visited Paris, where he witnessed some of the closing scenes of the French revolutionary period before Napoleon's advent to supreme power. In 1801 he returned to Carácas, and married at the age of eighteen, but soon lost his young wife. In 1804, he again visited Europe, and in 1809 he was in the United States. He had either received by nature's

gift, or had acquired in revolutionary France or in the rising states of North America, then lately emancipated from British control, a deep love of freedom, and he afforded convincing proof thereof when he inherited the paternal property. Bolivar was the man who, in his own country, gave the first example of setting free the slaves on his estates, and he thus prepared the way, in a measure, for the revolution which was at last to succeed in the Spanish colonies, after hapless efforts made in 1780, 1787, 1794, and 1797.

The blood which had been then shed by the Spanish rulers cried for vengeance, and the system of government was making the domination of Spain unendurable. One example will suffice. It is an instance of gross mis-government which appeals most strongly to those who, like the home-dwelling subjects of the British Empire for more than half a century, have enjoyed the blessings of freedom of trade. An association styled the Philippine Company, composed of merchants and capitalists of the province of Biscay, in Spain, had purchased from the Spanish crown the privilege, as regarded the colonies in South America, of importing and exporting merchandise and provisions of every kind, and of fixing the price of all commodities. On the mainland of South America, neither the captain-general (commander-in-chief) nor the viceroy could alter the prices of articles fixed by the Company. All persons trading with the people without authorisation from the Company were liable to capital punishment. The Company had armed revenue-cruisers (*guarda-costas* or coast-guard vessels) employed to prevent all business relations except with persons authorised by the Company. The net profit of the associates in this remarkable gang of legalised robbers amounted to about three hundred per cent. Comment on this atrocious system is needless. Of itself, in the eyes of all reasonable lovers of freedom, it presents ample justification for armed revolution.

Among the first leaders of revolt were Marino, Joseph de España, Picornel, and Manuel Gual, all men of good families in Venezuela. After the rising of Carácas in April 1810 Bolivar went to London as an envoy to seek help from the British Cabinet, but he returned unsuccessful. For a time, he held aloof from the movement, doubtful of success, and because he disapproved the composition and action of the revolutionary Congress which had assumed power on the first outbreak. In 1811, however, the danger of his country became so great that he could no longer abstain from active exertions in the cause of freedom. Many were deserting the ranks of the patriots, and the life of every citizen known to favour the good cause was menaced by the Spaniards. On July 5, 1811, the Venezuelans finally declared for independence, and war began with the Spanish colonial government. Bolivar now hastened to range himself under the banners of General Miranda, receiving a commission as colonel from the supreme *junta* or council, and some successful actions were fought with the Spanish troops. The new adherent of the cause was charged with the defence of the fortress of Puerto Cabello, against which the enemy's force were marching. It is a port on the Caribbean Sea, about eighty miles west of Carácas. The castle of San Felipe, which commanded the town, was treacherously surrendered to the Spaniards, and Bolivar was then obliged to yield the place and retire to the Dutch island of Curaçao (or Curaçoa), whence he sailed to Cartagena, an important place on a sandy island off the north coast of the country now called Colombia, south-west of the mouth of the river Magdalena.

Bolivar had thus failed in his first efforts, and if he had not forfeited the just confidence of the revolutionists, who knew the impossibility of his holding out at Puerto Cabello, his failure enabled the royalists to calumniate him by charges of deserting Miranda and delivering him up to his enemies. It is, however, well established that it was nearly a month

after Bolivar's departure that Miranda capitulated, and was then, in violation of the terms agreed on, not exiled, but sent away for imprisonment in Madrid. After the temporary failure of the revolutionary party, the Spaniards treated the patriots with abominable cruelty. The governor, Monteverde, was ever inventing new "plots," in order to have excuse for striking at families of good position, and carrying his cruelty into all the districts which had embraced the patriotic cause. The prisons were opened and the criminals were armed as guerillas against the supporters of freedom in every quarter, with a view to their extermination.

These occurrences brought Bolivar again to the front from his exile at Cartagena. He gathered a force in New Granada, (now Colombia), and his first important movement was an expedition against Teneriffe, a town on the Magdalena, which he captured. His forces swelled as he advanced, and he then marched on the town of Mompox, and drove the royalist troops from all their positions on the upper Magdalena, finally entering the town of Ocana amid enthusiastic demonstrations from the people. Encouraged by this success, Bolivar be-thought him of the misery of his native land, and formed the bold plan of invading Venezuela with a little force of five hundred men. The country was held by a strong Spanish army under Monteverde; but Bolivar was never the man to think of odds against him in any struggle. The Congress of New Granada had given him a commission as brigadier-general. After encountering many difficulties in his advance, and driving General Correa from the valley of Cucutá, he began his march for Venezuela. Wisely rash in this brave enterprise, the hero plunged into the province of Merida, and issued a proclamation calling on all good citizens to aid him. It was in September 1812 that he took the field anew, and he was at once successful. The people rose in arms for freedom as he moved on, and he soon became dominant in the provinces of Merida and Truxillo. All towns before which

he made his appearance surrendered, and with only a thousand trained men at his back, he kept up a harassing warfare against Monteverde's numerous, fresh, and well-equipped troops.

The year 1813 was, for Bolivar, one of dangers and of wearisome toil. The royalist troops were guilty of all kinds of atrocities. Towns were plundered, houses burnt; women were publicly subjected to brutal ill-treatment by the maddened soldiers. Most of the patriot population was plunged into mourning, or shut up in noisome cells, or destroyed by organised bands of ruffians. All prisoners of war were shot without mercy. Countless victims were put to death without any trial. The Spanish system of dealing with the revolt was, in fact, worthy only of cowardly savages. One of their practices was to place prisoners in the front rank in a battle, so that they might be shot by their own friends. These things roused Bolivar to the point of issuing two terrible decrees, on June 8 and July 15, 1813. He had been already hailed as "Liberator," and invested with the supreme command, and he now retorted on the cruel royalists by his proclamations issued from Merida and Truxillo, declaring *guerra a muerte*, or war to the death, against all Spaniards who should fall into the hands of the patriots. This threat was only once carried out, and then to the great regret of Bolivar and the men under his command; but it had its effect in staying Spanish atrocities.

When the patriot-general entered on his campaign of 1813 in western Venezuela, he was reinforced by some thousands of his countrymen who, reduced to despair by Spanish cruelty, had no choice other than to conquer or to die. He divided his new army into two brigades, one under his own charge, the other led by Ribas, his chief-of-the-staff. They advanced on Carácas by forced marches and by different routes. The Spanish troops, in several combats, made only a slight resistance, and at last the governor, Tiscar, thinking all lost,

left his army and fled to Angostura. As soon as General Monteverde heard of the rapid march of the patriots, he gathered his best troops at Lostaguanes, where he was soon attacked by Ribas. At the beginning of the action, the chief part of the Spanish cavalry, native Venezuelans, went over to the patriots, and soon decided the battle in their favour. Monteverde lost some hundreds of men, and took refuge with his broken troops in Puerto Cabello. The road to Carácas was now left open to the march of Bolivar's column, and, as the chief part of the Spanish forces had gone to encounter Ribas, the city capitulated without a blow being struck in its defence.

On August 4, 1813, Bolivar made his triumphal entry amidst universal enthusiasm. Women came to crown their deliverer. They strewed the streets through which he was to pass with flowers and with branches of olive and bay. The joyful cries of thousands of spectators were mingled with the roar of artillery, the carillons of church-bells, and the strains of brass bands. The prisons were opened, and the hapless victims of tyranny came forth with pale, haggard faces, like spectres issuing from a tomb, into the midst of the joyous crowd. It is a glorious fact for freedom's cause that in the hour of victory no act of vengeance was perpetrated on the Spanish oppressors. They were permitted to hide themselves away from the demonstrations of public joy in recovered liberty and from the exulting looks of those whom they had wronged.

The solid benefit of this success to the national cause now appeared in the adhesion of many Spaniards, including even monks and priests, and in the stir among the *llaneros* of the Orinoco valley, who came with offers of money and of horses, mules, and horned cattle in large numbers. These men became valuable auxiliaries of the patriots, and merit some description. The *llaneros*, or men of the *llanos*, the great sandy and grassy plains or savannahs in the north-east of the continent of South America, were half-wild *métis*, or people

of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. Born horsemen, accustomed from early youth to break in wild horses, their visage and character recalled the Tartars of the Asiatic steppes. Armed with a long lance, generally without sword or fire-arms, they had no regular uniform, no boots or shoes. Ragged creatures, with no likeness to soldiers in dress except in a sort of wide trousers like those of Mamelukes, they carried a *manta* or kind of blanket, and a hammock. Brave, active, unwearying, their method of fighting resembled that of the famous Cossacks of the Don, in attacking the foe with loud cries, never in regular battle-array. Surrounding the enemy on all sides, they gave way before charges, fleeing only to reform and attack afresh. Their value was largely shown in the harassing pursuit of detachments, and the cutting off of stragglers. Their native savagery was displayed in the plunder of wounded men and the slaughter of prisoners. Among the stoutest adherents of the patriotic cause were the Margaritans, or men of the island of Margarita. Brave as the *llaneros*, but civilised and humane, these hearty republicans were an industrious and hospitable race. Their courage was conspicuous in the revolutionary war, and they were never subdued by the royalists after the first outbreak.

While Bolivar was engaged in western Venezuela, his colleague Marino had freed the eastern part of the country from the royalists, and the whole of the territory was held by the patriots, except Puerto Cabello. The ladies of Venezuela, in their first joy for regained liberty, were lavish in presents of their jewels for the service of the new state; and these resources were largely employed in the purchase of arms and munitions of war abroad. There was, however, less capacity for business than enthusiasm and material resources at the disposal of Bolivar. Having appointed a ministry of four chief officials—ministers of the interior (home-secretary), justice, finance, and war—he himself had to direct them in all affairs with decisions from which there was no appeal.

In August 1813 Bolivar sent a body of troops to besiege the castle of Puerto Cabello, to which, as we have seen, the Spanish general Monteverde fled after his defeat by Ribas. The garrison was at this moment reinforced by the arrival of thirteen hundred men from Cadiz, who reached the place on five transports carrying also a large amount of arms and ammunition. The loss of Colonel Giraldat, the commander of the patriots besieging the fortress, by a musket-shot in one of the garrison's sorties, caused a panic which ended in the raising of the siege and the abandonment of all the artillery, ammunition, and baggage. Monteverde then sallied forth to attack the revolutionists, and encountered them at a village called Naguanagua, a few miles from Valencia. After once repulsing the enemy he was severely wounded, and his forces were then put to flight. The troops newly arrived from Spain, who were in the rear, were then driven back to Puerto-Cabello; and this event was followed by several actions with much loss on each side but no important result.

A change in the fortunes of the war was at hand. On January 2, 1814, after pacifying Venezuela, Bolivar came before the National Assembly to give account of his conduct, and to lay down his absolute power. He was requested to retain it until the day for a general peace arrived. That day was yet distant. The Spaniards, beaten at nearly all points in the field, now strove by every means to weary out the patriots, to regain the upper hand, and to prevent republican institutions from becoming settled. The country was covered, at their instance, with bands of slaves and brigands, and carnage and devastation were spread far and wide. A capable man as leader was found in the Spanish general Boves. A new army, composed of slaves, of vagabond men of colour, and of released prisoners, had been raised by him and skilfully trained for warfare. Morales was second in command of these troops, who were styled by the Spaniards themselves "The Infernal Division." Their march could be traced in

every direction by cruelties of the utmost atrocity. On December 13, 1813, at Calabozo, Boves, with only five hundred men, defeated the patriot general Marino, who had double his force. The victor, acting as a partisan who did not recognise the authority of Monteverde, took active measures to increase his forces, levying taxes and "extraordinary contributions" wherever he went, under threats of "fire and sword" for refusal. He organised a warfare of guerillas, who procured for him money, men, horses, and mules, and gained several minor actions over the patriotic forces.

In 1814 the bold and active Boves still gained ground. Starting from Calabozo on February 1, with six hundred foot and fifteen hundred horse, he surprised the advance-guard of the republican army at Flores, and cut them to pieces. After the defeat of another body he slew all his prisoners. Being wounded in this action, he established his headquarters at Cura, and sent out two columns to march on Carácas, the capital of Venezuela. On February 12, Boves, who was again in the field, was smartly beaten by General Ribas near Valencia, and then Bolivar, on February 19, taking up the campaign in person, gathered all possible forces at Valencia, and marched on San Mateo, while a little squadron of armed boats and of transports bearing troops coasted along the shores of the lovely lake of Valencia, to protect the plantations of tobacco in that region. Boves, marching to meet Bolivar at San Mateo, took possession of the heights surrounding the town, in the hope of being there attacked. This failing, he made a pretended retreat into the valley, and tempted forward some of the republicans, without orders from Bolivar, into an ambuscade. In the end, the patriots were thoroughly beaten, and Bolivar and some of his officers had to gallop for their lives. A large number of Boves' forces then besieged La Guayra, and the patriot general Piar, proceeding to its relief, routed the enemy with the loss of four hundred men and

raised the siege. In June 1814 Boves left Calabozo to encounter Bolivar again in the plains of La Puerta. On the 14th he attacked and defeated him and his colleague Marino near Cura, sixty miles south-west of Carácas, slaying or taking about fifteen hundred men, and capturing seven guns and all the baggage. Bolivar retreated hastily towards Carácas, while the victor hanged a colonel taken in the battle and shot more than sixty other officers. Boves went from success to success, blockading Valencia, raising the siege of Puerto Cabello, entering the fortress on July 1, and, in the end, forcing the evacuation of Carácas and La Guayra.

Bolivar, after his defeat by Boves, betook himself to New Granada, in support of the patriotic cause. It was in the hour of disaster that the greatness of the hero-patriot shone forth in fullest lustre. He alone, undaunted by reverses, was engaged in devising means to repair them, and to profit by the hatred which Spanish cruelty had inspired in all quarters. At Tunja, where the Congress of New Granada was in session, the Venezuelan leader received the command of an expedition against the city of Santa Fé de Bogotá, in order to compel the adhesion of the province to the federation of New Granada and to end the divisions which were crippling patriotic action. Early in December 1814 he marched with about two thousand men, invested the city, stormed the suburbs, and forced a surrender of the hostile party of republicans. The government of New Granada was then established at Bogotá.

The cause of freedom was to sink lower yet before revival. In 1815 Ferdinand VII. of Spain, the cruel and perfidious tyrant already seen in these pages as the executioner of the noble guerilla chieftain Martin Diaz, resolved to put an end to the movement for independence which had, in various forms, been for five years disturbing the whole of Spanish America. In March, there arrived from Spain, under General Morillo, borne on ships of war and fifty transports, a

force of twelve thousand men, several times larger than all the scattered bands of patriots, if they were put together, then under arms. The landing was made at Puerto Cabello, and the Spanish general, with his irresistible army, was enabled to seize with great rapidity the different places lying between the vast deserts of Casanare and the unhealthy coast-lands near Santa Marta and Cartagena, from the mouth of the Atrato and the port of San-Buenaventura to the foot of the mountains rising behind Popayan. The capture of Cartagena occupied Morillo during a siege of four months. Bolivar had failed to regain Santa Marta, on the Colombian coast, north-east of Cartagena, and in May 1815 he embarked for Kingston, Jamaica, to await a new opportunity for useful action.

We will now briefly trace the proceedings of Morillo, and see the benignant methods by which the Spaniards strove to regain the allegiance of the revolted colonists. Writing as we are at the very end of the nineteenth century, when Spain, in her loss of Cuba and the Philippines, has become, as it seems, a "dying power," we may note here some of the causes of her great colonial failures. After his capture of Cartagena, Morillo marched without opposition to Bogotá, the capital of New Granada, his progress being marked by devastation and ruin. An intercepted dispatch to his sovereign contains these words:—"Every person of either sex who was capable of reading and writing was put to death. By thus cutting off all persons of any education, I hope to arrest the spirit of revolution." During 1816, the Spanish general pursued his conquering course, and wrought cruelties of vengeance exceeding, if possible, those of the two preceding years. When he took the wealthy town of Maturin, in Venezuela, near the delta of the Orinoco, he was dissatisfied with the amount of plunder, and suspected that rich persons had buried their valuables. In order to extract information by torture, he cut off the soles of the feet of many persons and then had them driven over hot sand. The evidence

for this abomination is that of eye-witnesses; and the same kind of testimony, in another town, proves that women had ears and noses cut off, eyes torn from their sockets, their tongues cut out, and the soles of their feet pared by the orders of the Spanish general Monteverde. These ferocious proceedings were far from taming the "spirit of revolution," and Morillo himself was obliged to confess that his victories over the revolutionists "had not lowered their pride or lessened the vigour of their attacks." The Margaritans, after long enduring the daily butchering and quartering of their wives, children, and other kindred, and beholding the members of their dearest relatives exposed on the trees and crags of their native forests and mountains, turned furiously to bay. In the end, when the Spaniards were overcome, a British officer, serving under the flag of Venezuela, saw more than seven thousand Spanish skulls dried and heaped together in one place, fitly termed Golgotha, as a trophy of victory. Each skull showed the deep cuts of the long sabre-shaped knife called a *machete*, used both for cutting sugar-cane and for slaying foes. We return to the fortunes of Simon Bolivar.

Up to this point the deliverer had not accomplished the deeds upon which his enduring fame is based. He had, however, made himself formidable to the Spaniards by his zeal and determination in the revolutionary cause. They saw in him the soul of the revolt. They knew well that, if he were removed, if his patriotism and energy were quenched in death, there was no man who could replace him, none who had the power of focussing for action the scattered rays of revolutionary fire. Failing other methods, the Spanish foes of Bolivar had recourse to the assassin's dagger. A spy was sent to Jamaica to track the movements of the hated man, and a negro was then employed to murder him in his bed. By mistake, the weapon plunged into the breast of a sleeper in his hammock slew Bolivar's secretary instead of himself. The negro was caught, condemned, and hanged at

Kingston, and Bolivar made his way to Haiti (or Santo Domingo), where he received a warm welcome from the president of that negro republic. He had been long meditating a return to the scene of warfare, and he now secured the valuable aid of a warm friend of freedom, Luis Brion, a very wealthy Dutch shipbuilder. This excellent man fitted-out seven schooners and placed them at Bolivar's disposal, also furnishing three thousand muskets for the cause to which he now devoted his own life and service.

A small body of refugee patriots was gathered, and in December 1816 the little expedition made for the island of Margarita, which had been wrested from the Spaniards by a patriot force under Arismendi. The Venezuelan war was thus renewed. Bolivar had, at first, only three hundred men, but leader and followers were the equals of Leonidas and his Spartans in courage and in patriotism, as they were in number. The commander of the little army issued a proclamation summoning representatives of Venezuela to a general congress, and then he and his men passed over to Barcelona, on the mainland, about one hundred and sixty miles east of Carácas. A "provisional government" was established, and the vessels were all set on fire as the first step in a contest which was meant, by the adventurous band, to terminate in conquest or in death. This action of the hero had an electrical effect. At the time of his landing the cause of freedom was represented only by a few scattered bodies of men along the banks of the Orinoco, on the plains of Barcelona and of Casanare. These small groups kept up a kind of guerilla warfare, without any regular plan or combined action, and were only held together by the fact that submission would have meant for them immediate slaughter. As soon as Bolivar's daring attempt became known, troops flocked to his standard from every place of refuge, and a general rush to arms was made by patriots in spite of the savage persecution to which their families were subjected, and the laying waste of their estates. One of the foremost

aiders of the patriotic cause was the leader of *llaneros*, Paez, an owner of herds of half-wild cattle. This brave and able commander headed an army of herdsmen on the banks of the Apure, a tributary of the Orinoco, and became, at a later time, president of the republic of Venezuela.

Bolivar soon had to make preparations to resist Morillo, who was advancing with a strong force. The campaign of 1817 opened, for the good cause, in the most fortunate way. In February, after three days of continuous and desperate conflict, Bolivar was victorious, and drove back Morillo's men in disorder. During his retreat, the royalist general was encountered and again worsted by Paez and his *llaneros*. Now recognised as supreme leader, Bolivar had more successes in the field, and before the close of the year (1817) he had made his headquarters at Angostura, on the right bank of the Orinoco, about two hundred and forty miles up the river from the sea.

The year 1818 was marked, for the revolutionists, by brilliant, swift, and decisive success. In less than seven weeks, Bolivar swept across three hundred leagues of country. In six days, on February 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, he fought five regular battles, and almost every day of the campaign saw a minor action. The losses were great on both sides, but victory remained faithful to the "Liberator." On November 10, the patriot government declared the independence of the republic as a free and sovereign state, which would not treat with Spain except on equal terms, as one power with another.

The year 1819 was filled with military and political events of great importance. On February 15 a congress was opened at Angostura, and Bolivar was at once invested with supreme power until the independence of the country should be secured. The struggle for freedom and the success of the patriots had aroused attention and enthusiasm in Europe, and the Venezuelan leader's army now included a "British legion," comprising artillery, lancers, rifles, and hussars,

officered by British and German veterans set free from service after the close of the great war with Napoleon. An "Irish legion" included a son of another famous "Liberator," Daniel O'Connell. The Spanish general, Morillo, had twice received reinforcements from Europe, and reappeared in the field. It is impossible to give here the details of the continuous and complicated operations. At all points of need Bolivar, with largely augmented forces, showed himself with generally victorious energy and zeal, and the cause of the royalists was brought, in Venezuela, in the open field, to the verge of ruin.

In the early summer Bolivar conceived a brilliant plan of campaign in a new region, with a view to complete ultimate success in his native country. He resolved to invade New Granada, and, after success against the enemy in the west, to return in irresistible force and with fresh fame to Venezuela. The enterprise was one of the most arduous and daring kind. It involved the crossing of some of the very difficult Cordilleras, the successive parallel ranges of the Andes which fill the north-western corner of South America. His colleague, General Santander, was already in the province of Casanare, at the eastern foot of the Cordilleras, and had been strengthened by Bolivar with a supply of arms and a body of experienced foreign officers. He was thus enabled to reinforce his army by recruits from scattered bands of patriots in the Casanare plains. Santander thereupon marched towards the frontier of New Granada, and drew to himself the attention of the royalist general Barreiro, who held the command in that region. Barreiro's advancing columns were repulsed by the patriots, and it was the tidings of this success which mainly induced Bolivar's bold conception. In full confidence of success, he issued a proclamation to the people of New Granada, predicting freedom for them within a year—"before the sun has again run his annual course"—and he at once started from Cumana on his adventurous campaign. On

June 11 he joined Santander at the foot of the Andes. His own army had already, during its passage over the vast plain inundated at that season, crossed seven deep rivers with a large encumbrance of war-munitions. The force numbered only two thousand five hundred men, including four battalions of infantry, one being entirely English, two squadrons of lancers, one of carabineers, and a body of soldiers styled the "Guides of the Apure," composed partly of Paez's *llaneros* and partly of English horsemen.

The vanguard of the expedition was made up of Santander's men, and the route taken through the mountain passes led to the centre of the province of Tunja, in New Granada, where Barreiro had a force of two thousand infantry and four hundred horse. There were other considerable bodies of royalist troops in reserve, but the "Liberator" trusted to the effect of surprise and to the enthusiastic support which he would receive from the people of the territory that he was invading on behalf of freedom. As the army came in sight of the snow-capped eastern Cordilleras, the men beheld huge cascades tumbling from the heights. As the ascent began, the roads led along the edge of precipices, and were bordered on the other side by huge trees whose tops were in clouds that sent down constant showers. The difficulties of this famous march had only begun. In four days' time the horses were worn out, and a squadron of *llaneros*, deeming themselves unfit for walking, as men who had passed their lives on horseback, deserted their comrades. The adventurous troops frequently found their way barred by torrents. These obstacles were crossed either on tree-trunks that shook with every tread, or on hanging bridges of stout hide-ropes lashed to trees on opposite banks, and well greased for the conveyance of "cradles" holding two men, which were drawn to and fro by long lines. Mules were taken over, hanging by girths. Many streams were forded; but this was only done, against the force of strong currents, by pairs of men with

arms interlocked around each other's shoulders. The heroic Bolivar frequently passed and re-passed these mountain-streams on horseback, with a sick or weakly man behind his saddle.

In the higher regions, nothing met the view except piles of huge rocks and masses of snow, with the clouds lying below and hiding from view gorges of prodigious depth. The warm, moist air of the foot-hills was now succeeded by wind of piercing cold that reached the skin through the thickest clothing. The only sounds were the roar of the torrents in the rear and the scream of the condor, the huge vulture of the Andes, soaring far above the highest clouds. In the midst of this dreary magnificence of scenery, the cattle which had formed the chief food-supply of the army were worn out with fatigue, and it was needful to slaughter them and carry the half-frozen meat. At the summit of the mountains, in the Paya pass, the first fighting occurred. Barreiro's outpost of three hundred men, which ought to have ruined the whole enterprise, was easily "shifted," in the phrase of the modern British linesman, by the vanguard under Santander. At this point, the hardihood of the rank-and-file of the little army seemed about to fail. There was murmuring which Bolivar met by calling a council of war. He appealed to his officers' sense of honour and love of freedom. "He would hide nothing from them. In front there were, in all likelihood, difficulties and perils beyond any which they had yet encountered. Would they go on, or abandon the struggle?" "Forward!" was the brave cry in response, and the wearied soldiers were then ready to follow with renewed zeal.

On July 6 a mere remnant of the force arrived in the beautiful valley of Sagamoso, in the province of Tunja. During the terrible passage of the mountains, one hundred men, including fifty Englishmen, had died of cold. The store of spare arms, and many of those borne by the soldiers, had been perforce abandoned. While the troops halted to recruit

their strength, Bolivar sent back mules to gather in stragglers left behind, collected horses as remounts for the cavalry-men, and sent out scouts to bring in reinforcements from the New Granadan guerillas who were still in the field. Strangely enough, General Barreiro was utterly ignorant of the invasion. Either the men of his outpost in the Paya pass had all been slain, or the survivors had failed to convey information. The royalist leader had not dreamed of the possibility of an army passing the Cordilleras at that season. When his enemy's presence in New Granada became known, Barreiro occupied the heights overlooking the plain of Varga, between the advancing patriots and the town of Tunja. The people there were strong supporters of the revolutionary cause, and Bolivar's first object was to capture the place and obtain recruits and supplies. On July 25 a five-hours' battle ended in the defeat of the royalists, a result mainly due to the charges of the English infantry under Colonel James Rooke, who lost an arm in the action. The Spanish forces were still in good strength, and Bolivar resorted to the stratagem of retreat, with a swift return at night along by-roads which took him to the rear of the enemy. On August 5 he entered Tunja, where he obtained abundant stores of war. His skilful manœuvre had almost cut off Barreiro and his army from Santa Fé de Bogotá, the capital of New Granada. Bolivar's generalship on this occasion was characteristic of the man, whose genius disdained the ordinary methods of warfare, and completely baffled the adherents of routine by his sudden appearance in force at unexpected and unguarded points. The Spanish general then made his way to Boyaca, a little distance from Tunja towards Bogotá, and the chief battle of the revolutionary war was there fought on August 17, 1819.

The mountainous and wooded region was exactly fit for Bolivar's style of fighting on this glorious day of deliverance for New Granada. When the battle was begun, his army showed only a contracted line to the foe, who believed that

victory was, for them, assured. The fact was that a large part of the patriot leader's troops were in ambush on the flanks, and his cavalry had shut in the Spanish rear. At the royalist attack, Bolivar's small visible force gave way in a pretended panic, and the pursuing Spaniards were then furiously assailed on both sides by the troops who rushed from their places of concealment, while the cavalry swept down on the rear-ranks. Barreiro, flinging away his sword to avoid its surrender to the victor, was captured on the field, with his second-in-command and almost all the officers of every rank, and more than sixteen hundred men. All the guns, muskets, horses, and ammunition became the prize of war, and hardly fifty men, chiefly mounted officers, escaped from the field. They were all, however, ultimately brought in as prisoners by the armed peasantry of the district. This splendid success, partly due to the courage of the English auxiliaries, who were all made members of the "Order of the Liberator," cost the victors only thirteen men slain and fifty-three wounded.

The road was now open to Bogotá, which Bolivar entered amid a scene of the wildest rejoicing. The Spanish officials had fled in dismay on the news of the victory, and the first step was the restoration of order and the establishment of a new government. The Venezuelan hero was at once appointed President and Captain-General of the Republic of New Granada, and was enabled, by new resources of men, money, and munitions of war, to prepare for his return to his native country with an army ready for the complete expulsion of the Spaniards.

Bolivar's entry into Angostura, after his glorious campaign beyond the Cordilleras, was a very gratifying and touching spectacle. The whole population gave him a rapturous welcome as the liberator and father of his country. In December, 1819 under his auspices, Venezuela and New Granada were united as the "Republic of Colombia." One

man only could be the president, and he was elected to the office. The year 1820 was one of warfare which, with successes for the patriots, would have been more advantageous for them but for the dissensions which gave much trouble to the new ruler. In November, a six-months' armistice was arranged between Bolivar and Morillo, at the request of the Spaniards, and negotiations were begun with a view to terms of settled peace. Morillo shortly afterwards left for Spain, leaving the command to La Torre. Bolivar soon found that the Spanish government obstinately adhered to the old principles of rule, and rightly suspected that they were only seeking to gain time for the gathering of fresh forces, with a view to new attacks on the republican armies. He had offered to lay down his presidential rule, declaring himself to be "a child of the camp, whom battle had brought to civil power and fortune had there maintained. The power confided to him was," he said, "dangerous in a popular government. He preferred the title of 'soldier,' and, in leaving the president's chair, he only sought to deserve the credit of being a good citizen." This offer of Bolivar's was not, of course, accepted by his fellow-citizens; and when he became fully aware of the treacherous purpose of the Spaniards in seeking a truce, and of the counsels that prevailed at Madrid, he announced the resumption of hostilities.

Bolivar had already made great efforts to gather forces for a decisive blow, and, after manœuvring the enemy out of certain positions, he made his entry into Maracaybo on January 28, 1821; reduced the formidable fortress of Cartagena; took Teneriffe, a town on the steep banks of the Magdalena; captured Cunega, in the hill-country; and, finally, stormed Santa Marta, with its seventeen batteries of external defence. Still hotly pressing the foe, he fought on June 25 the memorable battle of Carabobo, in the north of Venezuela, where he utterly defeated La Torre. On June 30 he captured La Guayra, while his lieutenant generals, under

his guidance, fought successfully at Cumana and at every point where they displayed the republican yellow flag with seven stars. Bolivar, early in July, entered Carácas, amid the usual demonstrations of rejoicing, as a conqueror who had now, for the third time, freed his native city from the oppressor. By the close of the year 1821 the Spaniards had been driven from every point of Colombia (then New Granada and Venezuela, we must remember) except the fortress of Puerto Cabello. In August, permanent political institutions had been established in a congress held at Bogotá, with Bolivar as president and General Santander as vice-president. We may here mention that it was not until July 1824 that the country was finally cleared of the royalist troops.

The contest was now carried by the Spaniards into Peru, and in 1822 Bolivar, having practically achieved the independence of his own country and of New Granada, placed himself at the head of a new liberating army, and marched into the territory which is now Ecuador. In June a victory, due to the skill and valour of General Sucre, was gained at Pichincha, a little north of the city of Quito, and the Quito province and Ecuador were added to Colombia. Bolivar then marched on Lima, the capital of Peru, which was evacuated by the Spaniards, and entered it on September 1, amidst the usual acclamations. He was invested forthwith with supreme political and military authority. The people regarded him as a modern specimen of the antique hero of Greece or Rome, and he was assuredly worthy of their enthusiastic homage. He declared, in a proclamation, that "he gratefully accepted the honours rendered to him, as the due of the brave men under his command. He assumed the 'odious dictatorial authority' in order to make an end of civil discord, and to give stability and strength to the new states, but only on the express condition that no usurper like Napoleon should, under any circumstances, be allowed, in the name of freedom, to destroy that freedom which we have

gained at so high a price in blood, and to confiscate, to his own profit, the glory of our citizen-soldiers." It is grievous to relate that Bolivar was soon compelled, by internal dissensions, to retire to Truxillo, on the coast to the north of Lima, and that the Peruvian capital was reoccupied by the Spanish troops. Towards the close of 1823 the Liberator, at the head of fresh forces, was able to re-enter Lima, where he addressed the National Congress of Peru in a speech which promised that "the soldiers from the Plate, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco should conquer and leave Peru free, or die." The independence of South America was then cemented in the confederation of the republics of Peru, Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de la Plata, and recognised by Great Britain and the United States. There was, however, to be more bloodshed before the final establishment of peace.

In June 1824 the "Deliverer" took the field with ten thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, making his head-quarters at Truxillo, and moving southwards to meet the enemy. The Spanish forces included about three thousand five hundred men at Cuzco under Laserna, the Viceroy of Peru; six thousand five hundred at Arequipa and Jauja under General Canterac, and one thousand away in the south under General Valdez, who soon had to move northwards to assist his comrades. The nearest Spanish force to Bolivar was that of Canterac, and it was highly efficient in discipline and equipment. The cavalry and artillery were specially good. On August 2 a striking spectacle was seen in Bolivar's review of his army on the tableland between Rancas and Pasco, a little north of Reyes, at a height of twelve thousand feet above sea-level, on ground overlooked from east and west by the sublime peaks of the Andes and the Cordilleras stretching away towards Brazil. The force included veteran French and British soldiers who had fought in the great European war on the soil of Spain, France, and Russia. An address of stirring eloquence from the chief, read at the same

moment to each corps, bade them complete the great work of "saving a world from slavery." "Soldiers!" were the words, "Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory. Liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No! no! you are invincible."

Canterac was, meanwhile, marching northwards to meet Bolivar. Between the two there lay a lake, and the armies, advancing respectively to north and south on the opposite sides, missed each other, and so delayed the expected collision for the space of four months. Detachments met on the plain of Junin, to the south of the lake, and in a cavalry action, where not a shot was fired but only the lance and sabre were employed, the royalists were thoroughly beaten, with the loss of nineteen officers and nearly three hundred and fifty men killed and wounded, and eighty prisoners. The victorious patriots lost only three officers and forty-two troopers. The army of Bolivar, marching south towards Cuzco, met with no opposition, Canterac, with his force diminished by many desertions, having retreated in the same direction. In October Bolivar quitted the army, as he expected no further engagements in that year, and started for Lima to hasten forward reinforcements on the road from Colombia. It was during his absence that, on December 9, 1824, Bolivar's second-in-command, General Sucre, greatly aided by General Miller, a British soldier of high repute in that day, gained the glorious victory of Ayacucho, which practically ended the struggle. The royalists held nothing but the forts of Callao, where General Rodil held out until the beginning of 1826.

On January 1, 1825, Bolivar laid down his dictatorship, and opposed the scheme for erecting an equestrian statue in his honour at Carácas. He bade the municipality "wait until after his death, in order to judge him without prejudice, and then accord to him whatever honours were thought suitable."

“Never raise monuments,” he said, “to a man in his lifetime ; he may change, he may betray. You will never have to charge me with this ; but wait, wait, I say again.” In June he visited Upper Peru, which separated itself from the government of Buenos Ayres and became a new republic, styled Bolivia, in honour of the Liberator, who was declared “perpetual protector,” and was requested to draw up a constitution. In May 1826 Bolivar had framed a scheme of government for Peru ; but many people were dissatisfied with his proposal of a president for life, as the irresponsible executive official, with the power of naming his successor. He then intrusted the government of the country to a council of his own choosing, and returned to Colombia to settle some disorders which had arisen between his supporters and those of an opposite faction.

Few patriots have met with a worse return for priceless services than Bolivar. Treason and anarchy were to do for Peru what the fortune of arms had spared her—bring the country to disgrace. Before the dictator’s return to Colombia, while he was visiting the south of Peru, his journey being one continued triumph of enthusiastic reception, the military leaders Cordova, Paez, and Santander raised the standard of rebellion. Bolivar hastened to every point where his presence was needed, and order was soon restored. Cordova died in fight near Antioquia ; Santander went into exile ; Paez and others were pardoned, in regard to past services on behalf of freedom. The royalist party, thus baffled, resorted to the vilest measures. On one occasion the weapons of some fanatics were turned against Bolivar’s life. One night a traitor, with a dozen assassins at his back, entered the Liberator’s tent ; but the intended victim escaped in his night-gear. On another occasion, his house was broken into, and the murderers reached his room, but they were driven off by his ready courage. His confidential servant was then gained over, and in open day his friend Monteagudo was

struck down, by mistake, at his side. After these escapes from the poignards of his foes, Bolivar was assailed by the shafts of calumny. He was accused of ambitious schemes for the sovereignty of South America ; and this charge was held to be confirmed by his summons of all the American nations to a grand congress at Tacubaya, on the Isthmus of Panama. Bolivar's real aim was the independence of all South America by the establishment, at a point in the centre of the globe, looking to Asia on one side and to Europe and Africa on the other, of a Supreme Court charged with watching over the interests of all Americans ; of faithfully guarding treaties ; of appealing to the whole union of states against foreign attack or oppression, or against any power which should dare to think of assailing the freedom of any particular state ; of opposing all colonisation from outside, and of rendering an injury done to one of the federated states a wrong to all.

During Bolivar's absence in Colombia, a movement against his measures arose in Peru, on the part of a division of the Colombian auxiliary army cantoned in the country. In January 1827 a revolution began. The Peruvians abjured the code of Bolivar, deposed his council of ministers, and organised a new provisional government. In March the third division of the Colombian troops embarked at Callao, and landed in the southern part of Colombia, where they occupied Guayaquil, Cuença, and Quito. Their declared object was to restore constitutional order in opposition to any designs upon the republic entertained by Bolivar. The dictator was in the north of Colombia when he received news of these events. He instantly proceeded to the scene of trouble, but found that the revolted troops had already submitted peaceably to General Ovando, when they saw that the government was in the hands of the regular national executive. In September Bolivar went to Bogotá, took the oaths as President, and assumed his functions. To appear-

ance, Colombia was restored to tranquillity under the rule of her constitutional officials. The nation was, however, divided between two great parties, the constitutional or republican, and the military or dictatorial.

In August 1828 Bolivar, by a decree issued at Bogotá, assumed supreme power in all civil, military, naval, diplomatic, and judicial affairs, with a council of ministers to assist him in executive functions. The country was sorely troubled by dissension, and the dictator, ill-judged by many of his countrymen, and further wounded by the opinions held of him in the United States, was subjected to yet deeper griefs. General Sucre, the hero of Ayacucho, fell by an assassin's dagger. Paez, forgetting his solemn sworn promises, resorted again to revolt, and stirred up the passions of civil discord. Bolivar resolved to resign his supreme power, and in January 1830 he issued a decree by which he retained only the title of "Commander-in-chief of the armies of Colombia." "In this capacity," he declared, "subject to the law like other citizens, with the least danger I shall be the defender of the government and of the republic, and I will overthrow every foe that dares to menace freedom." Even Bolivar, however, could not cope with the evils of civil strife. In May Venezuela declared her independence, and the same spirit of disaffection was shown in other provinces. He then resigned his military office, declaring in a letter addressed "To the Colombians," that "he had paid his debt to his native country and to humanity; that he had given his blood, his health, and his fortune to the cause of freedom; that, while danger lasted, he had shown his devotion. He now withdrew into exile for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, and wished them farewell in giving this fresh proof of his patriotism and of his special love for the people of Colombia."

On May 12 Bolivar withdrew from Bogotá to his country-seat of San Pedro, near Santa Marta. Not wishing to draw on the national treasury for his expenses of travel, he sold

his last patrimonial possession, a mine at Sanna. He then started for Cartagena, whence he was to sail for Jamaica, and thence embark for Europe. The government, on receiving his letter, proclaimed him "the Foremost Citizen of Colombia," and offered him an annual pension of thirty thousand dollars, (about six thousand two hundred pounds) for life, "as a tribute of gratitude and admiration for his virtues, his courage, his eminent services, and the employment of his fortune for the good of his country." The Liberator, reluctant, as it seems, to quit his native soil, received this message at San Pedro, to which he had returned. The hero was, in fact, worn out with the fatigue of his patriotic toils. After some months of confusion in public affairs, Bolivar consented to resume the dictatorship, simply for the restoration of order and the holding of elections. At this juncture he was seized with a fatal fever, and he died on December 17, 1830, at his country-seat. Calmly resigned to death, he had performed his last public act on December 11, in dictating and signing an address to the Colombian nation. Delirium then set in, with occasional lucid intervals, and thus he continued until his last hour, with no apparent anxiety save for the state of his country, which caused him to utter exclamations of "Union! union!"

Among the great qualities of Simon Bolivar the foremost were his unselfishness and his energetic perseverance in pursuit of his chief aim in life. Far from seeking, as did many other so-called "patriots," to make his fortune out of revolution, he sacrificed his own patrimony in the cause of freedom. A landed proprietor and a slave-owner, he freed his negroes in order to make of them citizens and soldiers. A conqueror of wealthy provinces, he chose to be nothing but their deliverer and regenerator. President of Colombia, and dependent on his salary of about six thousand pounds a year, he bestowed one-half of this sum on the widows and orphans of his comrades in arms who had fallen in the war of independence.

He further aided from his private purse the work of the famous British educational reformer, Joseph Lancaster, when he sought to establish his new system in Colombia. Above all, it was to his determined resolution and his sustained effort, in the face of great difficulties, of defeat, and of disunion among the friends of freedom, that South America owed her deliverance from the colonial tyranny of Spain. Thrice overwhelmed, with his native land, by terrible reverses; flung, a poor and proscribed man, on foreign shores; pursued from island to island by the Spanish assassin armed with his deadly dagger; repaid for all his sacrifices and achievements by atrocious slanders—thrice did Bolivar return to the charge, to end by a noble triumph over private and public foes.

As a general and warrior, Bolivar has been compared to the famous Roman Sertorius, the lowly-born Sabine who, in the first century before the Christian era, fought in Spain on the Marian side in the first great civil war of Rome. In some respects, as in the vast extent of his marches, in the obstacles which he had to surmount, in his devices for retaining small bodies of men under his banner and giving them a moral force which tripled their numbers; in the boldness and swiftness of his movements—this distinguished man may be well compared, though not, of course, equalled, with the illustrious Hannibal, son of Hamilcar. As a statesman, it was the glory of Bolivar, aided by Zea and by Dr. Gual, to be the founder of Colombia as a new nation. Constantly engaged in developing and perfecting his work, his creative genius conceived one of the noblest and grandest schemes of modern times—the federal union of Colombia, Bolivia and Peru, the three states which owed their independence mainly to him. This great plan, which would have given prosperity to all the states, was frustrated by internal dissension and corruption. Bolivar was, in fact, much too far ahead of his age in those regions of the world, where only a few superior souls could even comprehend what he desired to effect.

Bolivar has been called, and with justice, the "Washington of South America," a title of glory which may well satisfy his admirers. He was the founder of three free nations. Alone, with little foreign help, at the head of a Catholic population brutalised by three centuries of political servitude, he did more, in one view, than Washington himself. The great North American patriot headed a Protestant people already enlightened and free; a people guided by men like Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams; a people powerfully aided by France, Spain, and Holland, then at war with Great Britain, the mother-country of the colonies in revolt. Never did Bolivar interfere with freedom save in the sacred interest of freedom herself. He was, for several nations, at the hour of their birth and in their infancy, the "man of necessity" who, in American revolutions, was wanting in Mexico, in Guatemala, in Chili, and in Buenos Ayres; the man, in default of whose like those beautiful regions were scourged by anarchy and civil war. Thrice invested with dictatorial power by the confidence of his fellow-citizens, thrice did Bolivar lay it down on the altar of his country, reserving only a power salutary for the freedom which he had won.

Bolivar was, according to his own desire, his own injunction, judged by his fellow-citizens after his death. The decision of posterity in his own land, during the century whose third decade brought the end of his career, is not likely to be reversed. In 1842, his remains were removed, with great pomp, to Carácas, where a monument has been erected in honour of "*El Libertador*." Statues have been raised to him at Bogotá, Lima, and New York. In 1883 the centenary of his birth was celebrated with much enthusiasm at Carácas, the proceedings, which were spread over forty days, being attended by representatives of sixteen foreign states.

CHAPTER V

ABD-EL-KADER

1833—1847

Abd-el-Kader, a Truly Great Mohammedan—Eulogy by Marshal Soult—His Grand Position in Nineteenth Century—Birth and Early Life—Precocious Ability—His Father's High Character—The Hero in Early Manhood—His Personal Appearance—Equestrian Skill—High Reputation among Arabs of Algeria—Pilgrimage to Mecca—Returns to Algeria (1828)—A Period of Religious Seclusion—Description of Algeria—The People—The Kabyles—Cause of Quarrel with France—Turkish Mode of Rule—Application of Arab Patriots to Mahhi-ed-Din—The Rising against the French Invaders—Defeat of French under General Bourmont—Abd-el-Kader in Council—His First Action with French—His Marvellous Courage—A Leader needed for Arabs—Abd-el-Kader chosen—His Reception at Mascara—Grand Review of Arab Warriors—Abd-el-Kader's Measures and Way of Life—Conflicts with the French under General Desmichels—Abd-el-Kader subdues Native Opponents—He again defeats Desmichels—Further Arab Success—Desmichels makes Treaty with the Sultan—His Conflicts with Disaffected Arabs—Enforces Submission—Organises Government of Oran—Spread of his Fame and Power—Count D'Erlon as New French Governor-General—Abd-el-Kader's Skilful Diplomacy—His Defeats of General Trézel at the Sig and the Macta—D'Erlon recalled—Succeeded by Marshal Clausel—The New Governor-General's Proclamation—Abd-el-Kader's First Success against Clausel—The Sultan's Defeat—Meeting with his Mother—Tribes rally round Abd-el-Kader—His Noble Spirit—He defeats Clausel—The Sultan's Marvellous Energy—Fierce Courage of his Men—French General Bugeaud's Victory at the Sikkah—Abd-el-Kader's New System of Warfare—Clausel again Governor-General—Harassed by Sultan—Abd-el-Kader makes with Bugeaud the "Treaty of the Tafna"—A Triumph for the Sultan—His Success over Hostile Tribes—His Political Work in 1839—His Great

Fame—His Grand Ideal for the Arabs—Adhesion of the Kabyles—Renewed Warfare with French—The New Governor-General, Marshal Valée—His Base Treachery—Abd-el-Kader takes the Field—Conflict in the Mountains—The French Victorious—The Sultan returns to Irregular Warfare—The French severely harassed—Arrival of General Bugeaud—His New System of Warfare—His Able Subordinates—The Campaign of 1841—Abd-el-Kader's Skilful Movements—Campaign of 1842—Indecisive Results—French gaining Ground slowly—The Sultan forms his *Smala*—His Kindly Deeds—The Bishop of Algiers—Abd-el-Kader's Treatment of Captives—The Capture and Dispersal of the *Smala*—A Terrible Blow—The Hero Struggles on—His Wonderful Courage—Appeals to British Government—The Sultan declines the Throne of Morocco—Campaigns of 1844 and 1845—Marshal Bugeaud again in Field—His System of Warfare—Abd-el-Kader's Movements—Campaign of 1846—The Sultan in Morocco—Decline of his Cause—French Eulogy of a Great Man—Campaign of 1847—Sultan defeats Moroccan Forces—His Return to Algeria—Surrenders himself to Lamoricière—Sent to France—Violation of French Pledge—End of Abd-el-Kader's Public Career—His Grand Character—Four Years' Imprisonment in France—Louis Napoleon's Efforts on his Behalf—The ex-Sultan insists on Fulfilment of French Promise—His Life in Captivity—Released by Louis Napoleon—His Reception in Paris—Leaves France for Broussa—Visits France—Settles at Damascus—His Noble Conduct in 1860—Abd-el-Kader's Decorations from European Powers—Receives Letter from Schamyl—Visits Mecca and Medina—In Paris and England—His Death (1883)—Marvellous Character of his Career.

THE two supreme products of Mohammedanism, in the warrior class, the one in mediæval, the other in modern days—the two highest types of the chivalry of Islâm—have been, beyond all question, Saladin and Abd-el-Kader. In regard to the modern hero, we quote the testimony of a distinguished Frenchman, himself a soldier of renown and a fair representative of one of the most powerful nations in the world, whose forces were, during fourteen years, kept in check by one of the subjects of his eulogy. In 1843 Marshal Soult, the most eminent, on the whole, of Napoleon's lieutenants, declared, in conversation with a friend that, "At the present time, the world can show only three men to

whom the epithet 'great' can be properly applied. These men all belong to Islâm; their names are Abd-el-Kader, Mehemet Ali, and Schamyl." The French commander, one of Wellington's ablest antagonists in the Peninsular War, was referring, of course, to men of the governing and warlike type. Of these three men, who all displayed the originality and initiative which are proper marks of genius, two, the first and the last, have been chosen in this work as representatives of the hero-patriots of the nineteenth century. We have now to deal with the first, the illustrious man whose abbreviated name, "Abd-el-Kader," means "servant of the Mighty God," a man who combined all the virtues of the old Arabs with some of the best results of modern civilisation.

Abd-el-Kader was one of the most extraordinary men and the finest characters of the century in which he played his part. His career affords matter of the highest interest for all who have any enthusiasm for what is romantic and ennobling. Invested with all the attributes of heroic greatness, he shines in modern history as the foremost personage in a series of events involving the grandeur and sublimity of a tragic epos. His chosen work was an effort to reconstitute the Arab political and social system in Algeria. His story is one of glowing hopes cruelly frustrated, of lofty and patriotic inspirations rudely dispelled. It is not the less the record of a noble life marked by absorbing devotion to a sense of duty, by fixity of purpose, by unflinching and indomitable perseverance to the bitter end in a struggle against overwhelming force.

Abd-el-Kader, fourth son of Mahhi-ed-Dîn, by one of his four wives, a lady named Zohra, was born in the month of May 1807, at the paternal *ketna*, or family village, on the banks of the river Hammâm, in the Algerian province of Oran, a few miles west of Mascara. From his infancy, he was the object of his father's fondest affection. The sire would often take him from the nurse to dandle him in his arms. He seems, indeed to have had some instinctive



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feeling that the child was one to be held very precious as destined to greatness in the days that were to come. In the case of Abd-el-Kader, we find that the boy is not always, in all respects, the pattern of the man. Physically robust, the lad was, in his early years, probably from acute nervous sensibility, extremely timid. He who was to be one of the most dauntless fighters that ever lived was, in the literal sense, frightened at a shadow. Growth, and judicious practice in athletic sports, by degrees turned this softness of nature into the fibre of finely tempered steel. In mental power, the boy was of rare precocity. At the age of five, he could read and write. At twelve, he was a "Taleb," or a proved proficient in the Koran and its chief expositors. Two years later he had become a "Hafiz"—one knowing by heart the whole sacred book of Islâm. He taught a class in the family mosque, explaining the most difficult passages in the commentaries on the Koran. His sole ambition, at that age, was to become, like his adored father, a famous "marabout," or religious devotee, one of a class of men invested, in the popular belief of Arabs, with the powers of prophets and miracle-workers.

Abd-el-Kader's family belonged to the important tribe of the Hachems. Their origin was in Morocco, and it was our hero's grandfather who transported his household and property thence into the province of Oran. The newcomers soon acquired great influence, due to the saintly reputation of their head, and especially of the son, Mahhi-ed-Dîn. Abd-el-Kader's father was a man of rare piety in the way of Islâm. His fortune was considerable, his charity profuse. Devoted to his faith, he founded a school of Arab learning, for instruction in the law and religion of the Prophet, near his residence at Oued-el-Hammâm. His great influence rested, as above hinted, not only on his purity of life and generous character, but on his dignity as a "marabout," and on his title to the only nobility of rank recognised among Arabs—his religious lineage as a descendant of the Prophet's sister

Fatima. His fame spread through the whole province, and litigant Arabs came many leagues to seek from him a settlement of disputes. He was the arbiter not only between individuals, but between tribes previously ready to rush to arms in their quarrel, but accepting his decision as if it were divine.

During a short stay at the city of Oran, whither he was sent by his father to complete his education at one of its most famous schools, Abd-el-Kader acquired a keen hatred for the Turkish oppressors of his country, and a loathing of their vicious life, which violated all the principles of the Koran. In a few months, he returned to the paternal *ketna* and at the age of fifteen he married his cousin Leila Heira, a lady remarkable for her beauty and her moral worth. Most carefully guarded, in the day of danger for the morals of the young, by his father's watchful care, Abd-el-Kader, in his early marriage, was following the law of the Koran and Moslem usage. We must now look at the hero in his early manhood, and view his personality, and the physical attainments which were to serve him in the career that awaited him.

At the age of seventeen, Abd-el-Kader's frame, with a height of about five feet six inches, was perfectly symmetrical and compact. A broad, deep chest, and a bony and muscular make, gave ample promise of activity and endurance. None of his associates excelled him in general agility and strength. On horseback, his performances were beyond all competition. It is beneath the dignity of the subject to say that, if he had not been destined to become a warrior of the first rank and a statesman of high repute, he might have made his fortune in the arena of a great hippodrome. He was not only a rider of the utmost grace, but quite wonderful in feats needing strength of arm and wrist, steadiness of hand, and keenness of vision. As he stood by his horse, touching the shoulder with his breast, he would place one hand on its back and vault over to the other side. When the animal was at full speed, he could remove his feet from the stirrups,

stand up in the saddle, and fire with excellent aim at a mark. His well-trained Arab, at a light touch from his hand, would kneel down, or walk for yards on hind legs, its fore ones pawing the air, or spring and jump like a gazelle. On the "turf," a pastime to which his people were devoted, he was admirable for coolness and judgment. Mounted on a choice jet-black steed, in striking contrast with his white *burnous*, he often reached the goal with his competitors far in the rear, and rode in alone amidst the clapping of hands, shouts of applause from the men, and the shrill cries of joy and welcome—the *zulagheel*—from the throats of hundreds of females, which are most exhilarating to the Arab in any moment of triumphant success. The equestrian prowess of Abd-el-Kader gave token of the time when his marvellous speed across country was to make him seem ubiquitous to his astonished and confounded foes, when he passed weeks without sleeping under cover, rarely ungirdling his sword; when the great emir was to be described as one whose "saddle is his throne." Among field-sports, his favourite was the hunting of the wild boar. Disdaining a display of the usual retinue of wealthy Arabs, he plunged into the forest with two or three servants, slew his prey, and returned from the chase to devote himself with fresh zeal to his religious studies. We complete our attempt at a portrait of the man by stating that his face, of the purest classic mould, was one of expressive and almost feminine beauty. The nose, middle-sized and delicately shaped, came between the Greek and Roman types. The finely cut lips, slightly compressed, were significant of determined resolution and dignified reserve. A massive brow, almost white as marble, overshadowed large hazel eyes that in thoughtful repose had a soft, sad, subdued expression, flashing anon, with the excitement of the soul, into all the radiance of genius, intellect, and valour. The apparel of the man was plain and simple. His weapons alone showed a love of display in the silver-inlaying of the long Tunisian

musket, the mother-of-pearl and coral deckings of his pistols, and the silver-gilt sheathing of his keen Damascus blade.

Thus highly gifted by nature, earnest in self-culture, attractive alike to admirers of intellectual and physical acquirements, the young Abd-el-Kader shared the unbounded respect, confidence, and affection which the Arabs of Oran had long extended to his father. Mahhi-ed-Dîn, rejoicing to see his fondest hopes realised, took his favourite son as a companion on all excursions of duty and pleasure : on visits to the Turkish beys in the town, and to Arab tribes in distant parts. In October 1823 Abd-el-Kader alone, of all the sons and retainers, was permitted to start with the head of the household on a pilgrimage to Mecca. The rumour of this journey caused a great stir among the Arabs of the province of Oran, and by the sixth evening of the travel eastwards to the territory of Tunis, thousands of people had assembled around Mahhi-ed-Dîn's tent claiming to share in the enterprise. At this moment, a horseman at full speed arrived with a letter from Hussein Bey, Turkish governor of Oran. It was a summons for the great "marabout" to repair promptly to the city of Oran. The earnest remonstrances of the pilgrims, whose fears for their beloved and revered leader were aroused, could not shake the loyalty of the saintly man. "My children," he cried, "it is my duty to obey, and I go, though it cost me my head." In the result, he and Abd-el-Kader remained for two years state-prisoners of the bey, whose jealous fears had been aroused by the popularity of Mahhi-ed-Dîn.

On their release, in November 1825, they quitted Oran, in the utmost privacy, for Tunis, whence they took ship for Alexandria, and then travelled to Cairo. There, for the first and only time, Abd-el-Kader saw the famous Pasha Mehemet Ali, the founder of modern Egypt. By way of Suez and Djedda, the father and son arrived at Mecca, thus winning the coveted title of *hadji* or saint. Thence they journeyed to Damascus, where a stay of some months was made for the

purpose of devotion and study in the great mosque. A new journey of thirty days took them, by way of Palmyra, to Bagdad. Their object was to visit the tomb of the patron saint of Algeria, Abdel-Kader-il Djelalli, a personage of the twelfth century highly revered in the world of Islâm. In later times, the successes of the Algerian hero were attributed by the Arabs to the patronage of his mighty namesake. His own view was that expressed by him with finger pointed up to heaven, "My trust was in God alone." After three months spent at Bagdad, the father and son returned to Mecca. Their funds were exhausted, and for the journey back to Algeria, made wholly by land after crossing the Red Sea, they depended on the resources of their fellow-pilgrims. They reached home early in 1828, after an absence of more than four years, since the first start in October 1823, and were received at the *ketna* with great rejoicings, followed by festivities which the lavish hospitality of Mahhi-ed-Dîn prolonged for weeks.

Abd-el-Kader had been now raised, by his two pilgrimages to Mecca, to a high point of religious renown. Whatever his secret views and aspirations may have been at this time, he gave no sign. With a vow of religious seclusion, he seemed to scorn the allurements of ambition, the visions of worldly greatness. His life became, for a time, that of a cloistered monk wholly given to study and to prayer. From sunrise to sunset he rarely left his room, save for meals and for devotion at the family mosque. Arabic versions of Plato and Aristotle, works on ancient and modern history, on philosophy, geography, medicine, and other subjects, were eagerly perused. He would not, as it seemed, have exchanged his communion with the master-spirits of the world of letters for any throne. A power, mysterious, irresistible by the human will, was, however, exercising its invisible influence. Abd-el-Kader had renounced the world: he was ere long to appear one of its foremost actors. He clung to seclusion

and a life of peace: he was soon to shine in might in the fierce front of battle.

We must now give a brief sketch of the scene of action for the great coming Arab warrior and statesman. Algeria consists of a territory having over seven hundred miles of coast-line between Morocco and Tunis, with a breadth inland of a hundred and eighty to two hundred and fifty miles, bounded by desert. If we take the thirtieth parallel of north latitude as the southern limit, the area has about two hundred and fifty-eight thousand square miles. In other words, the country is more than five times the size of England. There are three distinct regions. The northern, called the *Tell*, is somewhat larger than England, and is generally mountainous, with fruitful valleys intersecting the hills. In some places, a fertile plain lies between the hills and the sea, as the plain of Oran, and the Metidja, to the south of Algiers. This part of the country has an average breadth of fifty miles. South of the Tell lies the central region of mountainous plateaux, rich in spring with a sudden growth of long grass and aromatic herbage, dear to the numerous herds of cattle. This district is bounded on the south by a chain of mountains reaching, in one peak, a height of over seven thousand five hundred feet. Southwards again is the Algerian Sahara, the third division, equal in area to the other two combined, and consisting partly of sandy dunes, always sterile, partly of land producing herbage after rain. Around the wells are many oases. At the time of the events of this record, the whole population, in default of accurate statistics, may be placed at about two and three-quarter millions. The Arabs of various tribes may have numbered one and a half millions; the Kabyles, or Berbers, one million; the Arabs of the towns, Moors, and Jews, a quarter of a million. The Arabs were either nomads in the southern territory, rearing cattle, or tillers and cattle-breeders in the Tell. The Moors of the towns and villages on or near the coast were a mixed stock of the Arab and the ancient

Mauritanian and Berber races. The true Berbers, the famous Kabyles of Franco-Algerian warfare, mainly dwelt in the mountainous parts of the eastern region. The Kabyles, a determined and indomitable people, mostly fighters on foot, descend from the old Numidians of Roman times, and differ from the Arabs in person and in language. The Arabs, descended from the seventh-century conquerors, fight on horseback. The bond of union between these two races was that of religion, both being devoted to Islâm. Both races included numerous tribes, often at issue with each other.

We are not here concerned with the origin of the French invasion of Algeria further than the fact that it was due in 1830, in the last resort, to insults offered by Hussein, Dey of Algiers, to the French government and people. Algeria was then a "regency" of the supreme Turkish government at Constantinople. The dey was practically independent of the Sultan. Of Hussein's method of rule it must first be noted that it was certain, when his power came to an end under foreign attack, to be followed by anarchy. The rule exercised over the diverse peoples was far from being uniform and complete. The power of the beys was absolute over the inhabitants of the towns and over the Arabs of the plains, who were well in reach of the arm of chastisement in case of disobedience. Turkish authority was nominal or null as to the untamable Kabyles or Berbers of the region comprising the mountain pastures to the east of Algiers. The regency was divided into four chief governments—those of Algiers to the north, Constantine to the east, Oran to the west, and Tittery in the centre. This last alone did not bear the name of its capital town, Medeah. The provinces of Tittery, Oran, and Constantine, styled "beyliks," were ruled by great feudatory personages dependent on the dey. Algiers proper, composed of territory bordering on the Mediterranean, was under the direct administration of the dey himself. Apart from the Kabyles, the authority of the beys was contested

by certain tribes of kindred race isolated in almost inaccessible hilly country. The maintenance of order depended on a military organisation rather skilfully contrived. There were, on the one hand, military colonies, fixed at suitable points, composed of *Koulouglis*, the offspring of Turks and of native women. These people had certain privileges granted in consideration of their partly Ottoman blood. On the other hand, the more warlike Arab tribes were attached to the Turkish government by exemptions from tribute and other favours ; and, in return, these tribes furnished a body of militia in support of the regular Turkish militia, a force of about fifteen thousand men. Internal order was, in fact, maintained by the method of turning one part of the population against the other. The oppressed people had a natural hatred, not only for the Turks, but for the tribes who aided Turkish tyranny ; and Algeria thus contained bodies of men ready to fly at each other's throats as soon as restraint was removed. The French expulsion of the Turkish militia at once upset the balance of affairs. The auxiliary tribes were unable, without any Turkish troops to rely upon, to control the tribes formerly subject to Turkish oppression. Civil war arose with all its horrors, and the state of anarchy which ensued caused the wiser Arabs to look round for a leader of sufficient authority to re-establish peace. It was this condition of affairs that opened the road to the political and warlike career of Abd-el-Kader.

It was the people of Tlemsen and the tribe of Beni-Amers who first saw the need of rallying round a chief who could restore order in the distracted land. Application was first made to Mouley Abd-er-Rahmân, emperor of Morocco, to appoint a governor. He sent a nephew as his *khalifa* or lieutenant, Mouley-Ali. Many tribes at once recognised him as ruler in the province of Oran, but in the spring of 1831 he was recalled by the emperor, under pressure from the French government. The province at once relapsed into its former condition. In January of that year, French troops,

under General Damrémont, had entered the city of Oran. The Turks had quitted the province, but the French had not succeeded to any of their power, except in the capital. Outside the walls all was anarchy; rival tribes were in conflict. The absence of all control induced the gratification of private hatreds. Thieves and bandits had a free course. No man of peaceable intentions could safely quit his *douair*, or little group of inseparable families. The markets were empty, because no dealer dared carry grain for sale. Famine threatened the land. All eyes were turned now to Mahhi-ed-Dîn, and the marabouts and chiefs begged him to assume authority as "Sultan of Oran." He urged his great age in excuse, and would only assume the nominal command of the *goums*, or irregular cavalry, who were about to march against the city of Oran.

We must now trace the rise and progress of Arab hostility to the French invaders. The occupation of Algiers in 1830 did not at first cause any unusual feeling of dread. General Bourmont's proclamation, however, that France took possession of the whole regency; the removal of every trace of Turkish power in Algiers; the issue of laws and ordinances in the name of the French sovereign; the seizure of all the coast towns, and the advance of military reconnoissance towards the Atlas mountains, revealed designs which no Arab of that generation in northern Africa, or any of his ancestors, had ever been called upon to counteract. Before the French troops moved beyond the walls of Algiers, a friendly disposition of the Arabs had been shown. Provisions had been freely supplied for sale. Some chiefs had tendered their submission. The Bey of Tittery had even accepted French investiture. The French invaders fondly believed that all the people, weary of the Turkish yoke, would hail them as deliverers, and that the annexation of Algeria would be an easy achievement. They were rudely and quickly undeceived when they made a movement towards the interior of the country. In the last week of

July 1830 an expedition commanded by General Bourmont in person went to Blidah, a town at the foot of the Lower Atlas. The leading men of the place came out to meet the troops, and, lulled into security by the seemingly friendly attitude of the townsfolk, the French linesmen gladly threw aside their knapsacks and wandered at ease in the charming gardens. They were suddenly roused by the rush of bands of Arabs from the hills, who commenced a fierce attack with wild cries. French discipline quickly gathered the troops, who held their ground within the city, repulsed their assailants, and retreated, the next day, in good order, to Algiers. From that hour, the spirit of resistance assumed a decided form. The Bey of Tittery, eager to atone for his recent defection from the national cause, wrote to Bourmont, threatening to come with a large force and drive him and his men into the sea. The marabouts proclaimed the *Djehad*, or Holy War, and only a leader was needed to focus the resources of Islâm in Algeria.

At this time, Abd-el-Kader, then in his twenty-fourth year, had an opportunity of drawing attention to his ability as a counsellor in time of need. Hussein, Bey of Oran, closely blockaded by the Arabs, who hated him for his tyranny, sent for Mahhi-ed-Dîn and craved his protecting aid. The old marabout asked for time to consult his fellow-tribesmen. On his arrival at the *ketna*, he called a family council, and the general opinion was in favour of affording an asylum to the fallen man who had, in past times, ill-treated the revered marabout and his son Abd-el-Kader. That son now respectfully claimed a hearing. He urged the extreme difficulty of protecting the bey in the present anarchical condition of the province of Oran. If he were maltreated or slain, great reproach would accrue to those who had given him a safe-conduct without having the power of making it respected. Further, protection afforded to a justly hated foe would be regarded as treason to the national cause, and would draw

down on themselves the hatred of all the Arabs in Oran. Mahhi-ed-Dîn and the rest of the council yielded to this reasoning. The bey's request was refused, and in January 1831, when General Damrémont, as we have seen, landed with French troops at Oran, Hussein took ship for Alexandria.

It was in May 1832 that Abd-el-Kader, with his father serving under him, had his first experience of war, in combats against the French. The Arabs had been attacking Fort Philip, a strong post to the south of the town of Oran. When the young leader arrived he took a mixed body of cavalry and infantry to the very walls of the fort. Ordering the foot-soldiers to descend into the ditch and keep up a constant fire on the ramparts, he placed the horsemen ready to resist a sortie. The Arabs were at first staggered by the fire of shot and shell, and were only kept together by Abd-el-Kader's courageous demeanour and words of cheer. When word came that the men in the ditch had expended their ammunition and that no man would expose himself to supply them, "Cowards," he cried, "give me the cartridges." He then wrapped them up in the folds of his scarlet burnous, rode singly over the plain, flung the cartridges into the ditch, bade the men stand firm, and dashed back unhurt to his post. This and other acts of courage soon won for him the almost superstitious reverence of his followers, who looked upon him as one bearing a charmed life, specially protected against missiles which laid others low. He was, in fact, laying a sure basis for his coming power. The daring of Abd-el-Kader was, indeed, extraordinary. At one time he might be seen breaking through the line of the enemy's skirmishers; at another, charging up to a square, and sweeping at the bayonets with his yataghan. Now, he would check his steed and remain unmoved, with contemptuous gestures at the cannon-balls as they whizzed by or over his head, or at shells exploding near at hand. On November 10 and 11 his

renown as a fighter was crowned, and the Arabs felt that in their young chief a master-spirit had arisen to lead them in their struggle against the infidels. On one of those days, they beheld him, with a laugh at the peril incurred, rushing many times across the path of shells ricocheting on the ground before they burst, and mocking at the fear displayed by his men. On the other day, they saw him, at a moment when all his troops were fleeing, calmly advancing to aid his nephew Sy Thaïeb, who, mortally wounded, was about to fall into the hands of the French. Abd-el-Kader dismounted and carried off the youth under a heavy fire.

Desultory acts of valour are, however, only aids to war, and the wiser chiefs and marabouts saw that a responsible head was needed to organise, to raise revenues by regular imposts, to husband resources, and to form and carry out a regular plan of campaign. Moreover, apart from the occasions when fanatical hatred of Christian invaders led rival tribesmen to unite in attacks on French outposts, disorder still reigned in the province of Oran. Even Mahhi-ed-Dîn could not control rancorous feelings and rival ambitions by his friendly influence. At last, the leading men of the Hachems and Beni-Amer tribes called a meeting and invited the great marabout to attend. He was surrounded by an excited throng as soon as he arrived from his *ketna*, where he had been taking a short repose from the strife, and was urged to assume supreme authority in the interests of peace, order, and religion. In their excitement, the chiefs even placed their swords at his breast, and cried, "Choose between being our Sultan or instant death." Mahhi-ed-Dîn, though he was deeply moved, still preserved his presence of mind. He avowed that he was a man of peace, urged his own age and infirmity, and said that the leader whom they needed must be young, active, intelligent and brave. "Well," cried the chiefs, "since you cannot command us, give us as Sultan, not your eldest son, who is nothing but a bookish man, but the son of Zohra, who is a man of

gunpowder!" The words were received with loud acclamations, and a horseman was despatched for Abd-el-Kader. The destined hour of his elevation to power had sounded.

Early on the morning of November 21, 1832, the young warrior entered Mascara and passed through the crowded streets. At the council, he accepted the proffered honour with the simple words, "It is my duty to obey my father's commands." A burst of applause followed, and the new ruler, seated in an antique chair of state, dragged for the occasion from some musty recess, received the allegiance of the chiefs amid cries of "Long life and victory to our Sultan, Abd-el-Kader!" A new Arabian caliphate thus arose in the person of a ruler then in his twenty-sixth year. In the afternoon, at the crowded mosque, Abd-el-Kader, after his devotions, read and expounded the Koran. Then he burst into a torrent of impassioned eloquence lasting for hours, while he dwelt in burning words on the iniquities of the land, on its desecration by infidel hordes, and, with flashing eyes and outstretched arm, called on his hearers to stand forward in the cause of God and the Prophet, to rally round the standard of the "Djehad," and to emulate the martyrs of the true faith. As he painted in vivid colours the liberated spirits of the slain entering the mansions of bliss, the armed men sprang to their feet, shook their spears, brandished their swords, wept aloud, and with frantic cries yelled; "Il Djehad! Il Djehad."

On the next day, November 22, the Sultan was received in state, in the valley of Ersibia, near Mascara, by ten thousand Arab cavalry, arranged, according to their tribes, in a continuous crescent, around a splendid tent. The people of Mascara filled the rest of the ground. The royal cavalcade approached as the rising sun's slanting rays peered over the adjacent eastern heights, amid the shrill cries of women, the shouts of the men, and incessant crashes of musketry. First came a chosen band, escorting the standard of the Djehad. Then followed the chiefs of the Beni-Amer and other tribes, on high-mettled

steeds, with brilliant equipments and burnished weapons. Then came Abd-el-Kader, with a plain red burnous flung over his shoulders, and riding his favourite black charger. The chiefs of the Beni-Hachem, his own tribe, brought up the rear. Making his way slowly through the crowd which pressed around to kiss his hand or the hem of his burnous, or even his horse's feet, the Sultan reached his tent and dismounted. In a few minutes he came forth, led by the hand of Mahhi-ed-Dîn, who presented him with the words, "Behold the son of Zohra! Obey him as you would have obeyed me! God protect the Sultan." Then the people cried, "Our lives, all that we have, are his! We will obey no law but that of our Sultan Abd-el-Kader." "I, in my turn," the Sultan cried, "will know no law but the Koran. If my own brother forfeits his life by the Koran, he shall die." He then vaulted into his saddle and swept along the lines of Arab cavaliers, followed by all the chiefs, and crying at intervals, "Il Djihad!" The banners waved, the drums and trumpets sounded, and the whole mass of men, breaking ground, circled round their ruler in successive squadrons, and then escorted him back to Mascara. Abd-el-Kader then issued a proclamation, announcing his election as Sultan, and his assumption of the office in the hope of uniting the Moslems, restoring law and order, and clearing the country of the foe. To this end, all his subjects must study and obey the law of the Prophet. His trust was in God; from Him alone did he look for reward and success.

Sovereignty thus assumed, the difficulties of the sovereign began. It was Abd-el-Kader's first object to centralise Arab power. The religious party was ready to give him full support, but there were many jealous chiefs who looked askance on the new ruler. They could not or would not comprehend the grandeur of his aim in seeking to establish a new Arab nationality. He was appealing to a race accustomed for centuries to a foreign yoke, men in whom the principle of patriotism had long been extinct. One powerful chieftain

spoke of his claims with undisguised contempt. Another held sternly aloof. Mustapha-ben-Ismaïl, an old and experienced warrior, grown grey in the command of Turkish militia, disdained to kiss the hands, as he said, of a beardless boy. The main trust of the man of genius who had dared to imagine the mighty edifice of Arab union in northern Africa, was placed in the latent fires of fanaticism, which he well knew to be slumbering in the Moslem breast. What love of country would not effect, zeal for religion might accomplish. He issued invitations for a gathering of forces at Mascara in the spring of 1833. Many important tribes from the Tell and the Sahara cordially responded to the summons. The tribes who had been long employed by the Turks as instruments for the oppression of their fellows sent either evasive or insulting answers. Anarchy was the most profitable condition for them, and many were even ready to join the French. On the day appointed, May 18, an array of eight thousand cavalry and a thousand infantry assembled on the Ersibia plains. Abd-el-Kader's standard, a large white flag with an open hand in the centre, was unfurled with great ceremony. Then, after riding through the ranks, and uttering a few stirring sentences, he led them off towards Oran. His system of life and command was regular and simple. One compartment of his large tent was a general reception-room, where he heard appeals and administered justice. The smaller room was his sleeping-place and library. The day's march generally ended at noon, and the Sultan then passed an hour in private prayer. This over, he met his chief officers and his secretaries in the reception-room, where his plans and the enemy's movements were discussed, and orders and despatches were dictated. At sunset, the Sultan stood at his tent door and preached; and his eloquence was one of the chief sources of his influence and power.

At the time of the advance on Oran, the Hachems, the Sultan's family tribe, had been engaged in a series of encounters

with the French under General Boyers. This commander had been replaced by General Desmichels, and Abd-el-Kader came up just in time to aid his countrymen in resisting a vigorous French attack. Dividing his force into two portions, he sent one to fall on the enemy's left flank. At the head of the other, he marched straight to the assault of a fort held by the French, who had there a battalion of infantry, a squadron of Chasseurs d' Afrique, and two guns. On nearing the fort, the Arab infantry wavered. The Sultan then dismounted, and led his men on for an escalade. Repulsed in two assaults, he remounted, withdrew his men, and rejoined his cavalry. In the open ground, the French were well beaten by the Arab horse. Their lines of skirmishers were swept away, and even squares were broken. At night, Desmichels was forced to withdraw under cover of his guns. For some days there was then a suspension of warfare.

Then the Sultan, impatient of inaction, laid a night-ambush in a copse with a hundred picked horsemen a short distance from Oran, and fell suddenly on a squadron of Chasseurs. Leading the charge, he routed them with the loss of several men killed and thirty captured. One Frenchman made a thrust at the Sultan with a lance, the weapon passing under his left arm. He there held it firmly against his side while he swept off the foe's head with his sabre. He then returned to Mascara, after thus trying the mettle of his warriors and giving them confidence against the French. His success brought the adhesion of some more tribes, and he resolved to strike at his more important native opponents.

Sidi-el-Aribi, a powerful chieftain in the valley of the Cheliff, had been collecting forces to attack the Sultan. Abd-el-Kader swept down upon him with five thousand men, took him by surprise, and forced him to abject submission, with his son as a hostage in the victor's hands. His authority was now promptly accepted where no great feudal influences prevailed. The small provincial towns opened their gates.

The Sultan now sought to place his power on a more solid basis by holding places of strength, erecting arsenals, and establishing magazines of military stores. With this view he attacked Tlemsen, a town about seventy miles south-west of Oran. The place is situated on an eminence at the foot of steep and lofty mountains. The walls are remarkable for solidity and strength, and it had frequently resisted siege with success. With strong detachments from his chief supporting tribes, the Hachems and the Beni-Amers, Abd-el-Kader quickly won the town; but the Koulouglis occupying the citadel refused to surrender. Destitute of artillery, the Sultan could not reduce the fort; but its defenders promised a friendly neutrality, and he returned to Mascara, leaving an officer and garrison in the town. On the road he received news of his father's death, which greatly afflicted him; but his new duties gave him barely time to follow Mahhi-ed-Dîn's remains to the grave.

He was called to fresh work by the French general Desmichels' capture of the towns of Arzew and Mostaganem. Not a moment was to be lost. On August 2, 1833, the Sultan led an assault on the walls of Mostaganem. This attempt failed, but Desmichels, leaving the garrison, returned to Oran in order to carry out a long-formed plan. On August 5 he sent out a force of three thousand cavalry and infantry, with three field-guns, to attack the Zmelas and Douairs, two tribes who were actively aiding Abd-el-Kader in enforcing his blockade of Oran. On the 6th, at daybreak, the French column came on the Arab camp, and opened fire with the guns, while the cavalry charged and the infantry went on at the double from other points. The Arabs fled, leaving their flocks and herds, and many women and children, to the enemy. On a sudden, the flight was stayed. The Arabs, whose numbers seemed wonderfully increased, faced round and took the attitude of offence. Abd-el-Kader had arrived. Divining Desmichels' object in leaving Mostaganem, the Sultan had rushed away to

the critical point. His appearance changed the face of affairs. The French infantry hastily retreated, some in disorder, others in quickly formed squares. The cavalry and artillery did their best in support, but the Frenchmen had brought no food, depending on the stores of the encampment which they had assailed. These were now lost. They were suffering from hunger and thirst beneath a burning sun, and they were soon almost enveloped by the Arab horsemen. The dry herbs and brushwood in their rear were fired, and the retreat was continued over hot cinders and amid sheets of flame. No courage could endure such a trial. Many flung away their arms. Some perished by suffocation, many more by Arab yataghans. Desmichels, hearing the news, turned out the whole garrison of Oran, who reached the scene of action in time to save their comrades from utter destruction. The Sultan then hurried away to resume the siege of Mostaganem, one of whose forts was protected by the fire of a French brig. The Arabs stripped, and swam off, holding their muskets over their heads, and strove to carry the vessel by boarding. They were beaten off, but the audacity displayed showed the influence of a spirited leader. The walls of the place were approached by sapping, and an explosion effected a breach. The determined assault was, however, repulsed by the severe front and flanking fire, and the Arab Sultan returned to Mascara. The Douairs and Zmelas, exposed to the incursions of the French, then accepted French protection, and so incurred the wrath of Abd-el-Kader, in violating the principle of the Koran which bade the faithful to conquer or die. He resolved to severely chastise all submission of this kind, and to become, if need were, an object of terror rather than of love to some of his countrymen in order to complete the edifice of Arab unity. He alone must hold the power of making peace or signing conditions, and he resolved to impress on the minds of all the tribes that, if any accepted terms from the enemy on their own account, their last and heaviest reckoning would be

with him. The Douairs and Zmelas in due time experienced this correcting discipline.

Meanwhile, the French government and people, after the "revolution of July," in 1830, had begun to flag in enthusiasm on the subject of Algerian conquest. Little was known of the country, and plans for administration were always being changed. The army in Algeria was reduced to ten thousand men. All French measures were marked by weakness and indecision, while Abd-el-Kader, daily gaining fresh confidence among the tribes, was developing in them long-hidden virtues from the depths of Arab character. His energy and courage brought to light patience, perseverance, fixity of purpose, and a spirit of union which were invaluable for his future work. Self-interest began to yield to patriotism, and the Arabs ceased to frequent the French markets, and aided the Sultan's rigorous system of blockade. Small and rare supplies came by sea, and it was from sheer want of food that the French troops made raids in the interior. Their commander, Desmichels, sought an opportunity of negotiating with the Sultan on this subject, and found it in the capture of an escort of three soldiers who were guarding, on his way home, an Arab who had sold some cattle to the French garrison at Arzew, on the coast. The French general wrote to Abd-el-Kader, asking for the release of his men. This request was refused, and the Sultan dared the French commander to march out two days' journey from the walls of Oran. Desmichels retorted by again attacking and plundering the Douairs and Zmelas. Abd-el-Kader, then among the Beni-Amers, rushed to the rescue. Five thousand horsemen at his heels covered fifty miles in less than three hours, arriving with less than half the men fit to fight. With these the Sultan instantly charged. The French, confounded by his appearance, hastily retired, leaving behind the women and children whom they had taken as hostages. Fresh troops arrived, with some more artillery; but in spite of a galling fire, Abd-el-Kader kept up a harassing

pursuit to the outskirts of Oran. He then compelled the Douairs and Zmelas to quit their location, and he marched them off, with all their flocks and herds, to a new settlement on a large plain in the rear of Tlemsen.

Desmichels, paralysed by the boldness and seeming ubiquity of his foe, finding his supplies cut off and his men face to face with starvation, was forced to ask for an interview to arrange a treaty for staying the effusion of blood. His letter was left unanswered, but the Sultan's agent at Oran, a wily Jew, was employed to suggest to the French general the offer of some definite terms. In a month's time, Desmichels sent a despatch fairly begging for peace. With this document in his hand, the Sultan could keep himself right with his Arabs, and he sent two officers to an interview, which took place, outside Oran, on February 4, 1834. The French envoy was the Jew, attended by the whole of the French staff, and, after negotiations then and afterwards, the famous "Desmichels Treaty" was framed which gave rise to much dispute. It is clear, however, that the cessation of hostilities left Abd-el-Kader in free possession of his territory, and of independence acknowledged in his power to appoint and receive consuls. The French general reported to his government the "*submission* of the province of Oran, the most considerable and warlike of the regency. This great event is the result of the advantages which have been obtained by the troops of my division." The reader will compare this with the facts as above stated. Abd-el-Kader was then enabled to turn his attention to the internal affairs of his kingdom, and to deal with difficulties and trials due to envy and fanaticism. To the extreme religious party, who asked "Where is now the leader of the Djehad, who invoked death rather than submission?" he could point out the French garrisons, confined to the walls where their guns were planted, the plains freed from infidel marauders, and show a treaty dictated by himself, which now, for the first time in the lapse of ages, gave hopes for Arab freedom.

The Sultan had next to deal with disaffection among his own people. He trusted little to the peaceful professions of the French ; and, declaring the Djehad to be only suspended, not abandoned, he issued his usual edict for the collection of the war-tribute from the tribes, consisting of the tenth of all agricultural produce, and the tax on cattle. He was astounded when his most faithful supporters, the men who had been the most zealous aids of his rising power, the Beni-Amers, refused obedience, asserting that cessation of warfare brought cessation of tribute. Abd-el-Kader at once sent orders to Mustapha-ben-Ismail at Tlemsen to prepare his Douairs and the Zmelas for action. The tide of events was turned by an unexpected incident. As the Sultan was preaching one Friday, according to his custom, in the mosque at Mascara, he observed some of the Beni-Amer sheikhs, or chiefs, among his audience. He burst into a spirited appeal to their loyal and religious feelings, and the chiefs, pressing round him, promised to pay the tribute. Orders were dispatched to Mustapha to suspend his march on the Beni-Amers. That chieftain, formerly head of the Turkish militia, had an old grudge against the tribe, and, three days later, a horseman came at full speed with tidings that he had attacked them. The Sultan, gathering a small force of horsemen, hurried away to the scene of action, and ordered Mustapha to withdraw. On his refusal, a desperate fight ensued in which Abd-el-Kader's men were routed, and he barely escaped by cutting his way through his assailants, with his burnous shot through in many places and his horse covered with wounds. Late at night he rode into Mascara alone.

The news spread, and at once all slumbering enmities were revived. Sidi-el-Aribi, the powerful chief in the Cheliff valley, raised the standard of revolt, and he was soon joined by others. The Sultan was not a man to be daunted in such a crisis. The Beni-Amers were staunch, with other tribes, and he could bring fifteen thousand horsemen into the field.

With a goodly proportion of this force he prepared for battle, and he found an ally in the French commander, Desmichels. That officer rejected the proffered alliance of Mustapha, and warned him of the consequences of rebelling against the friend of France. The truth is, that Desmichels, dazzled by Abd-el-Kader's great qualities, designed to use him as the instrument of subduing the whole country from Morocco to Tunis, with the hope, in reserve, of making him, in the end, a vassal of France. Abd-el-Kader quite understood the position, and took full advantage of French actual aid without regard to the designs of French ambition. With Mustapha thus kept in check, the Sultan fell promptly on Sidi-el-Arabi, totally defeated him and made him prisoner. All the other rebel tribes were chastised, and the arrears of tribute gathered, and, flushed with victory, Abd-el-Kader next turned on Mustapha-ben-Ismaïl.

On July 13, 1834, the armies met in a hard contest on the plains of Mahraz, and Mustapha, during a lull in the fighting due to the exhaustion of the combatants under a burning sun, made submission. The Sultan then marched on Tlemsen, restored order by appointing a new governor on whom he could rely, and returned in triumph to Mascara.

His next work was the organisation of the province of Oran. The territory was divided into two great districts, under khalifas or lieutenants. Every tribe was made responsible for peace and order in its own locality. Weekly reports were required concerning the number of cattle, beasts of burden, and horses fit for military service in each of the seven *agalicks*, or minor districts, of the eastern government, having Mascara as capital. The seat of government for the western region was Tlemsen. A *cadi*, appointed by the Sultan, and paid from the public treasury, dispensed justice to every tribe. A regular army of horse and foot was raised, the infantry being drilled by French non-commissioned officers. Cannon foundries, powder mills, and manufactories of small

arms were established, under the care of skilled Europeans. Crime was vigilantly and severely repressed, and the whole province, which had been, eighteen months before, a prey to anarchy, became a scene of perfect safety and order.

The fame of Abd-el-Kader had now spread throughout Algeria. The people of Miliana and Medea, the chief towns in the province of Tittery, sent deputations requesting him to do for their territory what he had effected in the province of Oran. A temporising reply was dispatched by the Sultan, who was obliged to reckon with other persons than admiring Arabs. A new governor-general, Count d'Erlon, had reached Algiers. He brought with him no additional force, and, as regarded policy, he was aware only that his government, for the present, desired to remain on good terms with Abd-el-Kader. He was amazed, however, to see a draft of Desmichels' secret treaty with the Sultan, and his report to the government in Paris caused that officer's speedy recall. D'Erlon forbade the Sultan to enter the province of Tittery, and he, at first, respected the prohibition. When news came that a certain adventurous chief from the Sahara had entered Medea, in Tittery, and been warmly received, and that the French governor paid no heed to the movement, Abd-el-Kader, fired by ambition and with native audacity, dashed across the Cheliff, marched on Medea, routed the pretender, took possession of the province of Tittery, to the joy of the people, and appointed khalifas at Medea and Miliana. The die was cast. He had crossed his Rubicon. He had defied the greatest military power in the world.

Desmichels had been replaced at the city of Oran by General Trézel, and that officer proposed to D'Erlon the immediate seizure of Mascara. The governor-general could not see his way to such action, and negotiations were opened with the occupier of Tittery. An envoy was sent to treat with Abd-el-Kader at Medea, and the French officer was accompanied by the cunning Jew agent, Durand, the Sultan's able

man of affairs at Algiers. Abd-el-Kader was playing an artful game with his French rivals. Durand had succeeded in impressing D'Erlon with a high sense of the influence and abilities of the Sultan. The envoy, Captain St. Hippolyte, was most courteously received. He witnessed a review of the Arab forces, he attended his host on a tour of inspection through the provinces of Tittery and Oran, and he was purposely taken in the Sultan's suite among the tribes supposed to be disaffected to Abd-el-Kader. These people regarded the French officer's presence as a token of French alliance. No treaty was made, though various drafts of proposed terms were exchanged, and the French envoy returned to D'Erlon, leaving to the Arab potentate all the advantages of the mission. The confidence of the Sultan in himself was raised to a high point, and this faith, strong as a religious conviction, became to him an instrument of power over the Arabs.

The French commander, General Trézel, was highly dissatisfied with the position of affairs, and, in spite of the governor-general's order to cultivate the friendship of the Sultan he adopted measures of provocation. His opportunity came in connection with the tribes of Douairs and Zmelas, who had been transferred by Mustapha-ben-Ismaïl, at the time of his revolt, from Tlemsen back to their old ground near Oran. There they resumed friendly intercourse with the French, and when Abd-el-Kader threatened to remove them again forcibly to Tlemsen, they applied for French protection. Trézel dispatched a brigade for the purpose, and in June 1835 made a treaty with them by which they were recognised as French subjects. After a vain remonstrance, Abd-el-Kader sent a defiant letter, and hostilities were the result. On June 26 a French column of five thousand infantry, a regiment of Chasseurs, four mountain-guns, and a small train of provision-waggons, with the usual ambulance, was led by Trézel to a point near the river Sig, where the Sultan had gathered two thousand horse and eight hundred foot.

Abd-el-Kader had not expected any strong attack, and his little army had been taken out to deal with the raid of some French cavalry who had been cutting down the crops of his family tribe, the Hachems. The leading companies of the French, shortly after entering the wood of Muley Ismail, opened fire on what they supposed to be a straggling party of Arabs. The fire was vigorously returned, and cavalry soon appeared on the scene. They were Abd-el-Kader's advance-guard coming from the Sig. In a few minutes the French were fiercely charged in front and on both flanks. The sudden onset, the thickness of the forest, and the undulating ground, tending to conceal the enemy's real numbers, soon shook the steadiness of the French troops. It was in vain that changes of formation were tried—the rear-battalions closed up, the centre compacted, and cavalry thrown out. The whole body was flung into confusion, the cavalry were driven in, and the infantry and artillery could only fire at random.

The attack of the Arabs was for a while suspended, and the Frenchmen, breaking from their ranks, fell on their provision-waggon, staved in the wine-casks, and made a hasty and ravenous meal. The greatest exertions of their officers were needed to restore some kind of order, and the advance was resumed. About sunset the men reached the banks of the Sig, and there encamped in a solid square. The main body of the Sultan's army, coming by forced marches from Tlemsen, had halted for the night two leagues higher up the river, and the French were able to pass a quiet night. At dawn, Trézel began his retreat, but Abd-el-Kader, with true generalship, had now, by a swift night-march, seized the line of communication with Oran. The French general, in no condition to fight his way through, tried for the seaport town of Arzew, by way of the defile of the Habra, where that river changes its name to "Macta," a name of ill-omen in French Algerian annals. The Sultan, divining the object of his foe, resolved to seize the defile in advance. Infantry could

not be there in time, but the man of resource in the hour of need instantly mounted a thousand foot-soldiers behind as many cavalry and sent them off at full speed. About midday, the French, after a toilsome march across a plain in which they were constantly harassed by Arab horsemen, entered the defile and were safely entrapped.

The slopes on each side of the pass were bristling with armed men. As they marched, huge pieces of rock were hurled upon them. The French skirmishers spent two hours in bravely but slowly opening a way, and Abd-el-Kader with his whole force closed in upon the column at the rear. The rear-guard pushed hurriedly to the front. Part of the artillery took ground to the right, and were swamped in a marsh. The gunners cut the traces of the horses, mounted them, and fled. Regiments were mingled together. Companies and sections rushed this way and that, seeking to escape. The exulting Arabs, luckily for some of their enemies, wasted time in plundering and slaying the wounded, and let many Frenchmen get away into nooks and corners. Many men, plunging into the Macta for escape by swimming, were carried away by the stream and drowned. As an organised force, the French army was annihilated, and only fragments of helpless fugitives, as night drew on, could make their way to Arzew. The defile presented a strange scene during the night, amid the glare of torches, as the Arabs, with shouts of joy, revelled in plunder and in the carnage which they had made. At one point, a pile was seen growing up like a pyramid under the work of busy hands. When the work was done, some hundreds of the heads of Frenchmen were displayed. It was about midnight when Abd-el-Kader, who had been directing operations in front, rode to the spot and viewed the ghastly trophy with horror. He vowed in his own heart that this should be the last of such barbarities, and his vow was fulfilled.

The terrible disaster of the Macta horrified and enraged the

French nation. D'Erlon was recalled. Trézel was replaced by General d'Arlanges. Marshal Clausel, a Peninsula veteran, of good repute for his efforts at Salamanca and in the Pyrenees, was sent out as governor-general. The army of occupation was reinforced, and the new ruler was enjoined to prosecute the war vigorously against Abd-el-Kader, and to seize his capital, Mascara. Clausel arrived at Algiers in August 1835, and issued a pompous proclamation, with a map portioning out Algeria into "beylicks," under native governors named, as though the victorious Sultan did not exist. The deeds of Clausel hardly, at first, corresponded with his assumptions. Expeditions to Medea, Miliana, and Cherchell returned in discomfiture. Abd-el-Kader's khalifa at Miliana came down, by his orders, into the Metija plain with five thousand cavalry and infantry, swept the district of Algiers clean of all the French colonists, and blockaded the city of Algiers itself. D'Arlanges and his garrison at Oran were reduced to the greatest straits, closely invested, little better off than prisoners of war.

The French troops were almost at mutiny-point in the rage of wounded pride. They demanded to be led out against the insulting foe. On November 21 Clausel went to Oran, and prepared to take the field with twelve thousand men. Abd-el-Kader had ready an army of eight thousand horse, two thousand foot, and four guns. His object was not to defend his capital, Mascara, but to check, harass, and, perhaps, defeat the enemy on their line of march. On November 27 the French marshal left Oran. The wood of Mulez Ismael was passed, and the Sig was crossed without opposition. As the Habra stream was neared, the Arabs were seen moving, parallel to the army, along the adjacent heights. The Sultan was waiting a favourable moment for attack when a break should occur in the long French line. Clausel, an excellent tactician, halted, closed up, and, making face to his right, advanced in *échelons* of battalions from his left. Abd-el-Kader,

too wary to meet such a foe on the Frenchman's own terms, pushed rapidly forward, and placed himself across the main road leading to Mascara. His left, with his few guns, was posted on a height; his right was covered by a wood. No general could have better chosen his ground. The defect lay, not in himself, but in the quality of his irregular troops. He could not give them the firmness and discipline of good European infantry. His advanced posts were soon driven in. The charges of his Arab cavalry were repulsed by shells and rockets. Abd-el-Kader, directing in person the fire of his guns, saw a French brigade in some confusion. He charged at once with his infantry. The Arabs and Kabyles went bravely on, but they were driven back in confusion by the Frenchmen. Meanwhile, after some hours' hard fighting, the French had occupied the wood on the Arab right, and their guns had pushed well up the main road. The Arabs then fell back at all points. All the Sultan's efforts could preserve no order in the retreat. His regular infantry disbanded in the night. Some of the cavalry of the tribes rode off home; others hurried away and began to plunder Mascara. Abd-el-Kader retired to his family property about two leagues from the town. He was almost alone; his army had melted away. His greatness of soul did not quit him. He bade his few followers take heart. When his mother, in her compassion, came near to console him, he took her hand in his and said, "Women, mother, have need of pity, not men."

On December 6, 1835, the victorious French marshal entered Mascara, finding it deserted by all but a wretched crowd of Jews. Two days later, he quitted the place, and on the next day a horseman rode up to the gates. It was Abd-el-Kader. News of his presence spread, and some Arabs soon appeared. The Aga, a high official, of the Hashems, was there with the royal parasol, which he had carried off in the flight. When he offered it, Abd-el-Kader, with a sarcastic smile, cried, "Keep it for yourself; you may one of

these days be Sultan." There was matter, as concerned the defeat, for the Sultan both to forgive and to punish. There had been timidity, and some treachery, displayed. As the day wore on, some of the fugitive chiefs came dropping in. They were received with contemptuous looks. At last one ventured to ask him if he had any orders to give them. "My orders!" he cried. "Yes, my orders are that you instantly relieve me from the burden you imposed upon me, and which the interests of religion alone have enabled me to support up to this hour. Let the tribes make choice of my successor. I am going with my family to Morocco." Then chiefs and men fell before him, kissing his hands, his feet, his burnous, with entreaties for pardon and promises of future fidelity. "He was their father, their Sultan, the chosen of God to lead on the Djehad; their lives were his; if he left them they had nought to do but surrender to the infidels." At these last words, Abd-el-Kader turned round abruptly, and, with the blood mantling in his cheeks, he exclaimed, "God's will be done; but remember, I swear never to enter Mascara, except to go to the mosque, until you have avenged your ignominious defeat. I see traitors amongst you; Mamoor yonder is one; let him be hung." The man was at once taken out and executed.

Confidence was restored, and dispatches went out that night from the royal tent, summoning the tribes to a renewal of hostilities. On the morrow, the hero, cheerful as ever, towering over misfortune, dauntless in defeat, mighty in disaster, went forth at the head of six thousand horsemen, to attack and harass the French column as, wrapped in storm, drenched with rain, and benumbed with cold, it pursued its march on Mostaganem. The Sultan had already regained his ascendancy. Everywhere he was in possession of the field. Tribes who had veered towards submission to the invaders were punished by heavy fines. Clausel strove to open negotiations for peace, on condition that the Sultan

should acknowledge French sovereignty. Abd-el-Kader replied that he wished to know precisely what extent of power and territory he was to hold, as well as the obligations he would have to fulfil. Meanwhile, the French marshal marched against Tlemsen, on promise of aid from Mustapha-ben-Ismaïl. The Sultan, hearing of this, made a swift descent on the town, drove Mustapha and the Koulouglis back into the citadel, routed the Beni-Engad tribe, and then retired, unmolested, with all the people, to Ouchda, on the Morocco frontier, as Clausel approached with eight thousand men. The French entered Tlemsen on January 13, 1836. The marshal wrung the amount of a hundred thousand francs out of Mustapha and his supporters, by threats, blows, and even torture, in proof of the sincerity of their adhesion to the French cause. This treatment of allies was worth a victory to Abd-el-Kader in its effect upon the tribes.

The French commander then marched out, on January 23, in order to establish a direct communication between Tlemsen and the coast. His object was to reach the mouth of the Tafna, but mountains intervened. He soon found himself confronted by the Sultan and his array. A conflict raged for ten successive days. The Arab commander, attempting no regular formation, took advantage of hills, ravines, rocks, and rivers at every point, and Clausel was forced to retreat on Tlemsen with heavy loss. After placing a garrison in the citadel, he returned with his column to Oran, harassed by his foe to the very gates. On arriving at Algiers, he issued a proclamation declaring the war to be finished in the utter defeat of the Sultan and his flight to the Sahara.

Covering his discomfiture by this mendacious announcement, worthy of his former master, Napoleon, the marshal returned to France in April, leaving orders with General d'Arlanges, in command at Oran, to make a fortified camp on the Tafna, and to open thence the desired line of communication with Tlemsen. By April 16 the French general,

with great difficulty, arrived at the Tafna with three thousand infantry and eight guns. After forming an entrenched camp on the river-banks he marched out, on April 21, to open the road to Tlemsen. The Sultan, who had been watching events from a position commanding the roads from the Tafna to Tlemsen and to Oran, came down from the heights, enveloped the French with masses of Arabs and Kabyles, and forced them to withdraw to the camp. The exertions needed on the part of Abd-el-Kader in order to effect the gathering of forces and the isolation of French garrisons, were almost incredible. In order to keep the whole country on the alert, he had for weeks been traversing the mountains of the Kabyles in the Tafna country. Through toilsome days and sleepless nights, he had been summoning, preaching, and haranguing, thereby raising the enthusiasm of the mountaineers to a pitch of frenzy. When the time for action came, they rushed to the combat like wild beasts, closed at once with the French infantry, grappled with them in single combat, swept through their ranks, and rushed up to the cannon's mouth.

The French government, provoked by this determined and harassing warfare, poured in reinforcements. On June 6, 1836, General Bugeaud, an able veteran who was to prove Abd-el-Kader's most formidable opponent, landed at the mouth of the Tafna with three fresh regiments. The attempt to force a way to Tlemsen was renewed, and with success. The Sultan, in a long and desperate battle on the banks of the Sikkah, was completely defeated. The tribes, to a great degree, dispersed to their homes. Nothing, however, could weaken the iron will of Abd-el-Kader. He knew that a wave of his sword would, after one fresh success, bring the warriors back to his standard. He heard of a certain chief who had raised a revolt and assumed the title of Sultan. He drew his sword from the scabbard, hung it at his saddle-bow, and vowed never to sheathe it or to dismount until

the traitor's head was off. He knew that his man was among the Beni-Amers, and he went almost alone and demanded his surrender. The rebel was given up, and Abd-el-Kader's vow was soon fulfilled.

The Sultan's system of warfare was, in the highest degree, trying for the French. Their garrisons at various points were reduced to extremities by the activity of his movements in all directions and by the vigilance of his management of blockade. Their posts in the interior were completely cut off from the coast. No friendly tribes could supply the French with provisions. From Oran and from the Tafna camp it was needful to move out in large bodies, with a great train of beasts of burden bearing supplies. At Tlemsen the French commander, Cavaignac, was reduced to dining on cats purchased at forty francs a head.

In November 1836 Clausel returned to his post as governor-general, and utterly failed in his siege of the great fortress of Constantine, the stronghold of Achmet Bey, the last representative of the Turkish power in Algeria. When the expedition failed, the Sultan from his head-quarters at Medea sent orders for a general advance against all the French possessions between the Atlas and the sea-coast. In the province of Oran, little could be effected, but thousands of Arabs and Kabyles, supported by the tribes of Tittery, swept down on the plain of the Metija, sacking and burning the French colonial establishments, slaying and taking captive the colonists, and carrying terror into the city of Algiers. The French garrisons were reduced to famine-point, when the Jew, Durand, whom we have seen as the Sultan's agent at Algiers, induced him to make an arrangement by which the enemy were to receive provisions in exchange for supplies of iron, lead, and sulphur. Tlemsen was to be re-victualled, but only on condition that all the Arab and Kabyle prisoners taken in the battle of Sikkah were sent back to Abd-el-Kader. It was at this juncture that General Bugeaud arrived from France,

at Oran, after a visit home, with instructions either to make peace with the Sultan or to subdue him. The negotiations which ensued show the high position which the Algerian hero had now attained.

The famous "Treaty of the Tafna," concluded between Abd-el-Kader and Bugeaud, was a triumph for the Arab Sultan. With the consent of all the great sheikhs, the leaders of cavalry contingents, the venerable marabouts, and the most distinguished warriors of the province of Oran, the Sultan, not acknowledging the sovereignty of France, but ceding to her a limited portion of the provinces of Oran and Algiers, reserved the free exercise of their religion for all Arabs dwelling on French territory. He undertook to supply the French army with a large quantity of corn and oxen, and to confine the commerce of the regency to French ports. In return, he received the administration of the larger part of the provinces of Oran and Algiers, and the whole of Tittery; the important right of buying powder, sulphur, and weapons in France; and freedom of trade between the Arabs and the French. In ceding the province of Tittery, Bugeaud had violated the strict orders of the French government, alleging in excuse to the Minister of War that any other arrangement was "impossible." The treaty, in fact, confined the French to a few towns on the sea-coast, with small adjacent territories. All the fortresses and strongholds in the interior were left in the hands of Abd-el-Kader. He was the possessor of two-thirds of Algeria, and he appeared before the world as the friend and ally of France.

The treaty was held by the French government to be a high stroke of policy, converting an enemy into an ally. The French people regarded it as a humiliating surrender of French territory to a rival power. It was the culminating point of Abd-el-Kader's career. He had now, however, to deal with difficulties arising from opposition among the Arabs for whose independence he had been so gallantly striving. Many of the

tribes, freed for the time, through the Sultan's genius and audacity, from the toils and perils of war, wished to resume their separate existence. They could see no need for a central government, and declined to contribute to the expenses of its maintenance. In the southern parts of the province of Tittery a league was formed to resist the payment of all imposts.

With contingents from his faithful tribes in the province of Oran, forming an effective force of eight thousand cavalry and a thousand infantry, joined by his khalifa at Miliana with four thousand horsemen and a thousand foot, and with some field-guns, the Sultan defeated the rebels in three days' battle and returned in triumph to Medea. His approach to the gates was hailed by thousands of villagers welcoming their mighty chief; garlands of flowers were strewn on his path, and perfumed waters were sprinkled on his head. He rode straight to the mosque, where he prayed and preached. For weeks presents and offerings poured in from all quarters. The great sheikhs, the marabouts, the cadis of Tittery and some from Oran, headed by the khalifas of districts, came in state to congratulate the victorious Sultan.

His next task was to deal with ten powerful and numerous tribes, the Beni-Arasch, far away on the edge of the great Sahara desert, two hundred miles from Oran. These people, through their principal chief and marabout, declined to acknowledge him as Sultan, and had always refused to send cavalry contingents. On June 12, 1838, Abd-el-Kader advanced towards their fortified town, Ain Maadi, with six thousand cavalry, three thousand infantry, six mortars, and three field-guns. The place was reached after a tedious march of ten days over sandy wastes. The chieftain and marabout, El Tejini, taken by surprise, had barely time to close the gates and arrange defence with his garrison of only six hundred Arabs. Some breaches were made by the Sultan's artillery, but these were repaired. Then mining was resorted to, and the siege was prolonged for

months. Supplies of food became almost exhausted on both sides, and ammunition was all but expended. In this strait, the greatest in which he had hitherto found himself, Abd-el-Kader received three siege-pieces and a supply of ammunition from his French allies. On November 17 Tejini surrendered. His town was razed to the ground. Two of the Beni-Arasch tribes at once sent in their tribute. The other tribes still refused.

Abd-el-Kader then returned to Mascara, and prepared for another expedition, as it was of vital importance to enforce obedience. In a few weeks' time, five thousand cavalry were ready to start. It was the depth of winter. Each man carried only a bag of wheat and a bag of barley. There were no mules or tents. After a start to the north-west in order to deceive any spies of the tribes, the force, headed by the Sultan, bore off south-east, pursuing their way for four days and nights, with occasional halts for food and rest. At dawn on the fifth day, the vast encampment of the Beni-Arasch burst upon the view, stretching away to the horizon. More than ten thousand tents covered the plain. The Arabs were asleep. A wild, prolonged shout awoke them to see a whirlwind of horse rushing on. The women and children were spared, but "those dogs," the men, as Abd-el-Kader styled them, were charged, chased, and cut down by hundreds. The principal sheikhs were taken prisoners, and, on their piteous entreaties, were spared from death. The tribes were compelled to pay up, on the spot, five years' arrears of the regular imposts, and to supply four thousand camels and thirty thousand sheep. There was no more trouble from the Beni-Arasch tribes; they became Abd-el-Kader's most faithful adherents.

During the year 1839 the Sultan was engaged in the work of a statesman, legislator, administrator, and reformer, displaying wonderful activity, enterprise, vigour, and intellectual power, as the founder of an empire which, for the

happiness of Algeria, was to be too short-lived. After the Tafna Treaty he had received a magnificent present of arms from Louis Philippe, King of the French, and, as a man who had subdued, either by arms or by persuasive eloquence, the hardy, high-spirited Kabyles, he stood high in the estimation of his fellow Moslem rulers, in Morocco and Egypt, Tripoli and Tunis, and of the Ulemas, or bodies of learned doctors in divinity and law, at Alexandria and Mecca, who watched with joy, and with ardent expectation of yet higher things, the career of one who seemed destined to revive the pristine glories of Islâm. The great Sultan, in order to consolidate his power, both against the French and over the Arabs, constructed a number of forts on the limits of the Tell; at Sebdou, on the west; at Saida, south of Tlemsen; at Tekedemt, south of Mascara; at Boghar, south of Miliana; to the south of Medea, and to the south-east of Algiers. Tekedemt, an old Roman town about sixty miles south-east of Oran, was designed to be the capital, as a great centre of commerce between the Tell and the Sahara. The first stone of the new city and fortress had been laid by the Sultan in May 1836, and as the place grew, a population of settlers from Mascara, Mostaganem, and other towns, poured in. Large stores of warlike munitions were formed, and a factory, worked by mechanics from Paris on liberal wages, turned out eight new muskets a day. A mint of silver and copper coins was established. The defences carried twelve cannon and six mortars. A French observer, who was a prisoner at the time when the Sultan was personally directing the works at Tekedemt, describes his simple costume, like that of a labourer; his large, tall hat, plaited with palm leaves; his "incomparable grace" and "fascinating smile" as he saluted the man who was rather a guest than a captive.

The reforms of Abd-el-Kader included a regular police, schools, and local tribunals of justice. All the chief towns had factories conducted by Europeans, working in brass and

iron, cotton and wool. The army contained the finest irregular cavalry in the world, amounting, with all the contingents from the tribes, to about sixty thousand men, only a third of whom, however, were ever assembled for any single military operation. His regular force comprised eight thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, twenty field-guns, and two hundred and forty artillerymen. His great ideal embraced the making the Arabs into one nation; the recall of the whole people to a strict observance of religious duties; the inspiring them with true patriotism; the calling forth of all their capabilities for war, for commerce, for agriculture, and for mental improvement; and the crowning of the whole by the impress of European civilisation. In laying a foundation for this mighty work, he had already overcome vast difficulties by means of wonderful enterprise, activity, and vigour. His intellectual greatness had caused him to shine as a warrior, diplomatist, orator, and statesman. The provinces of Oran and Tittery, and the plains of the northern Sahara, had been won by his military prowess. A still nobler triumph, in the exhibition of moral power, was beheld in his dealings with the region called Great Kabylia, the superb range of the Djurjura mountains extending eastwards from Algiers. The hardy Kabyles of that territory had remained unsubdued amidst the changing governments which had risen and fallen around them. As independent little republics, bound together by the most exalted spirit of freedom, they had ever preserved their usages, customs, and laws. In September 1839 Abd-el-Kader, attended by only fifty horsemen, suddenly appeared amongst them. Thousands gathered around his tent from the valleys and fastnesses. He addressed them in a stirring and argumentative harangue, pointing out union under his standard as the only safeguard against French conquest. With loud shouts they accepted his faithful khalifa, Ben Salem, as their chief in war, and agreed to pay the regular imposts, and to go forth to the Djehad. For thirty days the Sultan made a

progress through the country, everywhere received with joy and enthusiasm as a venerated hadj and marabout, as a teacher of the law, as a man of pious life, as a renowned warrior and an eloquent preacher. We cannot dwell here on his educational and moral reforms, his earnest efforts to enforce the teaching of the Koran which was his guide in his public and private life. His beneficent intentions were all to be frustrated by the ambition of an European nation which was to signally fail, not in the work of conquering Abd-el-Kader, but in turning her conquest to good account.

Hastily drawn treaties are a prolific source of war. The Treaty of the Tafna was a flagrant example of this class of diplomatic documents. There were two drafts: one in Arabic, with the Sultan's seal; the other in French, with Bugeaud's. The drafts were not carefully compared. The limits of territory assigned to each of the parties were not made clear. One instance of the lack of identity in the two forms of the instrument will suffice. The French form declared that Abd-el-Kader acknowledged the sovereignty of France. The Sultan had never dreamed of making an admission which, in its effect on the tribes, would have cost him his throne. What he had written, in Arabic, in the article which he subscribed was, properly translated, "The Emir Abd-el-Kader acknowledges that there is a French Sultan, and that he is great." A new governor-general, Marshal Valée, had assumed his functions at Algiers in November 1837. Disputes arose as to the territorial rights of the Sultan under the Tafna Treaty, and after vain negotiations and missions to and fro, matters were brought to a head by Marshal Valée in the dispatch of an expedition to march over some disputed ground as a demonstration of French power and an assertion of French rights. A column under the Duc d'Orléans started from Milah, in the province of Constantine, lately conquered by the French, to march across the disputed territory and thence onwards. A way was gained through a formidable

pass called the "Iron Gates," in October, 1839, by a simple process. The defile was one which a few hundred men could have held against any force, but the Kabyle sheikhs were shown passports, bearing Abd-el-Kader's seal, authorising the passage of French troops. The seal of the Sultan had been forged. On November 1 Valée and the French prince made a triumphant entry into Algiers, after this despicable piece of treachery, and were saluted as the heroes of the "Iron Gates."

The news reached Abd-el-Kader at Tekedemt. He sprang on his horse, and in forty-eight hours, riding night and day, he was at Medea, whence he dispatched a reproachful and defiant letter to the French governor. He called the tribesmen to arms, formally declared war, swept down on the plains, destroyed the French cantonments, agricultural establishments, and outposts; slew many colonists, burnt the villages, and drove panic-stricken fugitives headlong into the city of Algiers. The French government then ostentatiously declared the adoption of a firm policy and announced Algeria to be "henceforth and for ever a French province." Reinforcements were rapidly sent to Algiers, and the effective army of Valée was soon raised to thirty thousand men. The Sultan headed about the same number of cavalry, regular and irregular, and six thousand regular infantry. A fair trial of strength, Frenchman against Arab, was now to be made.

Concentrating his army at Blidah, at the foot of the lesser Atlas range, the French marshal marched on Medea and Miliana. The river Chiffa was passed on April 27, 1840. The Sultan's cavalry appeared in large numbers. By a feigned movement, Abd-el-Kader induced his enemy to enter the mountains by the gorges of the Monzaia, which he had spent months in fortifying. Every eminence useful for the purpose was cut into entrenchments. A redoubt with heavy batteries crowned the highest peak. Near this were placed his regular infantry, officered by French deserters. Arabs and Kabyles

swarmed in all directions, and, crouching in nooks, were ready to open fire on the French army as it wound its way with steady march along the narrow causeway which hung midway on the mountain slopes. Valée had divided his force into three columns, one of which was led by Lamoricière, a man to become famous in Algerian warfare. The Sultan was now to see the value of French infantry. To the astonishment of the Arabs, the enemy, leaving the road, came darting over the steeps. Ravines, woods, and rocks were all mastered in the rush. Slowly but surely they were reaching the entrenchments, when a thick veil came over the scene from the smoke of incessant fire. The mist rolled away before the breeze sweeping through the pass, and the combatants met and fought hand to hand. The Arabs and Kabyles clung desperately to their places of shelter, but the French clambered up, grasping at shrubs and branches, ever winning their way. Abd-el-Kader made a last stand in person at the great redoubt, while his regulars and masses of Kabyles gathered round him. The converging columns of the French came creeping on amid the roll of drums and the clang of trumpets. The Arabs, bewildered by foes attacking them both in front and rear, wavered, broke, and fled. Lamoricière and his Zouaves, Changarnier and the Second Light Infantry, burst over the entrenchments, and the tricolour waved on the summit of the Atlas.

Abd-el-Kader retreated on Miliana, while the conqueror, entering Medea, found it abandoned and half burnt. The Sultan had made his last attempt to fight the French on the principles of European warfare. His khalifas and chiefs were ordered never again to meet the enemy in masses, but to harass them in hanging on their flanks and rear, cutting their communications, attacking baggage and transports, and waging a contest of feigned retreats, ambuscades, and sudden sallies in order to bewilder and weary the foe. Miliana was evacuated by Abd-el-Kader on Valée's approach, but the

chance of Arab warfare came when the French entered the mountain passes. Unceasing attacks, day and night, caused severe loss to the lately victorious French, with the capture of baggage, and the abandonment of all wounded men. The French garrisons in Medea and Miliana were soon reduced to want by blockade of the surrounding country, and by October 1840 the garrison of Miliana had almost disappeared from fever and famine. Out of fifteen hundred men, the half had perished, five hundred were in hospital, and the remainder were haggard wretches who could hardly hold their muskets. Such was the warfare in the mountains of the province of Tittery, and Abd-el-Kader by his swift movements kept the enemy ever on the alert, and often in trouble, from the frontiers of Morocco to those of Tunis.

The real and decisive struggle began early in 1841. The right man was at last found by the French to deal with the hitherto indomitable Sultan of Tittery and Oran. The government at Paris had begun, in some sort, to understand the power of their formidable adversary, and a serious effort was to be made. On February 22, 1841, General Bugeaud assumed office as Governor-General of Algeria. He had now come, not in the mood and with the policy of the day when he concluded the Treaty of the Tafna, but as one whose task it was to crush every rival power in Algeria. For this end, eighty-five thousand men were placed under his command. Thomas Bugeaud was a man of great ability, and he has the credit of devising the only method by which such an antagonist as Abd-el-Kader, in such a country, could be subdued. Against an adversary so mobile, so full of expedients and resource, mobility and incessantly offensive movements offered the only chance of success. The French commander knew that it was no mere army, but a people in arms, that he was to encounter. His forces were at once organised in many small, compact columns, each composed of a few infantry battalions and two squadrons of horse, with a little

transport train of mules and camels, and two mountain howitzers. Picked men alone, acclimatised and used to toil, were employed, and they carried nothing but their muskets and ammunition, with a little food. These columns were placed under the command of such energetic leaders as Changarnier and Cavaignac, Canrobert and Pélissier, Bedeau and Lamoricière, St. Arnaud and the Duc d'Aumale.

The campaign opened with the re-victualling of Medea and Miliana, with great losses to the French, as Abd-el-Kader disputed every inch of the ground. Bugeaud, personally operating in Oran, reached Tekedent on May 25, and found it deserted and in flames. Boghar, Saida, and other fortresses were successively destroyed. The enemies of the Sultan were paying a heavy price for success. At the end of 1841 Bugeaud, out of sixty thousand men in the field, had only four thousand fit for duty. The rest had perished, or were invalided for the time, from the toil of marches, incessant fighting, and the heat of the climate. The French government's proposals of peace, on certain terms, only confirmed Abd-el-Kader in his resolve to try the extremities of war.

Bugeaud's main object was to establish permanent centres of action in the very heart of the Arab confederation of tribes, and, by rapidly consecutive expeditions radiating from these centres, to give his troops the ubiquity of Abd-el-Kader's forces. The chief seat of the Sultan's power was the province of Oran, and this was made the principal scene of operations. Mascara was held by Lamoricière, Tlemsen by Bedeau. Changarnier was in observation on the western frontier of the plain of Algiers; Tittery was menaced by D'Aumale. From Oran and Mostaganem three columns were sent forth against the tribes occupying the large expanse of territory lying between the Atlas Mountains and the Mediterranean, and the tribes extending towards the Sahara. The first force, headed by Bugeaud in person, marched along the valley of

the Cheliff, and then joined the second column under Changarnier, coming from Blidah. The third body, under Lamoricière, aimed at pushing Abd-el-Kader back to the south, in order to separate him from the tribes assailed by Changarnier and Bugeaud. The plan of campaign was formidable for the Arabs, but it was encountered by the Sultan with wonderful skill and daring, in a struggle which involved some thrilling episodes. Lamoricière, in his efforts to overtake the foe, was constantly baffled. Hearing that Abd-el-Kader was before Mascara, he hurried thither by forced marches, only to find that his enemy had passed by his rear and was raiding a tribe friendly to the French. Pursuing in the new direction, the French leader was out-manceuvred by the Sultan's bold and rapid dash across the Cheliff, placing his Arabs between Bugeaud and the sea, and recovering his ascendancy over the tribes in that region. Abd-el-Kader then swept in a razzia to the south of Miliana, and soon appeared, in full force, in the Sahara, as the bewildered French pursuers returned, in despair of reaching him, to their cantonments. This is a sample of the evolutions by which genius made amends for inferiority of force. The ablest military combinations were rendered abortive by an enemy that was ever slipping between columns, flitting in the front, hovering on the flanks, assailing the rear, and, with perfect knowledge of the country, was sometimes in the mountains, and, again, in the plains, ubiquitous, unattainable for serious conflict.

Abd-el-Kader, leaving his khalifas to maintain this exasperating species of warfare in the province of Oran, made for the frontiers of Morocco. There many tribes had submitted under the influence of Bedeau's military and diplomatic skill. The Sultan's communications with the country whence he drew his weapons, clothing, and ammunition, were seriously threatened. His appearance at once brought back the Kabyles of Nedrouma to their allegiance, and their example was followed by other tribes, with the result that his army

was increased to the number of three thousand cavalry and five thousand infantry. Able now to confront the enemy, Abd-el-Kader, during the months of March and April 1842, had frequent encounters with Bedeau. The issue was yet indecisive when the Sultan was called away to Mascara to deal with Lamoricière, who had been gaining ground and winning over tribes, including even a large part of Abd-el-Kader's own people, the Hashems. Lamoricière, believing the Sultan to be still engaged with Bedeau, had marched towards the Sahara, and Abd-el-Kader, by a mingling of severe punishment and mild treatment, regained most of his old authority. Lamoricière, on receiving the news of his presence, hastened back to find his recent work undone, and to be assailed by the tribes who had so lately joined him. Fighting his way bravely on to an encounter with the great leader of the Arabs, the French general heard of him as in force at Tekedemt. When he reached that place, he found that Abd-el-Kader had fallen on Changarnier towards Miliana. That general, knowing nothing of the Sultan's approach, found himself enveloped by a vast force of Arabs and Kabyles, regulars and irregulars, horse and foot, led on by Abd-el-Kader in person and charging furiously on all sides. After two days and nights of incessant battle, in which men closed fiercely with pistols, swords, bayonets, and yataghans, the Sultan vanished with his force, leaving the French too exhausted and crippled by their losses for pursuit. Two days later, tidings reached them that he was in the Metija, ravaging the plain and carrying terror to the very gates of Algiers. Abd-el-Kader then bore away to the Atlas, ascended the mountains, penetrated beyond Tittery and reached the Sahara, everywhere inspiring the tribes and raising fresh forces. After sweeping over three hundred leagues of ground, he returned, in recruited strength and new energy, to press upon Lamoricière and his garrison at Mascara with all the rigours of a winter blockade.

In spite of his wonderful efforts, the Sultan could not but feel that he was struggling with adverse fortune. The enemy, by the seizure of his fixed establishments, had gained possession of a large part of his territory and of the strongholds that had contained his stores of war. His regular army had almost disappeared, and much of his credit among the Arabs had departed. The ketna which was his ancestral abode had been laid waste. He could not protect the families of his most faithful adherents from constant exposure, in spite of all his vigilant activity, to the outrages of the detested infidels. In this position, he resolved to remove from the scene of warfare those whom it was impossible for him to desert with any regard to feelings of religion and humanity. He formed his famous *Smala*, a new and remarkable organisation consisting of a gathering of private families. To this moving asylum of refuge and safety the Arab tribes sent their treasures, their herds, their women and children, their sick and aged persons. The Smala was a great travelling capital, containing at first more than twenty thousand souls, following the Sultan's movements, in advance to the more cultivated regions, or in retreat to the Sahara, according to the fluctuations of the contest which he was so bravely waging. In the Sahara, the tents of the Smala spread to the distant horizon. In the Tell, they filled the valley and rose up the slopes of the hills. All the arrangements were of military regularity. The different *deiras*, or households, with tents varying in number with their dwellers, were distributed into four great encampments. Each *deira* knew its appointed place. Each chief had his station marked and his special duties assigned. Four tribes were set apart to protect and guide the Smala in its wanderings, and the guard was composed of regular troops. The existence of this organisation, ever growing in extent, became a powerful check on the disaffection of the tribes. When the French leaders tempted them with fair promises, the warriors bethought them of the pledges—the women, the

children, the flocks and herds—which were in the Sultan's hands. The genius of Abd-el-Kader had created a new and widely extended political engine.

We turn aside for a moment from the achievements of the warrior and statesman to record the still nobler deeds of Abd-el-Kader as a man of tender and comprehensive humanity and compassion. In the spring of 1841 the Sultan received a moving letter from the excellent Catholic, and catholic-minded, Bishop of Algiers on behalf of a French prisoner, whose young wife had made an appeal for his intercession. A fitting response was sent, and, in the end, on May 21, an exchange of some hundreds of prisoners on each side was effected at Sidi Khalifa. The bishop had reserved some Arab orphans whose parents had died in French captivity. Abd-el-Kader sent a flock of goats, with the unweaned kids, for "the nourishment of the little children you have adopted, who have lost their mothers." The annals of warfare show few parallels to the generous care and tender sympathy displayed by this great and good man towards his prisoners. He taught, by precept and example, the duty of mercy for captives to the semi-savage tribes. Wherever he was present, Frenchmen in his power were rather guests than prisoners. He often sent them secretly sums of money from his privy purse. They were always well clothed and well fed, and, strict champion of Islâm as he was, he sent a letter to the Bishop of Algiers, a kindred spirit, desiring him to dispatch a priest to his camp, to be "treated with honour as becomes his double character of a man of God and your representative," that he might pray with and console the French prisoners, correspond with their families and thus procure for them money, clothes, books, and other things to soften the unavoidable rigours of their captivity. The only condition made was a solemn promise from the priest never to allude in his letters to the Sultan's encampments or military movements. One day a French prisoner, to whom apostasy had been suggested,

exclaimed in Abd-el-Kader's presence, "As for me, I will never renounce my religion. You may cut off my head, but make me a renegade, never!" "Be perfectly easy; your life is sacred with me," cried the Sultan. "I like to hear such language. You are a brave and loyal man, and merit my esteem. I honour courage in religion more than courage in war." He hated the very thought of women becoming the victims of warfare, and when the cavalry of one of his Khalifas brought him four young women as a brilliant prize, he turned away in disgust, with the words, "Lions attack strong animals: jackals fall upon the weak." The highest testimony to Abd-el-Kader's many magnanimous acts, known only to the French superior officers whom he encountered or with whom he corresponded, is borne by the words of a general officer: "We were obliged to conceal these things as much as we could from our soldiers, for if they suspected them we should never have got them to fight with the due ardour against Abd-el-Kader."

Converted, animated, inspired by his noble example, the Sultan's chiefs and delegates for the most part showed sympathy and kindness to their captive foes. All the offices of comfort for the forlorn were discharged by Abd-el-Kader's mother, the mild and gentle Leila Zohra. She assumed the guardianship of all female prisoners. They occupied a tent close to her own. Two of her negro slaves guarded the entrances. Every morning they received from her own hands presents of oil, butter, meat, and other articles of food. In sickness she nursed them with maternal care.

We must here note, in order to render due honour to our subject, that not only did Abd-el-Kader, by his humanity, inaugurate a new era in the treatment of prisoners of war amongst the Arabs, but it was owing to him that French soldiers were ever spared to be prisoners at all. The very word "prisoner" had been, until his day of power, unknown amongst the savage tribes. The custom had been to show no quarter, and to count their vanquished foes by the number

of heads brought in dangling on their horses' flanks. Abd-el-Kader risked a general insurrection in order to effect a change, but he went steadily on until he had brought about a moral revolution. One of his men, at the beginning of this reform, insolently asked, "How much will you give for a prisoner?" "Eight dollars." "And how much for a head cut off?" "Twenty-five blows on the soles of the feet." At a grand council of all the khalifas, the agas, and the chiefs of tribes, three hundred men being present, the Sultan made an oration proving from the Koran the duty of sparing surrendered foes, and a majority approved his issue of a decree offering a reward of eight dollars for every male, and ten dollars for every female, French or other Christian prisoner brought in safe and sound. Every Arab having such a prisoner was held responsible for the good treatment of the captive. Hundreds of copies of the decree were made, and distributed throughout all the towns, villages, and collections of tents, in Abd-el-Kader's dominions. Severe punishment was inflicted in known cases of disobedience, and in a short time the French had no longer reason to dread falling alive into the hands of the Arabs.

When the French leaders had learned to appreciate the importance of the *smala*, its capture or dispersal became a chief object with all officers from the generals of corps to the colonels in charge of detachments. The campaign of 1843 was opened by Lamoricière, who occupied Tekedemt. Abd-el-Kader, with about fifteen hundred horsemen, watched his movements from some neighbouring woods. He knew that the French commander's object was the *smala*, and he remained in ambush for twenty days. He and his men lived on acorns; the horses were fed on leaves. One day a stray sheep was found. The Sultan would have none of it, and said, "Take it to my starving soldiers," as he turned to his meal of acorns. Twice was Lamoricière repulsed in his search, and then a traitor revealed the exact place of the *smala's* encampment. Lamoricière remained to occupy the

attention of Abd-el-Kader, and the French column stationed at Medea was selected for the attack. The leadership was entrusted to the Duc d'Aumale, and on May 10, 1843, he started from Boghar with thirteen hundred infantry, six hundred horse, and two field-guns. The indicated place of encampment was found empty, and the French column wandered about in uncertain fashion. At break of day on May 16 the traitor made known the new spot of the *smala's* halt, and D'Aumale at once daringly advanced with his cavalry alone. The surprise created a panic among the people. The guard of five hundred regulars fired a volley and fled. A handful of the Hashem tribe bravely strove to stem the torrent, but they were swept away in the rout, and in an hour all was over. The *smala* was broken up amidst scenes of terrible confusion and despair, including the extraordinary sight of a promiscuous mass of camels, dromedaries, horses, mules, oxen, and sheep, careering and plunging on the plain. There was little bloodshed, but the French victors were in possession of hostages of the utmost value in the families of Abd-el-Kader's most influential chiefs. His own family had escaped. The booty taken was immense, comprising thousands of animals; the Sultan's valuable library of rare Arabic manuscripts; the military chest containing some millions of francs; and the chests of his khalifas and other high officers, filled with gold and silver coins and costly jewellery. The French soldiers baled out dollars and doubloons in their shakos, and filled their haversacks with diamonds and pearls.

This dreadful blow, when the news reached him in the woods where he watched near Lamoricière's command, almost overwhelmed, for a time, even the exalted and undaunted spirit of the Sultan. He spent some hours alone in his tent, in meditation and prayer. He came forth with a smile and addressed his chiefs, his officers and men, as they stood outside in groups, some downcast and silent, some bitterly

cursing their foe and fate. He reminded them that the dear objects now lost had impeded the movements of the holy war against the infidels; that those who had fallen were now in Paradise. On the next day he wrote to his khalifas, bidding them not to be discouraged; they would thenceforth be lighter and in better order for war. In fact, at the time of the Duc d'Aumale's attack, the population of the *smala* amounted to not less than sixty thousand. Not more than three thousand prisoners were taken; the rest of the Arabs were dispersed in all directions. Some fell among Arab tribes who plundered them; others were overtaken by Lamoricière. The blow was, on the whole, irreparable in its effects upon the influence of the Sultan. Every day brought tidings of the defection of some great tribe. The ranks of his enemies were swelled by large contingents of Arabs.

Worse things were in store for the brave man contending with ill-fortune. His ablest khalifas were removed by captivity or death in action; the distant provinces fell a prey to the foe. The province of Oran became the scene of a desperate struggle. With a chosen and devoted band of five thousand men, Abd-el-Kader made his presence felt at all points. Now he fell on recreant tribes; now he made head against the French columns. Ever in the van, leading on the charge, plunging into the thickest of the fight, by his example he encouraged and inspired his followers. His bravest warriors fell around him; his horses were slain under him; his burnous was torn with bullets; but still he fought on. The world's records can show no more brilliant instance of almost superhuman heroism. Once he was taken unawares. On September 23, 1843, he was encamped near Sidi Yoosuf with a battalion of infantry and five hundred irregular horse. A spy made known his position to Lamoricière, who was at a distance of six leagues. The French general at once led out in person the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique. A night's march

covered the intervening space, and the spot was reached in the grey of dawn. The Sultan was aroused from sleep by cries of "The French! the French!" He had barely time to mount. He might have escaped, but he preferred the risk of death to the double stain of surprise and flight. His infantry seized their arms and fired a volley, his cavalry rallied at his voice. Then, as the smoke slowly rolled away, he dashed into the French chasseurs, dispersed them by the sudden shock, and after a few minutes' hard fighting drew off his whole force in perfect order.

The Beni-Amers, the men whose four thousand sabres had waved in exultation around the young leader of the Djehad; the men whose splendid courage had opened before him the path of glory and of empire, had gone over to the French. Abd-el-Kader resolved to attack them. Suddenly descending upon them, he swept through their encampments, slew numbers, and carried off a great booty. A French battalion stationed amongst them vainly strove to arrest his progress. An Arab chief, one of his old followers, boldly singled him out, rode up, and fired at him point blank. The ball missed, and Abd-el-Kader shot the traitor dead with his pistol.

The Sultan knew that all was lost, unless he could obtain external aid. The *smala* was now reduced to his own *deira*, a bare thousand souls, wandering about in miserable fashion. After another desperate engagement with Lamoricière, during which the Arab women cheered on the warriors, and Abd-el-Kader and his men, fighting in the presence of their wives and children, performed new prodigies of valour, he succeeded in safely establishing the non-combatants on the territory of Morocco. At this time, as the Sultan knew, political relations between France and England had an aspect threatening war. He sent an embassy to England, with a letter to the Queen, holding out the prospect of an alliance with the Arabs, as an independent nation, which would present an impassable barrier to French aggrandisement in Africa. The letter was,

of course, placed in the hands of the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel. The Foreign Secretary at this time was the Earl of Aberdeen, the man whose timid irresolution, at a later date, let his country drift into the costly and useless Crimean War. An interview with the Queen was sought by Abd-el-Kader's agent, and refused. An answer to his letter was promised, but was never sent. A like fruitless application was made to the Sultan of Turkey. The Arab leader next turned to the Sultan of Morocco, pointing out the common danger from French ambition; but he met with no support. Abd-el-Kader then, summoning a few faithful followers, disappeared for some months in the Sahara.

Bugeaud, now become a marshal, wrote to his government, declaring that all serious warfare was finished. In the summer of 1844, the violation of Abderrahman's territory by French troops under Lamoricière and Bedeau led to some warfare, in which the Morocco troops were twice defeated. The people of the country were strongly in favour of Abd-el-Kader; and when their Sultan, after a French bombardment of Tangiers and Mogador, made a treaty with France, by which the Algerian hero was "placed beyond the pale of the law throughout the empire of Morocco, as well as in Algeria"; and was to be "pursued by main force by the Moroccans on their own territory," the Moorish population were filled with resentment. Letters reached Abd-el-Kader from Fez, the capital, dictated and signed by the first grandes in the state, both civil and military, and from the commercial classes, inviting him to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Had he been a mere adventurer or usurper, he might have lived henceforth, and died, emperor of Morocco. But his whole soul was patriotically bent on one object, the freedom and independence of Algeria. He disdained to wear a borrowed crown. As he afterwards declared, "his religion forbade him to injure a sovereign chosen and appointed by God."

During the year 1844 the Sultan had made a rapid incursion into the Tell, everywhere appealing to the tribes; but he found the national spirit overawed by the presence of French detachments in all directions, and he returned to his *deira* in despondent spirit. He now received appeals from some of his devoted khalifas to undertake a fresh campaign, especially from the loyal and chivalrous Ben Salem, who dwelt in the gorges of the Djurjura mountains, a locality already seen in this narrative. To him Abd-el-Kader replied, promising to come "as soon as affairs in the west were settled." Months passed away, and the Arab tribes who had submitted began to feel the pressure of French domination, and to resent the supercilious conduct of French officials. In the spring of 1845, their former Sultan reappeared. He swept down into the valley of the Tafna, and routed and cut to pieces a French detachment. In this action the lower part of his right ear was carried away by a musket-ball, the only wound which he ever received. Another detachment of six hundred men laid down their arms without firing a shot. Some stir was made among the Arabs by these successes, and the French commanders took alarm. Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Bedeau wrote pressing letters for reinforcements, and urged the return of Bugeaud. The most formidable foe of Abd-el-Kader reached the scene of action in October 1845, bringing fresh forces, and in a week he took the field at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men. This fact is the highest eulogy that can be accorded to the military prowess of the man who so long defied the power of France.

The great army was broken up into fourteen divisions, or flying columns, each complete in infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and these bodies of troops scoured Algeria in every direction, some acting in concert, others independently, and crushing out all resistance with fire and sword. Men were slain without mercy, houses burnt, crops fired, fugitives smothered alive in caves. One body, styled "The Infernal Column,"

was led by St. Arnaud, a man of evil renown in later days in Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* of December 1851. About this time, before the French columns started on their conquering and devastating career, Abd-el-Kader carried his standards into the plains of Mascara. There he was hailed with all the old enthusiasm. The tribes which had submitted to the French gathered round him. A sortie of the garrison at Mascara was repulsed with loss, and two French entrenched camps were strictly blockaded. Adopting his old tactics of irregular warfare, the Sultan advanced to Tekedemt with six thousand cavalry, and prepared to descend into the valley of the Cheliff, when he heard of an important tribe, the Beni-Shaib, as about to join the French. Their region lay a hundred and fifty miles off to the south, but Abd-el-Kader soon swooped down on them, seized their chiefs, carried off their flocks and emptied their coffers.

As soon as the French commanders heard of the Sultan's presence in the Tell, a movement of concentration was made. Columns under Lamoricière, Bedeau, Marcey, and Yoosuf, an Arab officer of much ability in the French service, were all set in motion. Lamoricière first came up with the destined prey on December 1, 1845. Abd-el-Kader was protecting the emigration of several tribes who, under his direction, were withdrawing into the desert. At a signal-gun from Lamoricière the three other French divisions hurried up; but not so quickly as to catch the Sultan. He was always admirably served by spies, and he had received notice in time to foil the foe. Within forty-eight hours he was far away in the Ouarensis country. Bugeaud, Lamoricière, Yoosuf, and St. Arnaud followed him with all speed, but their enemy for some weeks led them a fruitless dance through the valleys of the Cheliff. This campaign ended with Abd-el-Kader's slipping between the columns of Bugeaud and Lamoricière, making a razzia on the Beni-Esdama, a recreant tribe between Mascara and Tekedemt, carrying off all their cattle and abundance of

wheat and barley, and retiring without loss into the Sahara. He now conceived the daring project of visiting the Djurjura mountains, rousing the Kabyles and making a dash into the Metija plain.

The Sultan left the Sahara in February 1846, followed by part of the Beni-Hassan tribe; passed to the east of Medea, made a razzia, on the way, on a recreant tribe, and reached the appointed region, where the Kabyles stood ready for his bidding. With five thousand warriors, he swept down into the plains, ravaged and destroyed the French colonies, and advanced to within four hours of the city of Algiers. The French generals were all the while looking for him in the high ground of the Tell. In the same month, however, while he was engaged in midnight prayer in his encampment at the foot of the Djurjura, the French came upon him. He sprang on his horse and called on his men. The Chasseurs closed around him. He fought with them single-handed, until two horses were shot under him. He then stood his ground on foot, and at last escaped in the confusion and gloom. On February 28 Abd-el-Kader summoned a council of war, which was attended by deputies from all the Kabyle tribes. News of Bugeaud's advance with large forces arrived during the discussion, and a majority voted for submission.

The Sultan then left them to their own devices, and in a few hours was far away. On March 7, near Bayhan, he surprised, routed, and plundered some Douairs who had joined the French, with his body-guard of two thousand horse, and carried off a vast booty, borne by all the mules and camels of the defeated tribesmen. The victor made for the Sahara, and on March 13, as he brought up the rear-guard with seventy men, he was overtaken and attacked by General Yoosuf. The ground was open, greatly to the advantage of the French. Abd-el-Kader was conspicuous on a white charger. Alternately firing and charging, he kept the enemy at bay, until forty of his men had been slain

in desperate fight ; and at length, after displaying his usual wondrous valour, the Sultan vanished from the view in a defile. At a later day in Paris, Yoosuf expressed to the hero the admiration aroused in him and his followers by the Sultan's conduct on that day.

In the Sahara, where Abd-el-Kader had hoped to recruit his forces amongst the tribes, he found that the French had forestalled him. Their columns and detachments were everywhere felt. The tribes from whose resources the Sultan had long supplied his wants had been forced to submit. Everywhere he met nothing but weariness and despair. With his faithful escort he returned to his *deira* in Morocco. The French demanded his immediate expulsion, and Abderrahman dispatched an order for his withdrawal from Moorish territory. On his refusal, the Moorish tribes, under their sovereign's orders, refused to sell provisions to Abd-el-Kader, and his foraging parties were attacked and robbed. After patient endurance for six months, the exile assumed a hostile attitude, and patrolled the country with his body-guard of twelve hundred cavalry and eight hundred infantry. The Moorish aggressors were severely chastised, and again supplies poured in. Moorish tribes increased Abd-el-Kader's military force, and in July 1847, when the *deira* was menaced by a large army under Abderrahman's nephew, Mouley Hashem, the Arab leader fell upon his camp by night, routed the whole force, and captured a large booty, including two thousand pounds in English gold. On his return to camp, he found that a tribe had carried off all his camels. Without a moment's repose, he pursued the marauders, slew over a hundred men, and captured all their sheikhs. These successes made a fresh stir in the Moorish empire, and some emigrant Algerian tribes, located by Abderrahman's order within three days' march of Fez, longed to rejoin their adored chief. Amongst these tribes were the Beni-Amer, who begged for his presence amongst them. The Moorish

Sultan sent a large force, and the tribe, taken unawares, was cut to pieces, while the women and children were carried away as slaves.

The end of the great career was rapidly coming. After another vain appeal to the Moorish ruler, even Abd-el-Kader felt that all was lost. A French writer, in the *Biographie Générale*, truly declares, "The greatness of the man was strikingly displayed in the very hour of his downfall. Destitute of resources, surrounded by foes, at open enmity with the Emperor of Morocco, wandering like a hunted lion, with hardly any comrade but his horse, no shelter except his tent, Abd-el-Kader still inspired a terror which forced his enemies to keep a great army on foot in Algeria for protection against possible attacks at his hand." In his *deira*, at this time, all was despondency and grief. His own brothers had abandoned him. Ben Salem, the faithful, long-trying, devoted friend and follower, was a voluntary prisoner in the French camp. Abd-el-Kader's whole force was under two thousand men, but among these were twelve hundred horsemen, the flower of the Algerian cavalry. Most of them had been his inseparable comrades, partakers in all his hardships and dangers throughout his career. During a short period of rest, he summoned them daily around him, and aroused new enthusiasm among the bronzed veterans by his eloquent words.

On December 9, 1847, the *deira* was stationed on Moorish territory, at Agueddin, on the left bank of the Melouia. It comprised in all about five thousand souls. On the next day, news arrived that a great Moorish host under the Sultan's two sons was only three hours' march away. On January 11 Abd-el-Kader gathered his armed force, started at dead of night, and fell furiously on the first division of Moors and Arabs. The slumbering foe awoke to see the thick darkness illumined by flashes of light from muskets. Seized with panic, the men rushed away in all directions, abandoning

arms, tents, and baggage. In the meantime, Abd-el-Kader and his men swept onwards, and attacked the second division, which was also defeated and dispersed. In half an hour the third division was reached. This force had time to prepare for defence, and the assailants withdrew before a steady fire of infantry and artillery to an adjacent hill. At midday five thousand Moorish cavalry moved out against Abd-el-Kader's little army. At charging distance, he led on his men, swept through the foe, and by a skilful combination of assault and retreat, regained his *deira*, by the river Melouia, before sunset. The *deira* had nearly effected its passage across the river, with the baggage and the spoils taken from the enemy, when the Moorish army was seen cautiously advancing. The situation was full of peril. The *deira* had never been so exposed. The ammunition was expended, and the infantry were thus counted out of fight. Abd-el-Kader could only depend on his "Old Guard," his matchless cavalry. At length the Melouia was passed, and though the foe were pressing on, he would not leave its banks until the non-combatants had gained a full hour in advance. Then the *deira* crossed another stream, and reached a place of safety, for the time, on French territory. Not a life had been lost, not a beast of burden, of all that crowd of men, women, children, and animals. Coolness, intrepidity, and skill had been their protectors. Of the fighting men, however, more than two hundred had been slain, and nearly all the rest were suffering from wounds.

Abd-el-Kader now turned towards the hills, inhabited by a tribe which still, in part, adhered to him. His horsemen followed him in anxious silence, suffering and exhausted. The rain fell in torrents. Their chief was tormented by conflicting thoughts. A French camp was visible in the distance, three hours' march away, occupying a pass. He and his cavalry might yet escape, by narrow defiles, into the

Sahara. But what of his aged mother, his wife and children, his helpless followers, in the *deira*? All would become captives to the foe. He called his men around him, and reminded them of the oath which, eight years before, on the renewal of the war, they had taken at Medea, that they would never forsake him in any danger or suffering. All declared themselves ready still to adhere to it. He set before them the peril of the people in the *deira*, and suggested submission. All the warriors cried, "Perish women and children so long as you are safe and able to renew the battles of God. You are our head, our Sultan; fight or surrender, as you will, we will follow you wherever you choose to lead." After a few moments' pause, Abd-el-Kader declared that the struggle was over. The tribes were tired of the war, and there was nothing left but submission. He would ask the French for a safe-conduct for himself and his family, and for all who chose to follow him, to another Mussulman country. The universal answer was, "Sultan, let your will be done."

The incessant rain rendered it impossible to write down any terms. Abd-el-Kader therefore affixed his seal to a piece of paper, and dispatched it, in charge of two horsemen, to the French general, as a sign of authorisation on his part for demands to be verbally made. It was Lamoricière who received the two emissaries; and he sent a verbal reply, acceding to all proposals. Abd-el-Kader then sent a letter, and received in reply a written promise and stipulation that the Sultan and his family should be conducted to St. Jean d'Acre or Alexandria. The new governor-general, the Duc d'Aumale, was close at hand, and on the evening of December 23, 1847, the fallen hero, attended by some of his chiefs and men, escorted by five hundred French cavalry, who showed great respect and sympathy for the captives, arrived at head-quarters. Abd-el-Kader, attended by Lamoricière and Cavaignac, was presented to the son of Louis Philippe. The prince pledged himself that Lamoricière's promise and stipulation should be

strictly observed. He little knew that his father's throne was about to fall, and that the decision as to Abd-el-Kader's fate would, within a few weeks, rest in far different hands. The ex-Sultan then withdrew to his *deira*, which had now joined the French encampment.

On the next morning, December 24, the governor-general held a review. His honoured prisoner and guest, riding a splendid black charger of the purest Arab breed, and surrounded by his chiefs, awaited his return from the field. When the prince approached, Abd-el-Kader dismounted, and offered his steed as a present in testimony of his gratitude, and expressed the hope that he might always bear his new master in safety and happiness. The Duc d'Aumale replied, "I accept it as a homage rendered to France, the protection of which country will henceforth be ever extended towards you, and as a sign that the past is forgotten." On December 25 the Algerian hero embarked, with his family and followers, in a French frigate for Toulon. He had seen the last of his native land. Lamoricière accompanied him on board, and supplemented his poor resources with a present of four thousand francs, receiving Abd-el-Kader's sword in return. The *Moniteur* of January 3, 1848, paid a high tribute to the genius and ascendancy of the captive in the words, "The subjugation of Abd-el-Kader is an event of immense importance to France. It assures the tranquillity of our conquest. . . . To-day France can, if necessary, transport to other quarters the hundred thousand men who hold the conquered populations under her yoke."

With his embarkation for France in the last days of the year 1847, the public career of Abd-el-Kader, save for an episode thirteen years later, had an end. No more distinguished man, none more admirable, was then existing in the world, with the sole exception of Arthur, first Duke of Wellington. The fallen hero was one who had founded a polity and established an empire. In the day of his decline, he had,

with the most noble and chivalrous self-restraint, refused the crown of another empire, offered in sheer admiration of his grand display of genius and valour in his efforts on behalf of Arab freedom. He had not only waged war with undaunted courage and rare ability, he had been conspicuous for good faith towards Christian enemies sometimes guilty of base deceit. He had taught semi-savage Arabs to be humane to captives and to wounded foes. He had succumbed, after a struggle of fourteen years, only to overwhelming forces directed with consummate skill. He had been always great and good in the day of success ; he was sublime in the hour of disaster and defeat. Having drawn upon himself the eyes of the whole civilised world, he had so borne himself in every change of fortune that he was never so highly esteemed by all whose respect is worth possessing as when he fell to rise no more as a man of political and military power.

Abd-el-Kader, on his arrival in France, became at once the victim of bad faith. He and his family and followers, eighty-eight in all, on landing at Toulon, were marched as prisoners to the fortress of Lamalgue. On the next day, General Daumas arrived, on behalf of Louis Philippe, King of the French, to make the most brilliant offers, if the ex-Sultan would only consent to forego the solemn promise given to him by General Lamoricière and confirmed by the Duc d'Aumale. He should have, in that case, a splendid position in France, a royal château, a guard of honour, all the pomp and surroundings of a prince. These proposals were contemptuously declined. He insisted on "the word which has been so solemnly given me. That word I will carry with me to my grave. I am your guest. Make me your prisoner if you will ; but the shame and ignominy will be with you, not with me." A prisoner Abd-el-Kader became, and for four years remained. His former subjects had become his companions. He shared all with them. One day, in the depth of winter, General Daumas found him sitting without a fire. He explained that

his stock of wood had been finished on the previous day, and he could not ask of his companions. "Poor fellows, in place of taking from them, I wish it were always in my power to bestow." On February 28, 1848, came the news of the third French revolution, the abdication of the king, and the proclamation of the Republic. An emissary of the Provisional Government came to ask what guarantees the prisoner could give to France that he would not appear again in Algeria. Abd-el-Kader then sent a letter solemnly pledging himself "never henceforward to excite troubles against the French, either in person, or by letters, or by any other means whatsoever," on his oath "before God, by Mohammed (praise and salutation be to him !), by Abraham, Moses, and Jesus Christ, by the Pentateuch, the Gospel, and the Koran. I make this oath with my heart as well as with my hand and tongue." The document ended with the signatures of all his companions who could write, and with his own assurance on behalf of the rest.

The reply to this letter came from the new Republic. It was declared that "the Republic considered itself bound by no obligation to Abd-el-Kader, and that it took him as the previous Government had left him—a prisoner." The noble captive sank into despondency, afflicted not for himself, but by the tears of his aged mother and the women of her household, and by the lamentations of the men around him. In April 1848 they were all removed to the Château of Pau. Believing himself to be a prisoner for life, Abd-el-Kader soon recovered his old composure. He was visited by crowds of people—including statesmen, diplomatists, and warriors—from all parts of France, impelled by feelings of curiosity, sympathy, and admiration; and, in his courtesy, he received them at levees which sometimes lasted for hours. None heard from his lips any upbraidings for his treatment; all were charmed by the loftiness and originality of his converse, the felicity of his compliments, and the delicacy of his allusions to past

events. His constant attendant was General Daumas, who regarded him with profound admiration and esteem. Among other visitors was the ex-Sultan's friend Monseigneur Dupuch, Bishop of Algiers. The continued succession of pilgrims to the Château of Pau became at last fatiguing, and the hours of reception were restricted. The illustrious captive suffered much in spirit, and he passed many hours in fasting and prayer. Death took away in succession a son, a daughter, a beloved nephew of the highest promise, and several cherished comrades. His resignation to the will of Heaven was that of a saint. In Algeria he was not forgotten. Some Arab chiefs, visiting, at Mostaganem, the stables of the French authorities, saw their old leader's splendid black charger, and flung themselves upon the steed, kissing his neck, his shoulders, his feet, with cries of "It has borne him!"

Abd-el-Kader's followers and fellow-captives, in spite of his example and his exhortations, gave way to a despairing sorrow. The sons of the desert were pining away in their novel and dreary abode. At last an order came for their release, but none would quit him in his misfortune. In June 1848 De Lamoricière had become Minister of War, and the ex-Sultan addressed to him a letter in which he solemnly appealed to him to vindicate his own honour, as well as the national honour of France. Months elapsed without any reply. Abd-el-Kader remained stoically calm, but his Algerian companions, in their fury, formed a plot to fall upon their guard, and thus find death. Their plan was known to him in time for his absolute prohibition. In November 1848 all the prisoners were transferred to the Château of Amboise, near Blois, a castle which was a frequent residence of the Valois kings of France, and the birth and death place of Charles VIII. The conspiracy of the Algerians at Pau had become known, and an order, signed by Lamoricière, forbade Abd-el-Kader or any of his suite to have any intercourse with the outward world. No letters

could either be written or received, and no visitor could be admitted without the express permission of the Minister of War.

The treatment of Abd-el-Kader by Louis Napoleon is the brightest spot in that personage's chequered career. He had become President of the French Republic in the closing days of 1848, and he was the first to raise his voice in vindication of the cause of right and justice. On January 14, 1849, he convened a special council on the subject. There he pleaded the prisoner's cause in the warmest terms, insisting on his voluntary surrender, his frank reliance on French honour, and on the word pledged and the convention signed. Bugeaud and Changarnier supported the President's views, but they were overruled. Animated by feelings of esteem and sympathy for his former adversary, Marshal Bugeaud now wrote Abd-el-Kader a letter suggesting that he should adopt France as his country, and apply to the Government for a grant of property with a right of descent to his heirs. He would thus acquire a good position in the country, and exist in comfort, with a good prospect for his children. The marshal declared, in conclusion, that he gave this advice sincerely, actuated by the feelings of extraordinary interest raised within him by Abd-el-Kader's misfortunes, and by the great qualities with which he had been endowed. The prisoner was inflexible in his rejection of any compromise. He simply demanded the execution of the engagements made with him by a French general and the King's son. "I will not," he concluded, "give France back her word. I will die with it to her eternal disgrace and dishonour; kings and peoples will then learn, from my example, what confidence is to be placed in the word of a Frenchman."

The question of Abd-el-Kader's liberation now appeared to be indefinitely postponed. He himself ceased to allude to it, and found consolation in his books and devotions. He

occupied himself also in the composition of two works. One, on the "Unity of the Godhead," was a collation and an able exposition of all the arguments in support of that vital doctrine of the creed of Islâm. The other, divided into three parts, was entitled "Hints for the Wise, Instruction for the Ignorant," and treated successively of the advantages of learning; of religion and morality; and of the art of writing and general science. He declined to take exercise in the park surrounding his prison, rarely leaving his apartment, except for the room where his family and suite assembled for prayer. When his doctor urged the necessity of outdoor exercise, he replied, "No health can come to me within the bounds of a prison. What I want is the air of liberty; that alone can revive me."

Time passed on. Louis Napoleon, disgusted with the party-jealousies which thwarted his measures, appealed to the national sentiment, and, by means which need not here be discussed, effected his famous *Coup d'État*, and was elected in December 1851 President for ten years. Resolved to show himself to France, he made a provincial tour or "progress," and when he arrived at Blois, he sent word to the commandant at the Château of Amboise that he intended to pay Abd-el-Kader a visit. St. Arnaud and other persons in his suite, surmising his intentions, suggested caution. The prince-president was resolute as to the necessity of vindicating the national honour, too long tarnished by breach of faith. On October 16, 1852, he drove out to the château, and announced liberty to the illustrious prisoner. He was to reside at Broussa, in Asia Minor, with a pension from the French government worthy of his former rank, in perfect reliance on his simple word never to interfere in Algerian affairs. Abd-el-Kader poured forth his heartfelt thanks. His aged mother begged to be allowed to see the generous and noble-minded ruler who had shed such joy and consolation through her household, and on being presented to Louis Napoleon, she

showered on him her benedictions. The prince departed, after hastily partaking of the *couscoussu*, the national dish of Algeria, and, as he disappeared in the distance, Abd-el-Kader turned to his followers and said, "Others have overthrown and imprisoned me; Louis Napoleon alone has conquered me." The released man was now desirous of doing homage to his deliverer in the capital, and, on permission received, he arrived in Paris on October 28, 1852. He had a great popular reception in the streets, and on the evening of his arrival he went to the prince's box at the Grand Opera. Abd-el-Kader stooped to kiss his hands, but Louis Napoleon, amidst loud applause, embraced him, and then showed the most marked attention to the ancient foe of France, as he sat by his side, observed of all. Two days later, he visited the president at the palace of St. Cloud, and took much interest in setting his own watch by a clock in the waiting-room, which indicated the exact time of day at Mecca. At his audience with the prince, who stood surrounded by his great officers of state, Abd-el-Kader, with much emotion, expressed his thanks for freedom, and handed in a written promise, containing his oath never to return to Algeria. "A benefit," he said therein, "is a golden chain thrown over the neck of the noble-minded." Louis Napoleon accepted the paper with a protestation that it was wholly needless from such a man.

When he inspected the prince's stud, he admired a magnificent white Arab horse. "It is yours," said his host, "and you must try it with me in the park to-morrow at a review of the cavalry, which I have ordered expressly in your honour." At the review, when the prince inquired as to the health of the aged mother of his guest, Abd-el-Kader replied with animation, "During my captivity she required a staff to bear the weight of her body, bent down with years; but since I am free, by your Highness's generosity, she has thrown off the weight of years and walks without support." He was present at another grand review at Versailles, twice dined with

the prince, was entertained by all the ministers, and daily received visits from statesmen, generals, and men of science. He was most gratified, however, by the visits of several officers who had formerly been his prisoners, and who had come to thank him for the kindness and attention which they had received at his hands during their captivity.

Making visits to all the public edifices of Paris, he entered the Church of the Madeleine, and said to the priest who accompanied him, "When I first began my struggle with the French, I thought they were a people without religion. I found out my mistake. At all events, such churches as these would soon convince me of my error." He then asked to be taken to the residence of his old friend, Monseigneur Dupuch, Bishop of Algiers, saying, "Having consecrated my first visit to God, the next should be to the best of His servants." At the Hôtel des Invalides, he was first taken, at his request, to the church. He viewed with a soldier's interest the numerous flags with which it was adorned. Amongst them were some of his own standards. When his eye fell on them, he gazed for a while in silence, and then quietly observed, "Those times are past. I wish to forget them. Let us always endeavour to live in the present." He paused long at the tomb of Napoleon, and spoke of his glory as a great captain. At the hospital, an old soldier rose with pain and difficulty from his bed, as a mark of respect to the great warrior. Abd-el-Kader stopped before him, shook him by the hands, and said, "How worthy it is of a great people thus to watch over the old age of its brave defenders! I have seen the tomb of Napoleon, and touched his sword; and I should leave this place completely happy were it not for the thought that there may be some here who have been disabled by me or mine. But I only defended my country, and the French, who are just and generous, will pardon me, and perhaps admit that I was an open and honest enemy, and not altogether unworthy of them." After a visit to the Museum of Artillery, the illustrious man

went to the imperial printing establishment, and saw the autographic press produce a facsimile of the document which he had presented to the prince. Seeing the marvellous rapidity with which impressions were thrown off, he exclaimed, "Yesterday I saw the batteries of war—here I see the batteries of thought!"

The hour of his departure for the East was at hand. At a last interview with Louis Napoleon, the prince announced his intention of presenting him with a sword of honour, adding, "I wish it to be worthy of you, and I regret that it will not be ready before you leave for Broussa." The weapon reached Abd-el-Kader in due time, the blade being one of the days of the Abbassides, a dynasty that became caliphs of Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century. It was inscribed, "The Sultan Napoleon the Third, to the Emir Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahhi-ed-Dîn." On the next day, he returned to the Château of Amboise. On November 21, 1852, the French people were called on to elect an emperor, and Abd-el-Kader was admitted, at his own request, to the right of voting, depositing his ballot in a specially made box, on the anniversary of the day on which, twenty years before, he had himself been chosen Sultan of the Arabs. He returned to Paris and offered his congratulations at the Tuileries on the proclamation of the empire. The emperor, as soon as he perceived him among the great officers of state and public functionaries, advanced and shook hands, saying, "You see your vote has brought me good luck." The ever ready Abd-el-Kader replied, "Sire, my vote is of no value but as it is the interpreter of my heart."

On December 11 the ex-Sultan, with his family and suite, left Amboise for the East, receiving great attentions in all the provincial towns through which he passed. At Lyons, Marshal Comte de Castellane gave him a splendid reception. A banquet was offered to him, and a review of the garrison was held in his honour. As Abd-el-Kader approached the

lines, he was saluted with military honours, and, delighted with this unlooked-for mark of respect, he cried to his host, "the emperor gave me liberty, but you have adorned her with garlands." On December 21, he embarked for his final destination. When the steamer touched at Sicily, he landed, and, with the governor in attendance, he made a tour in the interior. From the summit of Etna he viewed the fertile plains once held by the Saracens, and in his letter of thanks to the governor when he departed, he referred to the Arab poet's lament on the evacuation of the island. Abd-el-Kader, landing at Constantinople on January 7, 1853, went directly to the grand mosque of Tophané, filled with gratitude and joy at finding himself once more in a temple of the Prophet. The French ambassador gave a splendid entertainment in his honour, and this act of hospitality closed for the time his social relations with the civilised world. During his passage through it, his genius and character had been recognised in one long ovation. He was now in a capital where barbarism is harlequinised into a constrained semblance of European culture.

On taking up his abode at Broussa, near the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, the ex-Sultan was enabled to live in ease and comfort on the life-pension of a hundred thousand francs a year settled on him by the munificence of Louis Napoleon. Above half of this amount was spent in allowances to his most needy chiefs and dependents, in charities to the poor, and presents to the mosques. The Turkish government had allotted for his residence an old dilapidated *khan* or *caravanseraï*, roofless in many parts. With some difficulty the place was made habitable, but it was a wild and gloomy abode. Abd-el-Kader bought a small farm in the neighbourhood, to which he escaped at times for a sight of the sun and a breath of fresh air. He occupied himself in the education of his children, in readings at the mosque, and in private study and meditation. He felt himself in a land of strangers.

Few around him could speak his language. There could be no sympathy between such a man as he was and the Turks. The ulemas, or doctors of the law, envied and disliked him for his superior learning. The *effendis*, or men of the "upper circles" of Turkish society, barely noticed him.

During the three years of this life he longed for a change in his place of exile, but was unwilling to ask for it. In 1855, however, an earthquake laid most of Broussa in ruins, and he obtained permission to go to France. The emperor granted all that he desired, and it was arranged that his future residence should be at Damascus. It was during his stay in Paris that, in September 1855, the news of the fall of Sebastopol arrived. He was present at the celebration of the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame, and drew the marked attention of the crowded congregation as he advanced to the altar, leaning on the arm of one of the marshals. He also visited with much interest the International Exhibition.

On November 24, 1855, Abd-el-Kader reached Beyrout with his family and suite, exceeding one hundred persons in number, and thence journeyed to Damascus, being received by the Druses, on his ascent of the Lebanon, with a long rolling fire of musketry in his honour. At the earnest request of the chiefs, he remained one night amongst them, and was then escorted to the borders of their territory. At Damascus, Abd-el-Kader was received by the whole Mohammedan population, lining the road for above a mile outside the gates, in holiday attire, in honour of the renowned champion of Islâm. No such man had entered that oldest city in the world since the days of Saladin. The Turkish authorities simply endured the presence of a man whose merits they could not understand; whose rank and position, protected by a mightier arm than theirs, they could not lower; whose influence they could not undermine, since his moral ascendancy defied their malice. The day was coming when they would be made to

understand the power of that illustrious name, backed by a display of its bearer's olden valour.

Abd-el-Kader now had congenial associates around him. His old and devoted khalifa, Ben Salem, and some hundreds of Algerines, had obtained permission to settle at Damascus, and they gazed on their former ruler with delight. To the ulemas and the lettered classes he was the great centre of attraction by virtue of his triple warrant as collateral descendant of the Prophet, as Ulema, and as leader of the Djehad. They regarded him with the profoundest reverence. Their admiration and affection were based on feelings of national sympathy and of religious duty. He became the instructor of a theological class of sixty students, who daily met in the great mosque. He was the most learned Arab then existing, and astonished his pupils by choice quotations from the works of Plato and Aristotle.

This peaceful and useful course of life was soon to be rudely interrupted by an outbreak of religious fanaticism. The Turks had ever viewed the Christians of Syria with gloomy jealousy, exasperated by their increase in population, wealth, and prosperity. In the Lebanon, the Christians observed, with just alarm, the menacing attitude of the Druses, and in 1859 they armed themselves to the teeth for self-defence. Instructions came from Constantinople that the Christians must be "corrected." In Turkish official phraseology, the word means "murdered," or else subjection to treatment worse than death. In May 1860 civil war, diligently excited by the Turks, broke out between the Druses and Christians. In a few weeks the Lebanon became a vast scene of slaughter and conflagration. Many of the Christians had been persuaded to give up their arms, and all these were promptly massacred by the Druses and by Turkish troops. The turn of the Christians at Damascus came in due course. Abd-el-Kader, utterly ignorant of the Turco-Druse plot, had sent messages to some of the sheikhs, calling upon them to

exercise moderation in the civil war. Then he heard from his Algerines of the intended rising at Damascus. He appealed to the ulemas to use their influence, and saw Achmet Pasha, the governor, on the subject. He received only lying assurances that all the rumours were without foundation.

On July 9, 1860, Abd-el-Kader's Algerines came running to his house with news that the town had risen. He hurried forth with his attendants, and met a furious Turkish mob in full career towards the Christian quarter. He drew up with his men in the centre of the street. The mob stopped short. He harangued them on the wickedness of the crime they were about to commit. It was in vain. In three hours' time the Christian quarter of Damascus was a waving sheet of fire, and the hot blast, fraught with the moans of the tortured and the cries of dying victims, swept over the city like a gust from hell. Abd-el-Kader had soon gathered round him about a thousand of his Algerines, and he rescued large numbers of Christians by conducting them to his house, enclosed in a guard which no Turks could penetrate. When the number grew beyond the room at his disposal, he escorted them all to the citadel and handed them over to the care of the Turkish guard. The advancing Druses were met by Abd-el-Kader and persuaded to turn back. For ten days he continued his work of mercy, on one occasion facing a yelling crowd of Turks sword in hand, backed by his Algerines, and forcing them to withdraw. The European consuls, leaving their houses in flames, fled to him with their families on the first day. The British consul alone, living in the Mohammedan quarter, had thought himself secure. He also needed and found the protection of the great Arab, and was saved within a few minutes of massacre planned by his Turkish guard. From first to last Abd-el-Kader, at that time of horror, saved the lives and honour of fifteen thousand Christians by his fearless courage, his unwearied activity, his all-embracing

humanity of soul. All the representatives of the Christian powers then residing at Damascus, without one single exception, owed their lives to him. A strange destiny indeed. An Arab had thrown his guardian ægis over the outraged majesty of Europe, a descendant of the Prophet had sheltered and protected the Church of Christ.

The Christian powers covered Abd-el-Kader with the most distinguished marks of their gratitude and admiration. From France came the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour; from Russia, the Grand Cross of the White Eagle; from Prussia, the Grand Cross of the Black Eagle; from Greece, the Grand Cross of the Saviour. Great Britain, having, as it seems, no order to which he could be admitted, sent a double-barrelled gun, inlaid with gold; the United States, a brace of pistols with like adornments. The Sultan conferred the Medjidie of the First Class. The Order of Freemasons in France sent a magnificent star. All Mohammedans who were not Turks had viewed the Damascus outrages with astonishment and abhorrence. It was not the least of the honours nobly won by Abd-el-Kader that he received from the illustrious hero of the Caucasus, Schamyl, a patriot soon to be seen in these pages, an eloquent letter dispatched from his place of exile in Russia. In that letter, one great man expressed to a compeer his highest admiration for the latest achievement of courage in a righteous cause.

Our task is nearly finished. There was one distinction yet to be won by this devoted son of Islâm. He longed to be styled "the Fellow of the Prophet." This crowning glory for the devout Mussulman can only be obtained by a continuous residence at Mecca or Medina for two years, or, at least, for a period during which two successive pilgrimages have arrived at and departed from the holy cities. Abd-el-Kader obtained the needful permission from Louis Napoleon, and left Damascus in January 1863. After staying a few weeks in Cairo, he thence journeyed to Mecca, where he was

received with the highest respect by the ulemas and imâms. For twelve months he never quitted his hermit's cell, except to go to the great mosque. The severity of his fasts told even on his frame of iron, and in the spring of 1864 he made a visit of relaxation to a town in the hills about fourteen hours' journey from Mecca, in a region of flowing streams and delightful gardens. Thence he travelled to Medina, where he remained for four months, resuming, near the Prophet's tomb, the course of life which he had followed at Mecca. He had accomplished his vow, and in June 1864 he arrived at Alexandria. He was presented with a large landed property by the Viceroy of Egypt, and reached Damascus towards the end of July. In 1865 he visited Paris and England, and saw the Paris Exhibition of 1867. His life closed at Damascus on May 26, 1883, amidst the seclusion of the studies and devotions in which his early years and his period of exile had been chiefly spent.

We started this narrative with the assertion that the subject thereof was one of the most extraordinary men of the nineteenth century. We believe we have proved our case. The man is now, in his whole character and career, before our readers. We may now go further, and say that Abd-el-Kader was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. In truth, no record like his has come before the world for hundreds of years, except that of Napoleon. A young Arab in Algeria had devoted himself to the seclusion and religious exercises and studies of the cloister. A crisis in his country's fate suddenly called him from his retreat to the head of affairs. He obeyed the summons, impelled by the sense of duty alone, and revealed the possession of matchless courage and of a rare genius for organisation and command. He shone with unrivalled splendour as the preacher and leader of a Holy War against Christian invaders. He bore up for years against the first military power then in the world, with her resources distant only three days by steam from his native shore.

During the course of the struggle, he formed an internal administration which, rapidly superseding the wildest anarchy, gave a pattern of order, regularity, and justice. In his own person he presented to his subjects a model of bravery, fortitude, activity, persistence, piety, and zeal. In surrendering at last to his Christian foes, he became the victim of the grossest bad faith. A prince whose genius, like his own, had sustained him with unfailing trust and confidence through adverse fortunes, overthrew the government which had dealt treacherously with the noble-minded prisoner, arrived at supreme power, and restored freedom to the captive. The brilliant and uncompromising champion of Islâm took a high place in the Christian world from his achievements in war and his personal character. Finally, after slaying many thousands of Christians in honourable warfare, defending his native land, he saw his breast covered with the emblems of some of the highest orders of Christian chivalry, as a reward for saving thousands of Christians from the worst kind of fanatics in the world of Islâm. It would be an insult to Abd-el-Kader to compare him, in his moral character, with a man like Napoleon. It would be absurd to make a parallel between men whose spheres of action were so different in circumstances and extent. It was the glory of Abd-el-Kader, as it was of Wellington, to have been, throughout his career, devoted to duty, without any selfish thought of fame to be won in obedience to duty's call.

CHAPTER VI

SCHAMYL OF THE CAUCASUS

1824—1859

The Caucasus in Legend and History—Region as viewed from Mount Ararat—The Lofty Peaks—The Rivers—The Two Chief Passes—The Fine Scenery—The Various Peoples—First Russian Aggression—General Paskiewitch—His Plan of Conquest—Russian Operations—Defeat of General Williamenoff—The Campaign of 1839—End of Warfare in Circassia Proper—Birth and Early Life of Schamyl—His Youthful Character and Mental Training—Social and Political Condition of Eastern Caucasia—Schamyl's First Appearance in Field—His First Escape—Death in Battle of Caucasian Leader—Schamyl's Second Escape, with Bad Wound—His Recovery and Appointment as Leader—Schamyl's Personal Appearance and Qualifications—The Campaign of 1836—Success of Caucasians—Schamyl's "Crusade"—General Golovine in Command for Russia—The Siege of Akhulgo—Russian Assaults repulsed—Terrible Losses of Assailants—Final Success of Russians—Schamyl's Mysterious Escape—His Zealous Efforts—Guerilla Warfare maintained—Campaign of 1842—General Grabbe's Advance against Dargo—The Caucasians drive back Enemy with Severe Loss—Woronzoff in Command for Russia—His Plan of Operations—His Advance on Dargo—Desperate Resistance of Caucasians—Dargo captured—Woronzoff barely rescued—Schamyl's Raids—His Daring Campaign in 1846—Complete Success—Warfare of 1847—Akhulgo captured by Russians (1849)—Gradual Decline of Caucasian Power—The Crimean War—The Struggle in Caucasus resumed—Schamyl at last succumbs—Effect of his Rule in Caucasia—His Honourable Treatment by Russians—His Life at Kaluga—Death at Medina—His Lasting Fame.

THE Caucasian mountain-range, in classical mythology, was the scene of the binding and the torture of Prometheus for defying Jupiter and conferring a boon on



SCHAMYL.

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mankind in stealing from heaven the element of fire. From the cavernous depths of the Caucasus, Jason, aided by the Colchian enchantress, Medea, bore off the Golden Fleece. Through the great Caucasian Pass of Dariel, Cimmerian and Scythian hordes poured to desolate the fertile lands of Asia Minor. By the Eastern or Caspian Road, hosts of Huns swept forward to assail the Roman and the later Persian empires. Fiction and fact, mythology and history, have thus combined to invest the great snow-clad range with mystery and interest. In modern days, the middle decades of the nineteenth century saw the waging of a long and heroic struggle between the mountaineers and the military might of the northern Colossus, Russia. Let us first strive to gain a clear view of the picturesque and majestic theatre of the contest which we are about to describe.

Let the reader fancy himself standing, face to the north, on the summit of Mount Ararat, in Armenia, about fifty miles south of the Caucasian territory. That region, intersected by its magnificent mountain-range, lies before him. It is bounded to the south by the ancient kingdom of Georgia, now a province of Russia; on the east, by the Caspian Sea, whose tideless waters wash the north of Persia; on the west, by the Black Sea, and on the north, by the southern territory of Russia in Europe. On the northern side, the mountains rise in successive terraces from luxuriant level land covered with fine grasses. On the south, the mountain-face is much steeper and more abrupt. The Caucasus thus occupies the isthmus between the Black Sea and the Caspian, its general direction being from north-west to south-east. It has a length of about 750 miles, with a breadth, including the secondary ranges and spurs, of about 150 miles, that of the higher Caucasus, however, not exceeding 70. The region is really Asiatic in character, though the range is sometimes treated as part of the boundary-line between Europe and Asia. The higher and central part of the range is formed of parallel chains, not

separated by deep, wide valleys, but connected by high tablelands traversed by narrow fissures of vast depth. In this quarter, six peaks are well above 16,000 feet in height, including Mount Elburz, 18,572 feet, two of about 17,000 feet, and Kasbek, exceeding 16,500. There the line of perpetual snow is between 10,000 and 11,000 feet high, but the whole amount of unmelting snow is not great, nor are the glaciers very numerous or large. The area covered by the mountains is about 56,000 square miles, or nearly that of England and Wales.

The lower part of the Kuban River, rising near the centre of the mountains, and flowing northwards in its upper course, then turns due west for the Black Sea, and separates the Caucasian territory from Russia Proper. The Terek, breaking out of the mountains on the same side, far to the south-east of the Kuban, flows north-eastwards to the Caspian, forming with that sea and the south-eastern end of the range an irregular triangle which includes the steppes or plains of Daghestan. This roughly drawn outline encloses a country of the most varied beauty and grandeur. Some parts are entirely destitute of wood, others are covered with dense forest, and the secondary ranges near the Black Sea show splendid woods of oak, beech, ash, walnut, and maple. The plains on the north of the chain, enclosed by the fort-dotted Terek and Kuban, are mainly of luxuriant fertility, carpeted with vivid green, strewn with woods and groves, perfumed by the myrtle and the rose, musical with rich strains of the nightingale's song. Orchards and vineyards are alternated on the low grounds with cornfields and pastures, and the valleys produce rice, cotton, hemp, tobacco, and indigo. Grapes and various fleshy fruits, chestnuts and figs, grow freely without culture. Among the wild animals are the bison, the bear, the wolf, the jackal, and the boar.

The two chief passes or "gates" through the range are those mentioned above—the road leading by the fortress of

Derbend on the shore of the Caspian, and the more important Pass of Dariel, about midway between the two seas, where the road, reaching a height of 8,000 feet, connects Tiflis, in Georgia, by the valley of the Terek, with Vladikavkas, a strong fortress at the northern base of the Caucasus. This road is about 120 miles long. The defile itself is dreary, shut in by precipitous walls of porphyry and schist, from 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height, with abysses below the road as deep as the rock-walls are high. In some parts, huge columns of basalt are seen lying, as if hurled hither and thither upon the surface of the mountains, or driven into their sides, in the sport of Titans, some erect, others more or less inclined.

The enormous range of the Caucasus comprises, in short, deep gorges, terrible abysses, impassable swamps, frightful rifts, impetuous torrents, extensive pastoral valleys, covered with flocks and herds, rich table-lands, well-tilled gardens, romantic glens, pleasant and abundant streams. The lighting-up of the mountains at summer dawn is a spectacle of rare beauty and grandeur, when the pinnacles, towers, and domes of rock, faintly pencilled by the earlier rays in shadowy, gigantic outline on the eastern sky, kindle into splendour as the sun climbs the heavens. The snow-capped summits sparkle first with fire, and the landscape soon becomes a fairy-land of dazzling sheen relieved by the shadows of the mountain rifts, and by the waving trees and verdure at the base. In this romantic land it was that Schamyl, the hero-patriot now dealt with, shone in a career of courage nowise inferior to that of the most famous champions of classical antiquity, and waged, for over a quarter of a century, a war for independence, worthy of comparison with the most glorious struggles recorded in the annals of freedom.

As regards the people of this region, the Caucasus has been called the "Mountain of Languages" from the multiplicity of dialects there spoken, in many cases totally distinct from

each other, and generally unconnected with the languages of any other part of the globe or race of men. The chief races are the Tcherkess, or Circassian, in the west; the Kabards, north and east of Mount Elburz; the Chechenz, or Tchetchess, on the northern slopes of the eastern Caucasus down to the Terek; and the Lesghians, further east and south. The Ossetes, or Ossetians, in the centre of Caucasus, on both slopes near Mount Kasbek, are Christians; the Lesghians are Mohammedans of a fanatical type. Primitive pagan superstitions seem largely to underlie both religious professions. The dress of the typical Caucasian warrior consisted of a sheepskin cap, a close-fitting frock with loose hanging sleeves, fastened by loops in front and with two parallel rows of cartridges on the breast. Wide trousers came down to shoes of black leather, usually trimmed with silver. The weapons carried were a long rifle slung over the shoulder, a pistol, and two swords, one like that of the British light cavalry, the other the short, straight, Roman sword worn in the left girdle. On service, a forked stick was carried, to be thrust into the ground as a rifle-rest.

The Russian government, after the annexation of Georgia early in the nineteenth century, made it a great object to obtain possession of the intermediate mountain country, but it was only after the Treaty of Adrianople, in 1829, in which Turkey ceded to Russia her nominal sovereignty over the Caucasian tribes, that the efforts of the great northern power assumed a systematic form. Before introducing the renowned subject of this record, we deal briefly with the struggle in the western, or Circassian, portion of the range.

The Czar Nicholas intrusted the "pacification" of his new dominion to an army of a hundred thousand men under Field-Marshal Paskiewitch (Paskevitch), an energetic soldier, well-versed in the strategy and tactics of modern scientific warfare. He had served against Napoleon in the Austerlitz campaign, and had taken a prominent part in the momentous

warfare of 1812 to 1814, in the battles of Smolensk, Borodino, and Leipzig. In 1826 he had been commander-in-chief against the Persian forces with complete success, attested by his conquest of Persian Armenia and his capture of Erivan. In the recent struggle against the Turks, he had made two campaigns in Asia, and taken Kars, Erzerum, and other fortresses. The plan formed by the Russian commander in his new charge consisted simply in the bridling of the mountaineers by means of an encircling and intersecting chain of forts, needing garrisons of eighty thousand men. Four new military routes across the mountains were to be formed and planted with fortresses. One was to run from a point on the Black Sea, south of Anapa, to the lower Kuban; one from a still more southerly point on the coast, through the range, to the Russian forts on the north near Mount Elburz; a third from Nucha, in the east of Georgia, over the eastern part of the chain to the northern side of the mountains; the fourth and last, from a point eastward of Nucha to Derbend, on the Caspian. Paskiewitch was, however, soon recalled to command the Russian forces in Poland during the insurrectionary war of 1830-31, and the carrying out of his plans was intrusted to General Williamenoff.

That commander, with about twenty thousand troops of all arms, specially strong in artillery, the only arm dreaded by the Circassians, advanced southwards from the Kuban, by the first of the proposed routes, in order to cross the range to the Black Sea coast south of Anapa. It was his intention to halt at three places on the march in order to erect temporary forts or block-houses of timber and sods, proof against Circassian rifle bullets. As his vanguard neared the ridge of a thickly wooded hill, the men were received with a heavy fire, but the enemy were driven off by the Russian guns. At about half-way on the route, the gorges of the mountains rang with the tumultuous jackal-cries of a host of horsemen reinforcing the mountaineers already engaged. A storm of

rifle bullets fell on the Russians from front, flanks, and rear, and the general, abandoning all idea of halts to make forts, gave orders to push forward with all speed, leaving all behind save the cannon and small arms. The drums rolled, the cavalry bugles rang out, the artillery in front roared, and the Muscovite force moved on swiftly through a long, narrow, rocky, wooded defile. Hundreds were falling by the fire, from bush and crag, of invisible marksmen, the only respite coming when a break in the hills compelled the mountaineers to make a long circuit, in order to arrive again on the flanks of the invading force. When open and more favourable ground was reached, the army bivouacked under protection of the guns. After a vain and sanguinary attempt to reach Anapa, the Russians retired on the route by which they had advanced, and reached their quarters on the Kuban, leaving from three to four thousand men behind in killed, wounded, and missing.

After a struggle continuing, with alternations of success, for several years, great Russian forces succeeded in building the three forts planned by Paskiewitch on the first of the above routes, and a strict blockade of the coast greatly interfered with the reception of supplies of arms and powder by the mountaineers. In June 1839 Major-General Kachoutine, acting under General Golovine, marched with a brigade of infantry, two regiments of Cossacks, and six guns, against the Circassian village of Sutchali. A sanguinary contest ensued, in which the Russians, by their own account, lost eight hundred men. The village was at last captured, and a bulletin was issued as for a glorious victory. In the following September a fresh Russian army landed on the coast, and Golovine, well knowing the real value of the recent success, tried to negotiate with the mountaineers on the terms of their ceasing from all hostilities, giving hostages, and surrendering all deserters and prisoners. These advances were repelled with the most insulting contempt, and the defiance "Proceed

with your war and do your worst." The campaign was marked by a series of petty victories for the Russians, combined with humiliating checks, abortive promenades, and harassing marches which wore out the spirit and energies of the invaders. Golovine then made fresh offers, omitting the demand for hostages, and was again repelled, the demand of the mountaineers being "the line of the Kuban as frontier to the north, and the freedom of the sea-coast."

The Circassians then assumed the aggressive with great success. In a series of dashing exploits, the works which had cost their enemies years of labour and a vast sacrifice of men and money were swept away. Fort after fort, including the three erected on the western route, was stormed in tumultuous assaults, and levelled with the ground. The scheme of Paskiewitch had to be undertaken anew, and the condition of affairs in the south-eastern part of the range compelled General Golovine to patch up a truce in the west. The Circassians were to remain neutral in respect to the contest in the south-east, and Russia was to virtually abandon the sea blockade, and to make no attempt to rebuild the demolished forts.

The outbreak at the other end of the great range had proved to be truly formidable, as being kindled and sustained by both religious and national enthusiasm, and so admitting of neither truce nor compromise. Schamyl, the Abd-el-Kader of the Caucasus, was in the field. Ben Mohammed Schamyl (*i.e.*, *Samuel*) Effendi, surnamed "Prince of the Faithful," came of a wealthy family of the highest class in his country, and was born in 1797 at Himri, an *aoul* or village in the north-west of Daghestan, a triangular territory about the size of Belgium to the north-east of the Caucasus, and on the western coast of the Caspian Sea. The country is generally mountainous, traversed by spurs of the great chain. Himri is perched, like an eagle's nest, high on a rock projecting from the mountain-side above a beautiful valley through which winds the river Koissu. It is approached

by a narrow path cut out of the rock and carried zig-zag up a height of nearly three hundred feet. The village was defended, in Schamyl's day, by a triple wall supported by high towers, and is sheltered from above by the overhanging mountain-brow. Himri, like the neighbouring fortified *aoul* Akhulgo, is one of the keys of the triangular region of well-watered highlands inhabited by warlike tribes known collectively as Lesghians, to the west of Daghestan and to the south of Tchetchenia. This was the region destined to become the principal theatre of Schamyl's military achievements.

The lad was somewhat weakly in early years, but an outdoor life and athletic exercises made him a strong, agile man, expert in all the arts of a warrior and mountaineer. His bodily training included riding, swimming, wrestling, dancing, and shooting with the bow, the pistol, and the gun. He gave early proofs of rare energy, pride, and strength of soul. Defeat in any contest was for him disgrace, brooded over for days in sullen discontent. He would be first or nothing in every competition. His father, like too many of his countrymen, was addicted to drunken habits, and, after vain efforts to reclaim him, the lad swore that he would kill him himself, if he ever again saw him under the influence of strong liquors. Knowing the lad's character, the father renounced the use of alcohol, and kept his promise to the end of his life twenty years later. One of the chief accomplishments of a Caucasian is horsemanship, and in this art Schamyl was the rival of the great Arab, Abd-el-Kader. He could go at speed on any ground, leap chasms of fearful width, cross torrents, hang on the side of his horse in avoidance of an enemy's aim, spring to the ground, pick up an object lying there and vault again into the saddle without halting, and hit a mark with precision while his horse was at full speed.

In his very boyhood, Schamyl was keenly susceptible of the beauty and sublimity of nature. He would climb

the heights at sunset in order to enjoy the view of hill and valley, gazing at snows ruddy under the evening rays, and watching the huge top of Mount Kasbek to the west, until the last light faded from the mountain-side. His adventures with the game of the country included the shooting of the wild turkey in the pine-tree tops; the hunting of the wild boars that house on the reed-grown river-banks and in the thickets of the mountain-glens, and of the fallow-deer; and the coursing of hares with greyhounds of a fine breed.

The lad's mental training was in the Arabic tongue and grammar for the reading of the Koran, and in Mohammedan philosophy and literature, his tutor being one of the most learned ulemas or *murschids* (teachers of theology) that the country possessed. He became, in due time, a very devout and accomplished professor of Islâm, trained in the most abstruse doctrines of the faith. In early manhood, Schamyl was a disciple of Kasi-Mollah, who had revived the mystical form of Mohammedanism known as "Sufism," which formed a bond of union among the tribes of Daghestan.

In the western Caucasus, or Circassia proper, the form of society was, in a degree, feudal or aristocratic, but in Schamyl's country existed a free democracy, with little distinction of classes. Prior to his day, there was, among the Lesghians (using that term for all the people of the eastern Caucasus, consisting of many petty tribes, speaking different dialects, with a fanatical attachment to Islamism as the one bond of union between them) no other chief than he who, by general consent, led the warriors on expeditions against a foe. The only superiority, otherwise, was that of natural gifts or of wealth. Public affairs were regulated at general open-air assemblies of the freemen of the tribe, where age, valour, eloquence, alone gave right to respectful hearing in debate. The rule was that of custom and ancient usage rather than of laws made in public assembly, the Koran being, as it were, a court of final appeal. The punishments

lay mostly in fines, to be paid either by the guilty person, or by his family or his tribe. The great social evil was that of blood-feuds, as in Corsica, handed down from generation to generation, setting family against family and tribe against tribe, and creating a mutual alienation often serviceable to the Russians in their arduous task of conquest. Of the beauty and grace of the women nothing need be said—they are proverbial. The men have the air and bearing due to a strong sense of personal independence, and to the consciousness of physical energy and bravery of spirit. Self-possession and warlike chivalry mark every look and gesture of these gallant mountaineers. Such were the people, needing a ruler of exceptional firmness, ability, and valour, among whom the lot of our hero was cast.

It was in 1824 that Schamyl, in his twenty-seventh year, joined Kasi-Mollah in his struggle against the Russians. This devout Mussulman held a chief command in the bands of warriors at the eastern end of the mountain-range. He had none of the higher military qualities, although he was a dashing leader and one of the bravest of the brave. For years he waged a desultory warfare, with alternations of victory and defeat, against the Russians, and under him Schamyl won a high reputation for skill and courage, and especially for success in escaping from positions of extreme danger. On one occasion, when he and a party of his comrades were brought to bay by the foe, encircled on all sides, and with almost the last scrap of food eaten, the body of mountaineers, having no thought of surrender, resolved to hew a way, either to freedom or to Paradise, through the hedge of Russian bayonets. In a sudden sortie on horseback from their fastness, they burst like an avalanche on the foe with the furious discordant yells of a troop of madmen. For a moment or two, they seemed likely to escape as they cleft their way, but as the recoiling Russians recovered from the first shock and reclosed around them, the mountaineers fell in twos and

threes, fighting to the last, and dying riddled with musket-balls and bayonet-stabs. Every man perished save one, the fiercest of them all, who broke through the hedge of steel, dashed at headlong speed, unharmed, past the more distant lines of running fire, reined up suddenly as he reached the angle of a mountain-gorge, shook his red scimitar, hurled a defiant execration in the faces of his baffled foes, and in a moment, with an exulting shout of "Allah! Il Allah!" vanished in the gloomy pass. It was a bad day for Russian generals and soldiers when this fortunate escape was made. The fleeing horseman was Schamyl, from that hour fully believed, among the tribes, to have been saved by the direct intervention of the angel Gabriel.

Kasi-Mollah's hour came at last. On October 18, 1831, he and his followers were surrounded by a great Russian force in the fortress of Himri. Every outlet was guarded, and there was nothing to be done for escape save the chances presented by a desperate sortie. In this attempt nearly every man of the beleaguered party was slain. The heroic leader, Kasi-Mollah, "died with his hand on his beard, and a last prayer murmuring from his lips." One mountaineer in the charge slew three Russians, but was run through with a bayonet by a fourth. He had strength enough to kill the man, and then to make his way through the other soldiers around him, escaping death or capture by what seemed to be a miracle. Again it was Schamyl who thus survived, and his disablement alone prevented his prompt election as chief. The terrible wound took long to heal. When his health was restored, he showed himself devoid of undue ambition by warmly supporting the new imâm, or religious leader, Hamzat Bey. When this successor of Kasi-Mollah, in 1834, was murdered by some Daghestan favourers of Russia, there was only one man to be thought of to replace him, and in October of that year Schamyl was unanimously chosen by the heads of tribes and other prominent men as leader of

the Sufite Mohammedans of Daghestan in the contest against Russia.

The new chieftain in war and, as he soon became, civil ruler of the eastern Caucasian tribes was as distinguished in person as in character and intellectual power. Schamyl was of middle stature, with reddish hair. The grey eyes were overshadowed by thick, well-drawn brows; the nose was of regular, Grecian type; the mouth was small, the complexion very fair and delicate. His hands and feet were elegantly small. The great warrior moved with light, elastic tread; his carriage was erect, his bearing altogether noble. Sternly composed in moments of the utmost peril, ever holding a perfect balance between the ardour of the combatant and the calm of the prophet, he impressed with awe those who came before him. Regarding himself as an instrument in the hands of a higher power, as a man whose thoughts and decisions were directly inspired from heaven, he was absolutely impassive, as impersonal as fate, in condemning a traitor to death and in conferring honour on fidelity and courage. His eloquence was alike fiery and persuasive, and a Daghestani poet, Bersek Bey, declared "flames sparkle from his eyes, and flowers are scattered from his lips."

Schamyl was at once a heroic defender of independence, a profound politician, and a skilful administrator. His ardent religious devotion was no obstacle to his use of the most straightforward and practical common sense. When he had established his influence over the minds of the Lesghian and other tribes by brilliant success against the Russian forces, he caused the adoption of a new system of rule which enabled him for over twenty years to maintain a struggle against the vastly superior power and resources of the enemy. In his combined character of priest and warrior, the Caucasian ruler made religion the basis of his government. He had around him a supreme council for aid in the management of affairs. His body-guard was composed of picked men whose sole

duty was to protect their master's person. The territory under his control was divided into *naïbats* or *communes*, each including a number of *aouls* or villages. His lieutenants (*naïbs*) had combined religious, military, and administrative functions. It was their duty, on signal given, to take the field with a band of warriors who maintained themselves at their own charge. Schamyl was thus enabled to gather five thousand mounted men, and at the time of his greatest power he had ten times that number of troops under his command.

Volumes would be needed for a detailed account of the long struggle between Schamyl and successive Russian commanders, and we therefore relate only some of the most striking events. At Tiletli (or Tittle), a strongly fortified village in the district of Gumbet, Schamyl and his men were attacked in 1836 by General Fesi, who was at the head of eight battalions of Russian regulars and about twelve thousand militia from Russian Daghestan. These forces were flushed with previous victory. The Russian commander, after a march from Derbend to Chunsach, had erected a citadel there ; he had driven Ali Bey, one of Schamyl's leaders, out of the fort of Akhulgo, and had then come to the rescue of Lieutenant Butschkieff, who, with a large detachment, was hard pressed by Schamyl and his mountaineers near Tiletli. The Caucasians were, at that time, destitute of artillery, but their leader was resolved to hold his position to the last against the vastly superior numbers of the enemy and their formidable cannon. An immediate attempt to storm the place was repulsed, but further efforts gave the Russians, with very severe loss to themselves, possession of about half the village.

The remainder was defended with such courage and skill that General Fesi was content to cease fighting and to remain intrenched where he was. Schamyl did the same, and with a daring which aroused the admiration of his followers, he established his head-quarters in the face of the enemy, with

a screen of only a few houses intervening. The Russian commander, harassed by the failure of provisions, and unable to retreat in face of his foes, proposed terms to Schamyl, who consented to take an oath of fealty to the czar on condition of being left in possession of Tiletli and of all the Lesghian highlands. As a Mohammedan, Schamyl held the doctrine of keeping no faith with infidels, and he made no difficulty in regard to the oath, which was taken in presence of a Caucasian ruler, with no Russians nor any of his own *murids*, or leaders of the new school of religious devotees, present as witnesses. By both parties, beyond doubt, the proceeding was regarded as a farce. Fesi was thus enabled to retire in safety from his difficult position, and to send in a despatch to his official superior, claiming to have taken Tiletli by storm and to have forced Schamyl to take the oath of allegiance to the czar.

The enthusiasm of the tribes had been fully aroused in behalf of Schamyl as "the second prophet of Allah," and he was soon leader of the greatest military force seen in those regions since the days when Nadir-Shah of Persia overran Daghestan. The Russians, on their side, taking a year or more to recover from the effects of General Fesi's "success," attempted nothing in 1838 beyond some small and fruitless expeditions into the highlands. During this time, the mountain region was filled with the *murids* of Schamyl, summoning all the warriors to rally around the chieftain who was commissioned by heaven to deliver the land from the threatened bondage to Russia. The villages whose people refused adhesion had their flocks and herds driven off, their fields and vineyards laid waste, and their dwellings utterly destroyed. Hostages were taken from others whose fidelity was suspected. No neutrality was permitted. By the end of the year 1838 Schamyl had rebuilt all the forts destroyed by the Russians in the last campaign, and had so far spread his sway that a large part of the Lesghian

highlands and of Tchetchenia, and all the mountainous districts of Daghestan, were subject to his rule.

The command of the Russian "Army of the Caucasus" was now entrusted to General Golovine, and the new leader, with forces raised to seventy-five thousand men, was determined to deal a decisive blow. He accordingly gave orders to General Grabbe for the capture of Akbulgo (or Achulko), the head-quarters and stronghold of Schamyl. The word is Tartar, signifying "a gathering-place in time of trouble." The mountain-fortress, divided into Old and New Akbulgo, was a kind of mud-hut encampment placed on the top of a compact, isolated, conical mass of rocks, on the right bank of a branch of the Koissu river, at a short distance north-west of the hero's birthplace, Himri. On one side the rock rises perpendicularly to a height of six hundred feet above the river. On the other, it is defended by impassable ravines with rapid streams. A narrow path winds up the rocky mass, which has, on the ascent, three natural terraces favourably placed for defence. In the near distance around are other less elevated rocks and cliffs, some tufted with beeches and oaks, others bare and weather-stained. The experience of the struggle had already proved to the Caucasians that the high towers of stone, built in the highlands up to the time of Kasi-Mollah's fall, were worse than useless against artillery, and Schamyl now made his defences consist mainly of trenches, earthen parapets, and covered ways. The loose stone huts, partly underground, were also turned into regular casemates. These various fortifications commanded all the approaches to the place, and exposed an enemy to cross-fire at all points. On this rock of Akbulgo, strong both by nature and art, Schamyl at last planted his standard in a contest for life or death.

In the month of May 1839 General Grabbe advanced towards the fortress, at the head of twelve thousand veteran troops, with seventeen guns. He was an active and resolute

officer, and his march appears to have taken Schamyl by surprise. Unwilling to retire upon his stronghold, which was not provisioned for a siege, and somewhat disconcerted by the Russian general's rapid and skilful movements, the Caucasian leader opposed a desperate resistance to the enemy's advance. One of his divisions was repulsed at Buturnay, after two hours' fierce fighting, and on May 30 and 31 at Arguani, with ten thousand men, Schamyl was defeated in a tremendous conflict, losing about fifteen hundred men and inflicting great loss on the foe. The Russian guns were too much for the mountaineers, but the reverse did not abate the spirit of the Lesghian warriors, and the force withdrew, after further fighting, to Akhulgo.

On June 12 the fortress was closely invested, and a severe bombardment began. Many of the stone works and houses were destroyed, but the earthen and subterranean defences were uninjured, and from these and the terraces a deadly rifle fire was maintained by the mountaineers. On July 15 the Russians were reinforced by five fresh battalions, including the choice corps known as the Paskiewitch (Count of Erivan) regiment, composed of fifteen hundred men. During a siege of two months, the Russian troops had gradually carried forward their works, cutting their way through the soft porous rock and providing shelter from rifle fire by gabions and stone walls. The religious enthusiasm of the besieged was displayed from time to time, with fatal effect for the assailants, when some Caucasian warrior, doomed by his oath to death, and become impatient for the hour, grasped a sabre in his right hand, a pistol in his left, and with a poniard clenched between his teeth sprang down from the rock upon a squad of Russians. Firing his pistol at the breast of one, cleaving the head of another with his sword, he would rush amongst the rest with sabre in one hand and his dagger in the other, dealing death until he fell pierced by bayonets.

On the arrival of the reinforcements, General Grabbe resolved to end matters by a determined assault. Colonel Wrangel, leading the Paskiewitch regiment, made the attempt. We cannot do better than take his own account of what occurred. "A deep ravine separated the fortress from the surrounding mountains. In order to reach the place it was necessary to descend a long ledge of rock hardly two feet wide. Whoever should chance to slip or to be struck by a bullet, must fall over and perish miserably on the rocks shutting in the bed of the torrent below. Colonel Wrangel moved forward at the head of his fifteen hundred picked soldiers, and reached the ledge, which was found to be about sixty yards long. Schamyl waited silently until the men were well upon it, and then opened a rifle fire so destructive that the Russians fell over the precipice by scores, the fall of one often dragging others after him. The rocks below were, in a few minutes, covered with dead bodies. Three times the frightful passage was tried, until at length the leader, himself wounded, and having only fifty men left out of fifteen hundred, and two officers out of thirty-four, perforce abandoned the enterprise."

Other assaults were made at different points, and at last, about the middle of August, the second terrace was finally carried, after great loss, by the Russian troops. On August 17 the contest was renewed, and after five days of conflict the invaders of the Caucasus became masters of Akbulgo. The besiegers finally forced their way in along with the retiring ranks of a sortie imprudently made by the defenders. Not a man was left unslain, or, if not slain, unwounded, of the whole garrison, and several hundreds of women and children became prisoners. The one man whom the Russian general longed to capture had, however, vanished. The face of every corpse was carefully examined before it was flung down the rocks into the river. Every nook and corner was explored, but no Schamyl could be

found. Without him, the victory which had cost the Russian army some thousands of fine troops was almost worthless.

To this day, no certain information on the subject of this marvellous escape has come to light. The account most generally believed among the mountaineers of the Caucasus ascribes it to a clever stratagem. An emaciated Lesghian, it is said, crawled down into the Russian lines stating that no food was left in the place, and that Schamyl, that very night, was to be let down the face of the rock by a rope to the river. A watch was kept, and three men who descended were seized and taken to General Grabbe's tent. One of them admitted that he was Schamyl, and this statement was confirmed by the Lesghian deserter. The supposed Schamyl was promptly shot, and a despatch with the great news was sent off to the general-in-chief. Meanwhile, the great Caucasian leader had been let down by the same rope, had reached a raft on the river, and was carried safely away on the swift current. The czar had medals struck to commemorate the capture of the fortress; and Schamyl, by his escape, stood higher than ever with his followers, as one under the special protection of heaven.

In a few months Schamyl—going from village to village preaching faith in Allah and war against the infidel foe; threatening death, by his own mouth and by that of his disciples in the more remote districts, to all who held with the Russians; here driving away flocks and herds, and there taking hostages—succeeded in rallying round his standard once more great numbers of the Tchetchenians, of the Lesghians, and of the various tribes of Daghestan. The spirit of fanatic warfare swept over all the eastern Caucasus like a storm. The Caucasian hero now established his headquarters at Dargo, a village of about seventy houses, some fifty miles north-west of Akhulgo. The place was protected by mountains and by thick forests of oaks, beeches, and elms, with a great undergrowth of flowering plants, vines, and

creepers, forming a tangled web as beautiful to the eye and as fragrant as it was impenetrable to an advancing force.

For three or four years, an incessant guerilla warfare was waged against the Russian forces on the Kuban, the Terek, and the Koissu, in Georgia and in Daghestan, without presenting any permanent or tangible point for attack. In 1840, a number of simultaneous and successful assaults were made by the mountaineers on the Russian forts forming the Kuban line. The most important of these, Nicolayevski, was taken by storm. At another, Michaeloff, the Russian defenders, after a heroic resistance, fired the magazine and blew themselves and many of the victors into the air. The Russian garrisons were greatly weakened by deaths through contagious disease. In the spring of 1841 General Golovine himself, with a detachment, joined Grabbe near Tcherkey. While the main army was laboriously scaling the mountains under a shower of bullets, and Schamyl contested every foot of ground, another Russian force, under General Vogelsang, arrived on the scene of action, and captured Tcherkey at the cost of their leader's life.

Tchetchenia was again desolated by the enemy, but Schamyl, when the Russians had returned to winter quarters, made an incursion into a region where the tribesmen were in alliance with the Russians, and menaced the fort of Kisliar. The colonel in command marched out with a thousand men and two guns, but was utterly defeated. The commandants of two neighbouring forts then advanced against the victor, but Schamyl, skilfully preventing their junction, defeated them in detail, and carried off a vast booty, chiefly consisting of cattle.

In 1842, General Grabbe, concentrating a large force, led the troops against Dargo, resolved to make an end of the dissatisfaction prevailing at Petersburg by finishing with his Caucasian adversary at any cost of exertion or of life. On May 29 he set out at the head of thirteen battalions, or

nearly nine thousand infantry, every soldier carrying provisions for eight days. The army had some four-pounder and six-pounder guns. As the columns moved on, little opposition was made. The mountaineers picked off some of the officers, but the advancing force came across little save abandoned villages, deserted valleys, and rugged mountain-passes.

At last, the Russian leader found himself lured by decoy-scouts into a dreary *cul de sac*, the frowning barriers of which could neither be overpassed nor turned. The troops had been already harassed by "sniping fire," by night-attacks, and by volleys from unseen assailants among the forest trees. There was nothing for it but to retire, and the jaded Russians turned sullenly in their tracks to begin one of the most sanguinary and disastrous retreats of the whole war. As soon as their enemy wheeled about, the Caucasians, in great force close at hand, slung their rifles behind their backs, and dashed at the enemy's centre sabre in hand. Again and again they forced their way through the ranks. The well-disciplined troops, restoring order, fought bravely for their lives, as the mountaineers gave no quarter. As the day wore on, many of the Russians flung away their knapsacks in despair, and lay down as ready victims for the first warriors who should come up.

No respite was allowed, by daylight or dark, for several days. As the lovely June dawn broke over the mountain-tops, the soldiers looked at its blush in the east with faces pallid through watching and haggard with despair. The Russian muskets could be used no longer for want of cleaning. The officers, who had donned soldiers' coats in order to avoid being a mark for the enemy's rifles, were still recognised by the keen-eyed mountaineers through their superior cast of features and deportment, and were steadily picked off. A captive Russian drummer was compelled to lead his comrades into an ambuscade where more than half of the officers were killed, and six guns were at one time in the hands of

the Caucasians. After a desperate conflict, in which the mountaineers displayed marvellous strength of muscle in wielding the sabre, and agility of limb in parrying or avoiding the bayonet thrust, the guns were recovered.

Schamyl, who had been gathering mounted men in distant villages, arrived two days late on the line of march, and the Russian force was thus saved from annihilation. As it was, they left the bodies of over two thousand men behind to be devoured by vultures and wolves, with several guns and a large quantity of baggage and war material, before the column regained a fortress about fifty miles north of Dargo. The Minister of War, Prince Tchernicheff, who had arrived in the Caucasus on a tour of inspection, was greeted there with the sight of battalions wasted by fatigue and famine, with uniforms tattered and stained with blood. General Grabbe and the commander-in-chief, General Golovine, were soon recalled, and General Neidhardt, Golovine's successor, styled by the Russians the "German Pedant," effected little.

In 1844 Schamyl captured a Russian fort and utterly defeated the officer hastening to its relief. In 1845 Neidhardt took the field against the hero, but the campaign was marked only by Schamyl's clever escape from a snare laid for him in a defile, where he was for a time enclosed. The Russian general was then recalled and went to Moscow, where he soon afterwards died of grief and shame at his failure.

Count (afterwards Prince) Woronzoff was then appointed to the command, with an army increased to a hundred and fifty thousand men. His authority was absolute both in civil and military affairs, his responsibility being to the Czar Nicolas alone. His orders from the emperor were that Dargo was to be captured at any cost. The new Russian leader possessed administrative abilities of the highest order, a thorough knowledge of the art of war, and the most heroic qualities of character. With these advantages, and with the adoption of a new system of warfare, he was destined to prove the

most formidable enemy yet encountered by the Caucasians. The country was hemmed in, on various lines, by a series of fortified posts, and military roads were carried through forests and over mountains. Streams and torrents were bridged, and permanent occupation of territory succeeded to the previous method of periodical raids and the capture of isolated Caucasian strongholds. This work, however, was one of gradual performance, and Schamyl and his mountaineers were yet to oppose a long resistance to the efforts of the invaders.

On June 13, 1845, Woronzoff set out for Dargo with a force of ten thousand infantry and some hundreds of Cossacks. At Gogatel, on the road thither, he established a depôt of provisions and munitions of war, the place being only one day's march from his destination. When this base of operations was ready, the troops on July 17, lightly laden, resumed the march, and before the freshness of the morning was gone, they had, by the pass of Retschel, entered the beech-woods of Itchkeri, the scene of Grabbe's disastrous retreat. There the mountaineers showed themselves in force. The resistance now presented was of the most determined and ferocious character. As the Russian vanguard reached the first narrow and precipitous defile, the men were received by a murderous fire from behind trunks of trees which, felled across the path, were interspersed with fragments of rock, and strengthened by double rows of stakes having the interstices filled up with earth. In addition to these formidable barricades, thrown across every narrow pass, there were obstacles to progress in the entanglement of thousands of creepers and vines, and in the narrowness and steepness of the tracks, while each position of resistance was flanked by Schamyl's sharpshooters.

The loss of life on the Russian side was terrific. The cannon alone enabled any advance to be made. Slowly and steadily the invaders, losing men by hundreds, pressed forward to their goal, and as the shades of night began to gather under

the leafage of the forest, Dargo came in sight. It was no part of Schamyl's plan to defend the place, which had little strategic value. Suddenly flames from the village lit up the scene of action, and the invaders found themselves at last in possession only of the blackened stone walls of a few score of houses on a lofty plateau, surrounded by enormous birch-trees. The place was commanded by rocks inaccessible from the plateau, and Schamyl, who was heading about six thousand warriors, promptly opened fire with hundreds of his best marksmen and from cannon previously taken from the foe. On the following day, the Russians, making a circuit, cleared the heights at the point of the bayonet.

Dargo was taken, but not Schamyl. The Russian troops, after their terrible ordeal, needed repose, and General Woronzoff naturally desired to date his bulletin of "victory" from the mountain-stronghold. The place was, however, clearly untenable for any length of time, and the Russian commander, on the third day after the capture, dispatched three generals, with ten battalions, to bring up stores from his depôt. On their return, Schamyl encountered these troops, and a severe conflict ensued in which two of the generals were killed. The third could only reach Dargo with the loss of all the supplies and several guns, leaving behind thirteen hundred slain and wounded men.

The position of Woronzoff was now almost desperate. It was impossible, with forces much diminished and against an increasing and victorious enemy, to retreat by the same route which had brought him to Dargo. Unconditional surrender to the indomitable Caucasian leader seemed to be imminent, when two prisoners, heavily bribed, undertook to convey a message, by a secret track over the mountains, to General Freitag, a very energetic officer in command at the fortress of Girsel. An instant move to the rescue was made with three thousand infantry and three hundred Cossacks, and, fortunately for the Russians, Schamyl heard of the march too

late to arrest it. When the junction of the forces was effected, the Russian retreat began, and only the exertions of Freitag and of General Von Klakerau, commanding the rear-guard, and the desperate energy of the Russian artillerymen under Schamyl's furious and incessant attacks prevented a headlong and ruinous flight. After emerging from the mountains, the Russian troops, fearfully shaken in their morale, fell into a panic when the Caucasian squadrons charged, and over two hundred officers fell in their efforts to restore order. On August 1 the army reached Girsel, leaving some thousands of men behind as the price paid for the useless capture of Dargo. The czar, believing that his general had displayed great skill and courage in the brief campaign, and having announced the taking of the stronghold to Europe as an important success for the Russian arms, made the count "Prince Woronzoff." Schamyl, after this success, ravaged the plains with impunity, both in Georgia and to the north of the Caucasus, carrying off many prisoners from under the very guns of the forts on the Kuban and the Terek.

A few months later, the prince had a conference with the czar at Sebastopol, and a new policy, as above indicated, was adopted. The line of Russian fortresses was to be gradually drawn closer and closer around the mountain-chain, and light movable columns were to be used in supporting them. Patience and time were to be employed in a process of gradual exhaustion for the foe. Mobile columns were sent forth to traverse the Caucasus in every direction, and the success attained was such as to arouse the utmost energies of Schamyl.

While the Russians were preparing for fresh expeditions, in 1846, the warrior-prophet summoned his standing army and all the mounted men from the villages for a bold stroke against the two neutral Kabarda provinces, on the northern side of the range, about midway between the Black Sea and the Caspian, lying north-west of the Lesghian highlands. The

people of these provinces, after a long contest, had been forced to submit to Russia, on the honourable terms of retaining their weapons and being ruled by their own chiefs under the supremacy of the czar. German colonies settled in the fertile valleys, and many of the chiefs favoured the Russian ascendancy. The young warriors enrolled themselves in the ranks of the imperial cavalry, and the country was being gradually Russianized.

The knowledge of this change was gall to the spirit of Schamyl. He made many attempts, through his emissaries, to incite the Kabardians to efforts for independence, and his most eloquent *murids*, or devotees of the higher rank, preached zealously the "holy war." The Kabardians, however, were not zealots in religion, and all efforts were vain to entice them from a safe if, in Schamyl's view, ignominious neutrality. He resolved to employ force, and, with the inspiration of genius and almost incredible audacity, he invaded the open country where he was liable to be surrounded by overwhelming Russian forces. He gathered the largest army, either Russian or Caucasian, ever mustered up to that time in the highlands, and in May 1846 he took the field with twenty thousand men, mostly mounted troops. The men of Himri, Akhulgo, and Dargo were there; dwellers on the four branches of the Koissu and on the blood-stained banks of the Aksai; Lesghians, Tchetchenians, warriors of Daghestan, tribes of diverse origin and speaking various tongues, but freemen all, sabres at their sides and bags of millet for sustenance at their saddle-bows.

Two rivers flowed between their land and that of the Kabardians, and across their war-path ran two lines of hostile fortresses, including some of impregnable strength, containing, in all, seventy thousand men ready for service. In the intervals were Cossack settlements, and the Kabardians themselves were born warriors. Schamyl had no artillery, and no regular convoys of provisions and ammunition. Into this

network of danger and difficulty the Caucasian leader plunged without hesitation. The banks of the rivers were level with the water from the melting of the mountain-snows, but the horses swam across where fords failed. The Cossacks who strove to stay Schamyl's headlong course were ridden down. The forts were left behind, and before the Russian troops could assemble in force to bar every way of retreat, the work was done. About sixty populous villages of the Kabardians were plundered; twenty Cossack settlements were destroyed; and the more adventurous riders did not stay their career until they had watered their horses on the Kuban. Generals Freitag and Nestoroff had mustered their battalions and occupied the line of the Terek, and the Cossacks had come in from the plains with a strength of several thousand lances. Schamyl, in his retirement, swerved aside from his line of advance, overran more Cossack settlements, and regained the mountains with a large number of Kabardians forced into his ranks, and with a great booty of millet and mutton carried at the saddle-bows of his men.

The year 1847 was one of varied success. In June Prince Woronzoff was repulsed, after three days' fighting, in his assaults on the Russian fortress of Gerghebil, which Schamyl had captured and now defended in person. A Caucasian attack on Fort Golovine was beaten off with severe loss. A few months later, in 1848, Schamyl crossed the Sundja with a great force of horsemen and several guns to attack the Russian centre. General Freitag collected a body of infantry and cavalry, and, in conjoint operations with other generals, strove to enclose his adversary within a narrow pass; but Schamyl, dispersing his men, made off through the woods and escaped. He then, with a fresh force, crossed the Sundja a second time, and menaced the Russian line on the river Terek. He was repulsed by the aid of Congreve rockets, which spread death and terror among the mountaineers. Several indecisive encounters ensued, the Caucasian hero

ever showing great skill and resource both in attack and retreat.

In 1849, at the capture of the fortress of Akhulgo by the Russians, after a siege of nine months, and the repulse of three assaults delivered on July 27, August 17, and August 22-29, Schamyl sustained the loss of his son and of one of his wives, captured by the enemy. As usual, he escaped himself from the conflict. Weakened but not disheartened, he at once set himself to revive the zeal of the mountaineers, and to proclaim the continuance of the "holy war" against the Russians. In 1850 he was again in a position to renew the struggle on the rivers Terek and Kuban. The most desperate and sanguinary encounters took place in various quarters, Schamyl being personally engaged in Daghestan. While his lieutenant, Mohammed-Emin, was recovering to the west all the left bank of the Kuban, and Mourad Bey to the east was driving the Russians beyond the Terek, Schamyl, in this and the following year (1851) was acting along the Tchetchna river, and made his way into the plains north of the Caucasus. His very successes, however, were sapping his power and bringing him to ruin. He was contending with an enemy that could repair loss from resources without limit, while he was losing his bravest warriors, who could not be replaced; and the confidence of the mountaineers in his fortunes slowly declined under the inevitable exhaustion produced by the struggle.

The Crimean War, waged by Russia against Turkey, Great Britain, and France, caused a comparative lull, from 1854 to 1856, in the Caucasian struggle. Schamyl received some aid from the Turks and their allies, in the shape of money, weapons, and munitions of war, and the Russians were compelled to recall from the Caucasus a large part of their troops in order to encounter the British and French armies before Sebastopol. It was, however, too late for the Caucasian patriot to recover his old position. He gathered

his forces, and, by a bold inroad, spread alarm over Russian territory as far as Tiflis, in Georgia. In this campaign, he captured two Georgian ladies of high rank, whom he exchanged for his son, long a prisoner at Petersburg. During 1855 nothing was done against the Russians at the most critical period of their contest with the allies. The reason for this abstention of Schamyl from vigorous measures at a time when circumstances seemed most favourable for him remains unknown. It has been suggested by a friendly critic that, foreseeing the inevitable end, he refrained from assailing the foe when matters were at the worst for Russia, in the hope of gaining more favourable terms.

In 1856, on the conclusion of peace with the allies, the Russians vigorously resumed hostilities in the Caucasus, both at the Circassian end of the range and in Daghestan. The last of the wild Circassian and Abkhasian tribes were not subdued until 1864, but with that part of the struggle Schamyl was not personally concerned. The Russians, employing large forces, slowly but surely narrowed the circle within which their great enemy was confined. All the efforts of Schamyl were unable to stay their advance. Steadily a way was made by the enemy into the heart of the mountains. After gaining possession of the important pass of Argoun, the Russians defeated Schamyl, on August 11, 1858, in a sanguinary battle near the village of Ismail, and on April 12, 1859, after a long siege, they captured the fortress of Weden, a chief stronghold of the hero, by storm; again failing, however, to seize the chief of the defenders.

This last success was a fatal blow to the Caucasian cause. Wearied of the long, and now hopeless, struggle, the tribes submitted in succession, and many of those who had been hitherto Schamyl's most sturdy and faithful supporters went over to the enemy. The indomitable man then threw himself into his last refuge, the seemingly impregnable fortress of Mount Ghunib, lying on a precipitous rocky hill in Daghestan,

between the military road to Georgia and the Caspian Sea. The Russian troops were at this time under the command of Prince Bariatinski, a man of great ability and vigour. After a series of desperate combats, in which the chief part of the last supporters of Caucasian independence perished, the Russians won the last rampart of freedom. Only forty-seven of Schamyl's little band of four hundred warriors remained alive; and now, at last, when another escape could be of no service to the cause, Schamyl surrendered with the remnant of his men. Thus ended his efforts to establish in the Caucasus an independent Mohammedan realm which should stay the advance of Russia in southern Asia.

The work of the illustrious champion of freedom in the Caucasus did not, however, wholly perish with his fall. Deep and ineffaceable traces of his great career remain in the vast mountain-range. He planted the germs of organisation and civilisation during his exercise of supreme power, in teaching the tribes the value of discipline and of submission to authority and law; in suppressing their inter-tribal feuds and hatreds; in instilling a regard for the life and property of others. In a word, he reclaimed the men of the mountains from the moral condition of brigands, and caused them to look for the sanction of justice not in the use of brute force, but in appeal to superior authority, which offered to all an impartial protection. His severity was great, being necessitated by the difficulties of his position, as one controlling rude and savage men; but no act of useless cruelty was ever laid to the charge of Schamyl. The Russians themselves, to whom he caused so lavish an expenditure of men and money, bore testimony to his kindly treatment of prisoners of war. The nearer these captives were to the personal supervision of Schamyl, the milder was their lot. Whenever he heard of the ill-treatment of Russians in other hands than his own, he caused them to be removed to quarters where he could afford them his personal protection.

In the hour of his downfall, Schamyl reaped the reward of the splendid courage and determination, the long and heroic struggle, the humane treatment of helpless foes, which had aroused the admiration and esteem of his now triumphant opponents. His treatment as a prisoner was equally honourable to the victors and to the vanquished. An annual pension of ten thousand roubles, or about a thousand pounds sterling, was assigned to him, with a residence in the town of Kaluga, south-west of Moscow. There the hero lived in peace, with his wives and the households of his two sons. The dignity of his admirable character was well displayed when official greatness and warlike power had passed away. Faithful to his old simple and temperate habits, he displayed also inexhaustible charity and the noble resignation of a real believer. Terrible in war to his foes, and, in his days of rule, to all rebellious subjects, he was benignity itself as an honoured prisoner of war. His health remained robust after nineteen wounds inflicted by cold steel, leaving the scars which are a warrior's noblest decorations. His demeanour was imposing, calm, and austere, in his day of adversity as in the height of success, being that of a typical Mohammedan of the spiritual class. In 1866 Schamyl took the oath of allegiance to the czar, and after a brief residence at Mecca, he ended his life in 1871 at Medina. His name is inscribed for ever on history's roll of honour along with those of his fellow heroes and devotees of Islâm, Saladin and Abd-el-Kader.

CHAPTER VII

DANIELE MANIN (1831—1849) *AND GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI* (1847—1860)

The Freedom of Italy—The Country as settled in 1815—The Patriot Mazzini—Pope Pius IX.—The Movement for Freedom in 1848—*MANIN'S* Noble Career—His Birth and Early Life—His Excellent Political Methods—His Arrest by Austrian Tyrants—Austrian "Justice" exposed—Progress of Revolution in Italy—Manin released—The Rising in Venice—Capture of the Arsenal—Manin's Daring—Venice all in Arms—Expulsion of Austrian Authorities—A Republic proclaimed—Failure of Revolution in Italy—Manin and the Venetians alone against Austria—Blockade of Venice—Preparations for Defence—Zealous Devotion of the People—Manin chosen "Dictator"—His Diplomatic Efforts in behalf of Venice—The Terrible Tidings from Novara—General Haynau in Command against Venice—New Preparations for Resistance—The Patriotic Jews—Complete Blockade established—Demeanour of Citizens—The Lines of Defence—The Fortress of Malghera—Other Chief Works—Austrian Bombardment begins—Radetzky disappointed—Stout Resistance made—Departure of Haynau—The Bombardment renewed—Terrible Effect of Fire—Malghera and Other Forts abandoned—Austrian Troops blown up—Continuance of Siege—Determined Resistance—New Bombardment—The Bombs from Balloons—Sufferings of Besiegers—The City ravaged by Shot and Shell—Calm Endurance of Venetians—Assailed at last by Famine and Cholera—Capitulation of Venice—Manin's Escape to France—Domestic Calamities—His Hard Lot as an Exile—Death deeply mourned in Venice—Meanness of Austrian Tyrants—Transfer of his Remains from Paris—Monument erected. *GARIBALDI*, his Place in History—His Noble Character—Origin of Family—Birth, Parents, Early Life—Personal Appearance—His Interview with Mazzini—Garibaldi a Conspirator—Flees for His Life—Sails for South America—Brilliant Action for Freedom in Brazil and Argentine State—Garibaldi's Great Purpose for Italy—

Sails for Europe (1848) with Men of Italian Legion—The Revolutionary Movement in Italy—Failure of the Cause—Garibaldi's Adventures—The "Roman Republic"—Garibaldi a Defender of Rome—His Defeat of French Forces—Fights against Neapolitan Troops at Velletri—His Narrow Escape—Returns to Rome—City forced to surrender—Garibaldi's Flight—Death of his Wife—Again an Exile—Life in New York—Again at Sea—Returns to Nice—Fights against Austria in 1859—The Year of Glory (1860) for Garibaldi—The Landing of "The Thousand" at Marsala—The March on Palermo—His Victory at Calatafimi—Garibaldi's Tactics at Monreale—Brilliant Success—He forces Entrance into Palermo—The Final Conquest of Sicily—He crosses to Italy—His Triumphant March—Enters Naples a Conqueror—Victories at the Volturno and Caserta Vecchia—His Qualities as a Commander—Michelet's Eulogy of Garibaldi—His Honours to Mazzini on Death—The Hero's Noble Poverty—Use made of National Gift—His Declining Health—Visits to Milan and Messina—His Death—Honours paid to Memory—The Dirge of Neapolitan Women.

THE creation of a free, united, and independent Italy, and her entry into the European political system as a sixth great power, constitute one of the most striking and important facts of modern history. The subject, treated as a whole, is a very wide one, and in these concluding pages of our records of hero-patriots we can deal only with a few of the chief episodes, and with two only of the men distinguished in the long and chequered contest ending in June, 1871, when Rome became at last the capital of the new, complete Italian realm.

The settlement made at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, rearranging European boundaries of states on the fall of Napoleon, left Italy still divided and enslaved. The only Italian Republic was the little still-existing San Marino, lying among the eastern spurs of the Apennines, a few miles south-west of Rimini on the Adriatic. The only native Italian ruler, besides the Pope, was the King of Sardinia, ruling in Piedmont, Savoy, and Genoa; and he was an indolent despot. Austria held Lombardy and Venetia. Tuscany, Lucca, Parma, and Modena were duchies whose petty sovereigns depended on

Austria. The King of "the two Sicilies," a Bourbon prince, held Naples and Sicily. Three centuries of foreign tyranny had lowered the character of the people, but a desire for union and independence existed in countless hearts, and the authorities at Naples, Rome, Milan, Venice, and other centres of tyranny were in continual conflict with secret political societies which were formed. The Austrian government helped the weaker sovereigns to keep the people enslaved, and encouraged them to refuse all demands for constitutional government. Many attempts for freedom, hopeless from the first because they were devoid of unity of design and action, were made in 1821 and 1831, the last of which left the peninsula more than ever subject to Austrian power and influence.

One of the chief political founders of Italian freedom then arose in a native of Genoa, Giuseppe Mazzini, a man of high education and attainments, who formed a society of patriots called *Young Italy*, the members of which aimed at unity for the country under republican rule. They hoped to drive out the Austrians with a volunteer army composed of patriots from all parts of Italy; but new attempts in that direction utterly failed, and Mazzini, expelled in turn from France and Switzerland, took refuge in London, and carried on his work from 1833 to 1848 in the European press, and by secret correspondence with his native country.

New hope for Italian freedom dawned in 1846, when Cardinal Mastai Ferretti became Pope as Pius IX. The new ruler of the Papal States (central Italy) began a series of reforms, and in July 1847 he aroused the wrath of the Austrian government by giving his consent to the formation of a "National Guard," to replace the old tyrannical police, not only in Rome but throughout his dominions. Austria then invaded the Papal territories and seized the city of Ferrara, and a new King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, turning for support from Austria to his own people, declared that, if the Austrians went further, he would fight to the death for

Italy and the Pope. In Tuscany, the people compelled their "Grand Duke" to grant them a National Guard, and some disturbances took place in Lucca, Modena, and Parma. In the first days of 1848, an insurrection at Palermo forced the King of Naples and Sicily to grant constitutional government, and his example was quickly followed by the King of Sardinia, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Pope.

A crisis came with the French Revolution of February 1848, when Louis Philippe was driven an exile to England, and the second French Republic was established. The people of Lombardy, Venetia, Parma, and Modena took up arms, and drove the Austrian troops in retreat to Verona. It was the movement in Venetia which brought to the front DANIELE MANIN.

This illustrious man, styled by French writers "the great exile of Venice," and by an able British critic "the noblest and wisest of Italian patriots," was the hero whose name is most closely associated with the history of Venice in 1848 and 1849, and especially with the siege of the renowned city by the Austrians, against whom a resistance rarely equalled in history was made by the citizens. Manin was he who guided and controlled the revolution, at once the leader and the chief martyr in the cause of his country's freedom. It was not, indeed, his fortune to die for Venice either on the scaffold or in the field, but to perish in the slower and more cruel process of eight years' exile and want, witnessing the sorrows and sufferings of those who were dearest to him, and finding repose at last in a foreign grave far from the country which he had loved so well. An advocate, a prisoner for his liberal opinions, set free by his countrymen at the outset of the struggle which is the solitary instance wherein Venice ever rose in arms against oppressors, an indigent exile—there, in brief, is the career on earth of Daniele Manin.

It is a remarkable historical coincidence that the name of



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DANIELE MANIN.

the last doge of Venice, whose weakness hastened her downfall under the evil action of Bonaparte, was the same as that of the brave, strong man who was born ten years after the tomb had closed, for the period of seventy years, over the political freedom of the Queen of the Adriatic. Manin, the Venetian hero-patriot, was born at Venice, on May 13, 1807, of a Jewish family which had embraced Christianity. His father was a distinguished lawyer, a philosopher, and democrat, who bitterly hated Napoleon because he had not emancipated Italy and restored Poland. The younger Manin thus grew up as an Italian patriot, who awaited the hour of freedom for his native country. His precocious ability enabled him, when he studied at the university of Padua, to become a Doctor of Law at the age of seventeen years, a success without precedent. His mind was active and practical, his sensibility strong, his love of order and of a simple, well-regulated life was conspicuous. His soul was ardent, his nature charmingly vivacious, with a remarkable vein of melancholy. At twenty-one years of age Daniele Manin married a noble-hearted woman without fortune, and betook himself to a legal career for a livelihood. In 1830 he was established at Maestra, at the entrance to the lagoons, as a consulting lawyer in civil cases, being restrained by Austrian law from pleading at the bar of any court. Learned in jurisprudence and in languages, he had already translated the great French work of Pothier on Roman law.

In regard to the cause of freedom for Italy, Manin would have nothing to do with secret societies. His instinct and his reason alike made him hostile to all such methods. His judgment was perfectly sound ; his views were of the clearest ; his coolness was imperturbable ; his mind was closed against all illusions. With enemies, strangers, and friends he was a man of rectitude and frankness, combining with those qualities extraordinary diplomatic ability. His avowed principles in seeking redress for the evils under which his country suffered

were ever the same—"legality" and "publicity"—and he constantly dissuaded his friends in the provinces from every kind of violence and secret plotting. Having issued a memorial to the Austrian government, couched in moderate terms, for certain reforms in the method of rule, Manin, being therefore regarded as "a dangerous man" by the governor of Venice, was arrested, along with his worthy ally, Tommaseo, on January 18, 1848. At this time his physical strength was exhausted by the labours of many years in political affairs for the deliverance of Italy, and in his professional occupations for the support of his wife, son, and daughter; by the suffering due to a wasting renal disease, and by the pain of mind which he endured in viewing and in aiding to nurse the incurable malady of his beloved daughter.

The system of Austrian government in Venetia at this time is clearly revealed in a note sent by the Director-General of Police to the president of the criminal court which was to try the two prisoners. "In the event of an acquittal," were the words of this atrocious document, "inform me immediately, and do not set the prisoners at liberty." In other words, justice for Italians, under Austrian rule, was non-existent, and the police were the beginning and the end of everything which concerned the liberty, property, and lives of citizens. Manin's able defence, which was, in substance, an appeal to the Austrian emperor as the source of all authority and law, and sought there the justice which would concede freedom and nationality to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, was of no avail. An application made by his wife to the chief of the police and to the criminal court for his release on bail, according to law, was disregarded. The people of Venice showed their feelings of indignation by a march in mourning, with uncovered heads, before the windows of the prison.

Revolution was soon to bring for Manin and his fellow-prisoner the boon of freedom which Austrian "justice" denied. The movement for liberty was rapidly spreading in Italy. On

February 6, 1848, news arrived of the successful rising in Sicily, and of the people of Naples having compelled King Ferdinand to grant a "constitution." The whole of Venetian society went, in splendid attire, to the *Fenice* theatre, where the boxes, stage, and performers were decorated with the Italian tricolour, and the house rang with enthusiastic cries of "Down with Austria." Good tidings for the friends of freedom came pouring in. Before the end of February, the King of Sardinia and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, as we have seen, had granted their subjects liberal "constitutions," and monarchy had fallen in France. The Austrian authorities in Venice were greatly alarmed. On March 5 the tribunal presided over by an upright Italian judge declared that there was no legal charge against Manin and Tommaseo, but, in accordance with the note above quoted, the prisoners were consigned to the hands of the police. The Governor of Venice, Count Palffy, wrote to Vienna requesting the removal of the two captives to the Austrian fortress of Spielberg.

In the midst of his personal danger, the heart of the patriot was tortured by the anxieties of the father. Manin's family were refused access to his cell, and the malady of his daughter had become much worse. On March 15 news of the revolution at Vienna reached Venice, and the prisoners knew that the hour of deliverance was at hand. On the 17th the people rushed to the governor's palace and demanded their release. He referred the delegates to the judicial authorities, but the more excitable part of the crowd, headed by lads including Manin's young son, forced the prison gates and brought out the captives. Manin had positively refused to quit his cell until the gaoler informed him that he was released by order of the court. The governor, in a panic, had influenced the tribunal, and Manin thus attained his chief object—that of compelling the foreign authority to confess that it violated its own laws and acted only in an arbitrary manner.

The chief patriot of Venice was then raised in a chair and

carried to the Piazza di San Marco (Square of St. Mark). During a halt made in front of the governor's palace, Manin made a brief speech in which he pointed out to the people that "true and lasting liberty cannot exist without order," and that they must become "zealous guardians of freedom in order to prove themselves worthy of it." The governor clapped his hands approvingly from the open window. Manin continued, "Still there are times and circumstances when insurrection becomes not only a right but a duty." The governor violently shut his window. The triumphal procession was then resumed, and near Manin's residence, in a corner of the islet of San Luca, the rescued man was deposited in the arms of his wife and of his daughter, the beloved child who seemed to derive new strength from his return.

For seventeen months from that day Venice was free from Austrian tyranny, and Daniele Manin was the leading spirit in the beautiful city. There was some bloodshed on March 17, the day of the prisoners' release, when a battalion of Croat troops in the Austrian service advanced to tear down the tricolour floating from the masts in the Square of St. Mark. On the following day, the whole city rose as one man. The bridges were barricaded, and every roof was covered with people armed with tiles. The fight between the populace and the Croat infantry was violently renewed in the great square, but the matter ended in the governor's yielding to a demand for the establishment of a civic guard of two hundred men, in the restoration of order, and the illumination of the city.

Manin, resolved on completing the good work, now aimed at nothing short of national independence and the expulsion of the foreigner. In the civic guard he already possessed an organised force. The garrison of Venice was small. The two Italian regiments were ready to fraternise with the people, and only the Croat battalion was true to Austria. Within four days the civic guard, armed and fairly disciplined, had become four thousand strong, and the time for fresh action had arrived.

Manin had received a warning from a young naval officer, Salvani, and from workmen in the arsenal, that preparations were being made for bombarding the city, and on March 21, when this warning was renewed, the patriot replied, "Tomorrow Venice will be in my power, or I shall be dead."

The audacity and heroism now displayed by Manin were of the highest order. Resolved to attack the arsenal, he was only a captain in the civic guard, and the commandant, Mengaldo, refused to risk the lives of his men in an enterprise which he deemed hopeless. The patriot then demanded the services of his own company; but the adjutant-major refused assent, and of the whole company Manin's young son alone stood by him. An appeal to all the commanders of battalions in the guard brought a favourable reply from one, and hope revived in Manin's breast. He sent word for the men to assemble at noon on March 22 in the great square. Meanwhile, news arrived that Colonel Marinovich, second in command at the arsenal, and the supposed agent of the plan for bombarding the city, had been killed by some of the workmen in the place, and Manin set out from his home, sword in hand, with his son, gun on shoulder, to attack the great storehouse of munitions of war. Joined on the way by a few civic guards, he found none of the expected battalion at the Square of St. Mark. Still his only cry was "Forward!" The little troop soon numbered about a hundred men, mostly armed only with swords.

Arrived at the arsenal, the leader boldly demanded its surrender from Martini, commander of the marines, and was met with a stout refusal. During the parley one of the naval officers had given up the cannon to the civic guards, and Manin at once turned the guns on some gunboats in the lagoon, on which Croat troops were stationed with lighted matches. The keys of the armoury were surrendered, and the civic guards and workmen were quickly supplied with firearms and ammunition. A column of Italian infantry in

the Austrian service, drawn up for attack in front of the arsenal gate, grounded arms on receiving the order to fire on the revolutionists, and Manin passed out in triumph, crying, "*Viva la Repubblica! Viva l' Italia! Viva San Marco,*" this last being the old rallying-cry of the Venice populace. The words were answered by long and unanimous acclamations, and Manin, with his son and two friends, sought a brief repose after bidding his followers spread themselves all over the city and summon the people to the great square.

At four o'clock the hero appeared, proclaimed as their "saviour" by the people, and mounted a table from which, sword in one hand and the Italian tricolour in the other, he briefly addressed the crowd, congratulating them on the winning of freedom, and urging them to set up a republic. Thunders of applause passed from isle to isle. The civic guard swore to defend the new state and its founder, and the liberator, overcome with joy and fatigue, was conducted in procession to his home. The governor had already resigned his powers into the hands of the commandant, Count Zichy, an enlightened and humane Hungarian. In the interests of liberty, of humanity, and of civilisation, this defender of a city filled with treasures of art declined to enter on a hopeless contest of less than two thousand five hundred men against a great armed population, and signed a capitulation which afterwards cost him a life-long imprisonment by sentence of the Austrian government.

Of the new republic of Venice Manin now became president, heading a ministry which included a Jew and an artisan as pledges of liberty and political equality. Both these men proved themselves, during their brief period of office, worthy of representing these great principles. The only deed of blood which had stained the revolution of Venice was the murder, probably on private grounds, of Colonel Marinovich at the arsenal; and Manin was fully

resolved on the firm maintenance of order which should preclude any repetition of such a crime.

We must now briefly trace the course of events in other parts of Italy in order to realise the state of isolation in which Manin and his fellow-patriots at Venice were soon to find themselves. The King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto, declared war against Austria, crossed the Ticino, and defeated the enemy's troops. He was joined by crowds of volunteers from all parts of Italy. The army of the Pope crossed the Po, and the King of Naples was forced to allow his army to advance northwards on behalf of the national cause. The Sardinian sovereign, however, devoid of any fixed plan and of military skill, was utterly defeated by the Austrian veteran, Marshal Radetzky, a man of eighty-two years, on July 25, 1848, at Custozza, south-west of Verona, and nearly all the north of Italy was soon again in Austrian hands. The revolts at Parma and Modena were suppressed. The Pope, at the end of April, had withdrawn from the contest against Austria, and in May the brutal King Ferdinand of Naples slew his people in the streets of the city, and revoked the "constitution" which he had granted.

The failure of the revolution in other parts of Italy thus brought Manin and his Venetians face to face with the Austrian government, angered by their humiliation on the Adriatic lagoons. The chief resources of the city and territory at first consisted of seven thousand civic guards at Venice, and some similar corps in the towns on the mainland; six thousand sailors and marines; well armed forts and a full arsenal; a few small armed craft, and ten millions of *lire* (about £380,000) in the public treasury. A committee of defence on military questions was formed, and ten battalions of *gardes mobiles*, numbering six thousand men, were raised, with an artillery legion and a corps of *gens-d'armes*.

On May 4, 1848, the Austrian government proclaimed the maritime blockade of Venice. Patriotic troops had

arrived from Naples and Rome, forming, with a Venetian force, an army of about twenty thousand men for operations on the mainland. Three-fourths of this body were, however, quite without experience in the use of weapons, and the two leaders, Durando and Ferrari, had respectively the opposite faults of undue circumspection and excessive zeal. Early in May they were driven back on Vicenza and other points, and on May 21, at six in the morning, Manin and Tommaseo, with a reinforcement of a thousand men, set out by railway from Vicenza, which was attacked by the advance-guard of the Austrian forces. The lawyer and literary man who governed Venice showed an absolute indifference to danger and death amidst Austrian bullets, and his reinforcement, aided by the arrival of Durando with four thousand regular troops, compelled the Austrians to withdraw. It was, however, impossible long to maintain the contest on the mainland against the overwhelming forces of Austria, directed by the able Radetzky.

The devotion of the Venetians to the cause of freedom has been rarely equalled. When the increase of armaments required the raising of ten millions of *lire* by a forced loan, the military chest was enriched, at a single service for the "crusade" held by some poor monks, by a sum equal to a thousand pounds in money, and an amount of far greater value in plate, jewels, provisions, clothing, and arms. The women bestowed their earrings, neck-chains, and even the large silver bodkins from their long raven hair. The poor brought their beds for the use of the soldiers; even condemned prisoners gave their mite for the good cause. As for Manin, he gave his only article of value—a silver snuff-box. A young girl whose betrothed lover had been killed by the Austrians brought the wedding-ring, now become precious as a relic but useless for its original purpose.

With the fall of Vicenza, which was taken by Marshal Radetzky in June 1848, after a heroic struggle of eighteen

hours on the part of the defenders, and at a fearful cost to the victors, the power of the new Venetian republic on the mainland came to an end. The city was resolved to hold out to the last, both against open force and against the insidious diplomacy of European powers hostile to republican freedom.

After a temporary retirement from office, partly on the ground of extreme fatigue, Manin, on August 11, 1848, by public acclamation, became Dictator of Venice, with a naval and a military colleague. The city was thus governed by a triumvirate, composed of Manin as President, of Admiral Graziani, and of Colonel Cavedalis, the two latter being men of advanced age but great activity, both of honourable character and devoted to duty. The most energetic measures were adopted for defence. On August 31 the national loan of ten millions of *lire* was opened, and the military force numbered twenty thousand men, including the military organisation of the people of Venice and of the towns of the lagoons, the whole population being about one hundred and eighty thousand, and volunteers from many parts of Italy. The city was now strictly blockaded by Austrian troops on land and by a naval force from Trieste.

We pass over some months, uneventful in the beleaguered city herself, a time during which Manin was carrying on active negotiations with French and British statesmen in the vain hope of obtaining the active interference of the Western Powers of Europe on behalf of men struggling to remain free from Austrian domination. On January 18, 1849, the anniversary of the captivity of Manin and Tommaseo, there were fervent demonstrations of popular feeling for the dictator. When the elections were held, Manin was chosen by eight districts out of eleven; more than two-thirds of the electors—a very large proportion under a system of universal suffrage—taking part in the voting. In February, at the meeting of the new Assembly, a unanimous vote conferred

on the triumvirs full power in all matters relating to the defence of the city, and before the end of the month Manin and his colleagues presented reports showing that the republic possessed a corvette of twenty-four guns, two brigs, and a schooner ready for service, with another schooner, a brig, and a frigate rapidly advancing in construction. There were 4,845 sailors and marines, 16,430 troops of the line, and 550 guns mounted in battery on the forts and islands.

When, on March 28, 1849, the terrible news of the King of Sardinia's utter and final defeat at Novara reached Venice, the first effect on the minds of the citizens was one of stupefaction. Then a rush was made to the Square of St. Mark, where the crowd cried loudly for "their father Manin!" A foreign witness at this time says: "The faith of Venice in this man was inconceivable, complete, absolute. . . . He had never deceived, never abused the confidence of his fellow-citizens. . . . The people seemed to attribute to him omnipotence and omniscience, and believed him capable of guarding the state from every peril, and of rescuing her from every calamity." The dictator now addressed the multitude from a window of the palace in a few words, referring them to the bulletins yet to be published by the government; but the grave and sad look of his face showed his belief that great misfortunes had occurred. After three days of gloom, the evil tidings of Novara was confirmed.

General Haynau, commanding the Austrian corps of observation on the mainland before Venice, had already, on March 27, summoned "the persons who governed Venice," in threatening terms, "to restore the city into the hands of its legitimate sovereign." On April 2 the Assembly met, and unanimously resolved to "resist the Austrian army at any cost"; and for this purpose they invested President Manin with unlimited powers. The whole people ratified this decree by acclamation, and a red ribbon was universally worn in the button-hole as a sign of desperate resistance. On the top of the

Campanile of St. Mark, beside the golden angel that seems to watch over the city, was planted a huge red banner, standing out like a spot of blood against the azure sky, as it was seen afar off in the Adriatic by the enemy's fleet, and by their army on the distant mainland. It was the signal of defiance to the last extremity.

On April 3 General Pepe returned from the mainland with his troops to Venice, and the most energetic measures were concerted between the dictator and the commander-in-chief to strengthen discipline, to establish an efficient hospital service, and to protect the soldiers as far as possible against the miasma of the lagoons. A new forced loan of three millions of *lire* (about £110,000) was levied, divided among fifty of those best able to contribute, mostly Jews. The rich were the first to urge resistance; many of them munificently exceeded their allotted amount of contribution, and the second instalment of the loan was half paid in before the first was due. The zeal of the Venetian Shylocks was remarkable. They showed themselves grateful both for the present and the past. Proud to see a man of their own blood raised by his virtues and his abilities to be the head of a new Venice, proclaiming equality of rights for them, they also remembered that during the persecutions of the Middle Ages Venice had offered their race its only asylum in Europe.

On April 19 the Austrian vessels were before the island of Malamocco, and an effective blockade of the city was established. Henceforth, the only medium of communication between Venice and the outer world lay in a few British and French warships, and in some peasants and sailors from the neighbouring shores, smugglers who penetrated the circle of the blockade at the risk of being caught and shot by the Austrian besiegers, as frequently happened. Amidst idle successive rumours of aid to come from Hungary, now in revolt against Austria; from the United States, and from

France, the Venetian citizens showed two essential traits of their character, in their indestructible faculty of hoping and in the passion for pomp and ceremonies in daily life; a liking which has its source in a taste for the beautiful, not in mere frivolity. The young men in velvet tunics, plumed caps, and gay scarves who paraded in the Piazza di San Marco were those who formed the invincible company defending the fortress of Malghera. The religious solemnities were never suspended on their usual days during the whole siege, and even the horrors of war became the occasion of other solemn displays, and of new spectacles of reviews, consecrations of banners, extraordinary processions, and elaborate obsequies of the dead who had fallen for their country. In the chief ceremonies the dictator took his part; a striking contrast, as a little man in simple dark costume at the head of the Assembly, walking beside the tall old general in brilliant uniform. Such was his appearance at the festival of Saint Mark, on April 25, at the conclusion of which Manin, from the balcony of the palace, flung to the people the cry of indomitable hope, so much in harmony with the heart of Venice, in the words, "Citizens, he who persists will conquer!"

Without bombast, without feverish excitement, without lamentations, Venice and her people did persist. Even in her extreme peril, sadness never fell upon the city, the little world of the lagoon which sufficed unto itself, wherein nothing betrayed the idea of a beleaguered town on the verge of famine or assault. Every evening music resounded from open windows along the canals, glided with the gondolas over the tranquil water, and animated the cafés of the great piazza.

The development of the Venetian fortifications, due to the energy of the defenders, embraced, in all their sinuosities, not less than ninety miles, defended by seventy forts and batteries, mounting five hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. A triple

line of defence protected the last asylum of Italian freedom. In the centre was Venice, with the batteries of the lagoons and the numerous gunboats on the canal; beyond, towards the open sea, was the line of shore and the isles of the east, with the armed works of Chioggia, Pelestrina, Malamocco, and Lido. To the west, on the coast of the mainland, the forts and batteries of the interior shore of the lagoon enclosed the circle from Tre-Porti to Brondolo, with Malghera in the middle.

The first efforts of the enemy were directed against Malghera. This great fortress, constructed by the French between 1808 and 1810, amid the marshes of Orsellino, three and a half miles from the city, commanded on one side the road from Mestre and Padua; on the other, the great bridge of the Venice railway. On one side it was flanked by an old work recently called by Manin's name; on the other by the Rizzardi redoubt, constructed since the revolution. At the entrance to the great bridge a battery called *The Five Arches* supported Malghera on the third side. Fort Malghera, apart from the detached works, had a garrison of two thousand five hundred men and one hundred and thirty guns. General Haynau, the Austrian commander, had thirty thousand troops and an immense force of artillery.

On the night of April 29-30 trenches were opened, and the Austrians pushed on their approaches with great vigour, compelling the hapless peasants of Dogado, at the bayonet's point, to toil for the benefit of their tyrants under the fire of their fellow-patriots. Malghera was in charge of General Ulloa, a man who could command almost without words, and was obeyed without question or murmur.

On May 3 Marshal Radetzky reached head-quarters, near Mestre, with three of the Austrian archdukes, to whom he had promised the spectacle of the fall of Venice. On May 4, shortly after noon, seven batteries, suddenly unmasked,

sent against one face of the fortress the fire of sixty cannon and mortars. This discharge was met by a still more terrible cannonade, causing the besiegers far greater losses than those of the Venetians. The population hurried in crowds to the points of the city nearest to the scene of action, watching the spectacle with telescopes from the platforms of the batteries, from the towers and the roofs, from the Rialto and from gondolas on the waterways.

On the morning of May 5 a flag of truce brought to the commandant of Malghera a proclamation addressed by Radetzky to the Venetians through "the President of the present government," demanding absolute submission within twenty-four hours. The reply of "resistance at any cost" was promptly returned. Radetzky and his archdukes then went off in haste and anger, and General Haynau, recalled to command in Hungary, where he won lasting infamy by his cruelty, was replaced by Count Thurn. The Austrians with great difficulty resumed their works under severe losses from the cannon of the besieged, from the heavy spring-rains which almost drowned the men in the trenches, and also from the musket-balls and bayonets of the garrison of Malghera in their many impetuous sorties.

The blockade of Venice was beginning to produce its effects. The extensive provisioning which, with admirable foresight, had been effected in the early days of the revolution, and steadily carried on up to the time of an effective blockade, still assured the moderate price of bread; but except that article, and the fish of the lagoons, all kinds of provisions became scarce and dear. On May 17, the Venetian squadron sailed out of the port, and the Austrian vessels went into the offing in order to entice their foes out to fight. The Venetian flotilla did not follow them, but withdrew after attaining its object of enabling a good number of small craft, laden with provisions, to enter the harbour. Some days later, sorties from Tre-Porti and Brondolo, on and close to the

mainland, brought in a large number of cattle and a great supply of other provision.

A fresh trial of endurance for the beleaguered citizens came when the besiegers, on May 24, reopened the bombardment of Malghera, at daybreak, with a hundred and fifty guns at a distance of about five hundred and fifty yards, as contrasted with their former fire of sixty guns at double the range. The peril for the defenders was vastly increased, but the courage of the garrison rose with the need. In a battery served by a company of the flower of Venetian youth above referred to, three marksmen were killed at the same gun within an hour. The fourth, a young man fresh from the counting-house, stepped forward, heedless of the order of the commandant. The new gunner remained at his post until the next day. The artillerymen of the Rizzardi redoubt stayed three days in their batteries, fed only on biscuits and water. A crowd of infantry volunteers disputed who should take the place of the gunners that fell. One Venetian, his legs carried off by a cannon-ball, clapped his hands as he fell, crying, "Viva Venise!" A patrician, visiting his son in a battery, was struck down by a shell. The son threw himself on the body, and the bursting shell tore their interlaced frames to pieces.

The hostile fire continued with frightful violence for three days and two nights, until over sixty thousand projectiles had been hurled into the fortress. The ramparts and embrasures were utterly crushed, the parapets so ruined that the gunners were exposed. The supply of gabions was exhausted, so that no repairs could be made; the casemated barracks were no longer proof against the bombs, which killed the soldiers in their rooms. Many of the guns were dismounted, and more than half the batteries were silenced. Of the garrison (two thousand five hundred and fifty men) a fifth were either killed or disabled. Ammunition was failing the gallant defenders, and a fresh supply could arrive from the city only through an incessant shower of fire on the route.

Manin, seeing the place to be untenable against further bombardment, and not to be maintained against assault made by vastly superior numbers, sent an order for evacuation to General Ulloa. That commander, as prudent as he was heroic, withdrew his men during the night of May 26, after disabling part of the guns and loading the others to the muzzle, with lighted matches laid on the touch-holes to burn for a certain time. The gunners at first obstinately refused to quit their weapons, and shed tears as they embraced them before spiking. The forts Rizzardi, Cinque Archi (*Five Arches*), Manin, and another were abandoned at the same time. The Austrians, overcome with fatigue, were not vigilant, and the Venetians retired without loss by the bridge and on the barges in the lagoon.

In the morning, an Austrian patrol, struck by the perfect silence in the fortress, entered and found it empty. The enemy were possessed of a mere mound of ruins, where a man could not walk four paces without falling into a hole made by a shell. The cannon continued to go off as the matches burnt down, and the gunners, now within the city, each fancied that he could in turn recognise the "last word" of his beloved piece. Fort San Giuliano blew up, carrying with its *débris* the bodies of an Austrian detachment in occupation. At the same time Fort Cinque Archi blew up and cut off communication with Venice from the main land by the railway. Such were the farewells to the foe from the defenders of Malghera.

The great advanced post of Venice on the mainland had fallen. There remained for the citizens the lines of defence on the lagoons. The circle of iron and fire around the devoted place was ever narrowed, but Manin and his fellow-patriots remained indomitable in their resolve. The increase of peril only redoubled the energy of the defenders. The people of the city, and the bold mariners of Chioggia, came in crowds to aid the soldiers in destroying, in a few days,

eight arches of the great bridge besides the five which had been blown up. The enormous structure, composed of two hundred and twenty-two arches, was about four thousand yards in length, and the causeway, henceforth widely separated from the mainland, was defended by four strong batteries, three upon the bridge itself, the fourth on a small island, and by a flotilla of gunboats. This portion of the defences, the key of Venice, was in charge of General Ulloa, surrounded by a band of brave officers.

On May 31 the Assembly issued a decree expressing confidence in the valour of the troops and the determination of the people. On June 1, at a review held in the Piazza San Marco, the crowd loudly applauded the survivors of the garrison of Malghera. Between June 2 and June 6 the Austrians, maintaining the blockade at the cost of much suffering and loss from the fever of the lagoons, made attacks in great force on the southern lines of defence towards the mouths of the Adige and the Brenta by land, and towards Chioggia and Brondolo by sea. At every point they were repulsed. On June 13 six batteries of the enemy opened fire against the works of the great bridge. The Venetian reply was very formidable, but was unable to silence the Austrian guns and howitzers, and some of the bombs from the hostile batteries began to fall at the entrance of Cannaregio, the quarter of the city nearest to the great bridge. The people, wholly unaccustomed to such visitors, were not for an instant daunted. "You may bombard us," was the cry, "but you cannot come in. The bombs are more welcome than the Croats. Let our old houses fall!" They then quietly withdrew, with their furniture and other effects, to the part of the city least exposed to hostile fire.

On June 23 the defenders of Venice suffered a great loss in the explosion of the powder-magazine in the chief battery on the railway-bridge. Colonel Rosaroll, in command, soon restored order, rallied his men, and remounted the national

flag, waving it in defiance of the Austrians. He fell at once, mortally wounded by a bullet, crying to his cannoneers who hurried to raise him, "To your guns! to your guns!" This brave man was an ex-officer of the Neapolitan army. When the priest who attended him in his last moments inquired if he died in peace with all mankind, "I have not an enemy in the world," he replied, "except the King of Naples and the Austrian invaders." His successor in command at the great battery, a Venetian named Coluzzi, was killed on July 5. On the following night the work was surprised by an Austrian detachment brought up in barges. The new Venetian commander, Colonel Cosenz, was wounded by the bayonet of a Croat, but a body of troops in reserve rescued him, and drove the assailants headlong into the sea.

During the whole month of June, hostilities had given the enemy no advantage after the capture of Fort Malghera. Some negotiations opened by Manin with the Austrian government failed in consequence of their demand for unconditional surrender, and the people of Venice maintained their attitude of resolute defiance. On June 26 the municipal council voted a new tax of six millions of *lire*. Early in July the commissariat department was reorganised, and a new "Committee of Subsistence" was established with universal powers. The mass of the people were now living on bread alone, and the families of the middle class, that to which Manin belonged, shared the penury of the multitude.

The vigour of the defence never slackened, and nocturnal sorties were often made with success. The supply of ammunition, diminished by two accidental explosions at the powder-mills, was causing uneasiness. The besiegers now adopted a new device. On July 12 a score of balloons suddenly appeared rising above the Austrian squadron off the Lido, and little clouds of smoke and successive explosions showed that each balloon had carried up a bomb. Not one of these missiles from the air fell upon the city, most

of them exploding on the Lido or on the lagoons, while some of the balloons, passing beyond the city and the waters, flung their projectiles, amidst the laughter of the citizens, on the heads of the assailants of Venice.

About the middle of July the besiegers altered their plan of attack. They were suffering very severely from cholera and the marsh-fever, and on July 18 the Austrians abandoned the extensive and costly works constructed before Brondolo, leaving behind a vast quantity of materials. They then retired to a distance, after burning the habitations and inundating the country. The garrison of Brondolo quickly sallied forth, let off the waters, and saved a quantity of provisions; but they unhappily introduced into Venice, from the enemy's camp, when they returned, the cholera which had not yet reached the city. At the chief point of attack, in front of the railway-bridge, new Austrian batteries were established, and on the night of July 29 for the first time, bombs fell far within the city. From twenty-eight guns, mounted on platforms and inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, twenty-four pound cold shot, bombs, and red-hot balls rained on all the western portion of Venice, after a parabolic flight ranging from four thousand to nearly six thousand yards.

The populous quarters, Cannaregio and Santa Croce, nearest to the enemy, were cruelly ravaged by this new bombardment, and most of the inhabitants—mainly women, children, and aged men—migrated in haste, carrying off beds and their most useful articles of furniture, amid the clatter of falling chimneys and the lurid light of bursting bombs and of houses all aflame. Eye-witnesses of the scene have told of the calm resignation which reigned amongst the fugitives; the women, with infants at their breasts, or leading little ones by the hand, passing on in dignified silence. The crowd thus driven from their homes encumbered the ducal palace thrown open to them, its courts and porticoes, and the

church cloisters and open galleries ; others took refuge in the Giudecca, the ancient Jewish quarter, or in the more distant isles, or in shipping on the lagoon. In no bombarded, beleaguered town was there ever a nobler display of calm, heroic endurance of ill for freedom's sake.

The Austrian fire, vigorously maintained, wrought dire mischief to the productions of Venetian art. Many splendid houses on the Grand Canal were struck by from ten to forty cannon-balls or bombs. The marvellous façades of the palace greatly suffered. The beautiful arcade of the Rialto was pierced. Several churches, rich in paintings, sculpture, and the tombs of heroes, were mutilated or set on fire. The balls passed through the Scuola di San Rocco, covered with the magnificent compositions of Tintoretto, and one carried away his *chef-d'œuvre*, the *Moses striking the Rock*.

Under this trial, Manin, the Assembly, the civil and military committees, and all the people maintained the same level of absolute heroism. Pepe, the commander-in-chief, and the Assembly issued addresses of encouragement and of high praise for the patience, bravery, firmness, good order, and mutual affection displayed by all ranks of the citizens. If the Austrian besiegers had depended for success on the terrors of bombardment or on the force of their arms, they would never have reduced Venice. They succeeded at last only by the aid of those unconquerable foes of beleaguered towns, pestilence and famine.

As distress for food increased in the city, an effort was made to break the blockade. Early in the morning of August 1, twelve hundred soldiers under the command of Colonel Sirtori, a brave man who had been a priest, sallied out from Chioggia, made a descent on the mainland, passed the Brenta, drove in the enemy's outposts, and returned in the evening with two hundred oxen, some wine, corn, and other supplies, bearing also a flag captured from the foe. The announcement of this success was received with rapturous applause at the

Fenice theatre, where some artistes and amateurs, "for the benefit of the country," were playing Rossini's grand opera *William Tell* amid the crash of cannon-balls and the bursting of bombs around the edifice.

The end of resistance was, however, daily drawing closer. The Venetian army was greatly reduced in numbers, far more by sickness than by the enemy's fire, and its ranks could no longer be supplied with recruits. The besiegers, after the successful sortie, had compelled the inhabitants of the coast to withdraw into the interior with their cattle, grain, and every kind of provisions. The navy alone could now, by any possibility, revictual Venice, but the commanders of the squadron, in face of the force arrayed against them, and of other difficulties, deemed it impossible to effect anything, and no attempt was made.

The word "capitulation" began to be whispered in certain high quarters, and a petition, signed by a few persons, was presented to the Assembly, at the instance of the cardinal-patriarch and another personage. The people went to the palace of the archbishop on August 3, crying "Death to the Patriarch"; but Tommaseo, with some deputies of the Assembly and some civic guards, induced them to disperse peaceably. The British consul, under orders from his government, urged a cessation of resistance, and was roundly rebuked by Manin. It was, nevertheless, impossible for the brave president to disregard the desperate position of his native city. The cholera was daily making more serious ravages amongst a population enfeebled by famine, crowded into narrow places of refuge, exposed to a scorching sun by day and to a cold, humid air by night. The Subsistence Committee reported that the stock of grain could not last longer than August 24.

The great hero-patriot could not but feel that he must not, in sheer obstinacy, allow the utter destruction of a people who might yet have a happy future of freedom. On August 6,

after an anxious and exciting discussion of the state of affairs, the assembly, by fifty-six votes against thirty-seven, carried a motion "granting to President Manin the full liberty of providing, as he shall consider best, for the honour and safety of Venice." For a few days longer the city endured fearful losses from disease, and the fiery hail from the Austrian batteries fell faster than ever. The exterior works, the floating batteries, and the flotilla of gunboats were more than half destroyed. Further resistance was impossible, but it was only on the morning of August 24, the very day on which the store of food was exhausted, that the capitulation of Venice was signed. Her heroic defence ranked her for ever in the roll of great names of besieged towns on which history has recorded Saguntum and Saragossa, Leyden and Londonderry, Ladysmith and Mafeking.

The ex-dictator, excluded from amnesty, with about forty other leading Venetians, was able to escape the mean and cruel vengeance of Austria on board a French man-of-war. Accompanied by his beloved wife and their two children, he reached Marseilles, where another cruel blow fell on the sorely stricken man in the death of his wife from cholera. The widower's only worldly possessions lay in a few hundred pounds forced on his acceptance by his grateful and admiring fellow-citizens out of the remnant in the public treasury when he went into exile. This little stock was quickly exhausted by the expenses of travel and of illness, and soon after arrival in Paris Manin had to work for his own and his children's bread as a teacher of Italian, sternly refusing all offers of aid from old and new friends. His chief sorrow lay in seeing the protracted pain of his daughter Emilia, the precocious companion, even in her childhood, of her father's thoughts and cares for Italy. The loving heart of the father, as she slowly succumbed to a mysterious malady, endured for her a martyrdom far more trying than that of the scaffold or the stake. Suffering himself from disease of the heart, the noble

man, in all weathers, daily trudged his long, weary way through the streets of Paris to the places of his engagement in tuition.

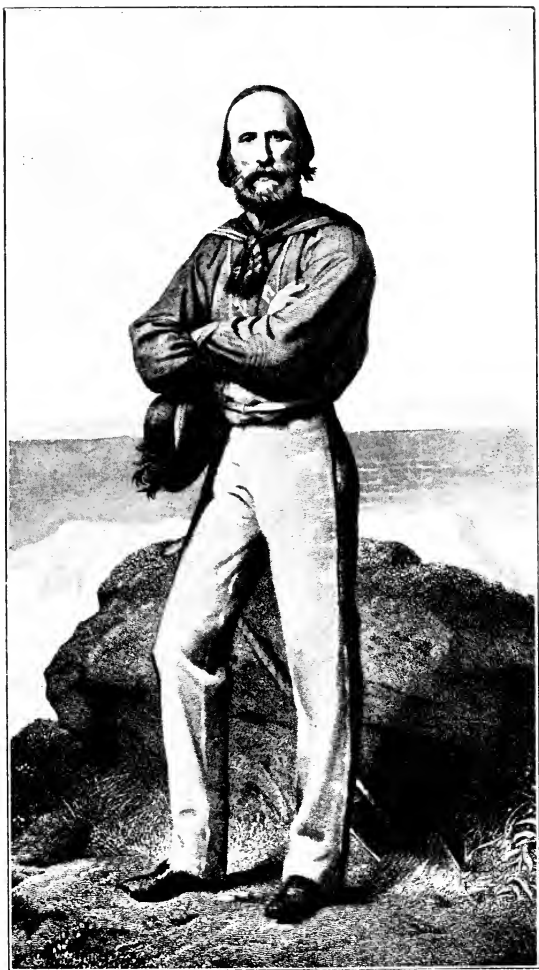
In January 1854 Manin's daughter died, and his remaining days were those of constant mourning. He could take no joy in what she could not share; even restoration to his beloved Venice would have been naught without her presence. He lived through the Crimean War, and saw the dawn of a new hope for Italy in the part played before Sebastopol by the Italian troops of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia and Piedmont. An avowed republican, Manin was willing, for the sake of Italy, to accept a monarchical leader in the path to Italian unity and freedom, and one of his last acts was to sign, in August 1857, the circular of the *Italian National Society*, a body formed by himself to support, in that cause, the House of Savoy. On September 22 of the same year he died in the same room which had been the scene of his daughter's long agony.

Throughout Italy, and most of all in Venice, the tidings of the great patriot's death brought sincere and deep mourning. The mean and detestable tyranny of Austria, rampant in the city of the lagoons, forbade the performance of any funeral service for the illustrious dead. To pray for the soul of a patriot was a crime in Venice, and the interdict of barbarous rulers caused the strange spectacle of crowds of all ranks filling a church and bowed in silent prayer, while spies and police kept jealous ears and eyes alert for any utterance of the petitions which rose in wordless supplication from every heart.

Not for ever was Austria thus to rule in Venice. The work of Manin had not been fruitless, and the impression made by his defence of his native city had its share in causing the Franco-Austrian war of 1859, which ended in the cession of Western Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel, and in that of Venetia, after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, to the French emperor, Louis Napoleon, for the purpose of its transfer to the same sovereign, as King of Italy. Venice was at last able

to render due honour to the remains of her great citizen, which were brought, in 1868, from their resting-place in Paris to his native city, where a statue was, in 1875, erected to the memory of a truly great and noble man.

We come finally, in this record of the champions of freedom, to our last representative man, the most brilliant of Italian hero-patriots, GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI. We have no space here for a complete account of his wonderful career, and can only attempt a sketch of the man himself and of the chief exploits by which he won distinction in his native land. He was the last hero of the heroic age of New Italy, the most popular, the most legendary, in the sense of the one most resembling a hero of romance. The "grand old Lion of Democracy," as he has been styled, was, on the moral and spiritual side of his nature, one of the greatest men in modern history. "He had all the instincts of the lion; not merely the headlong courage, but the far nobler qualities of magnanimity, placability, self-denial, attributed to the idealised king of the animals. His impulses were all generous, his motives invariably upright, his conscience unerring." A more knightly, royal heart never beat under the breastplate of a Bayard or a Sidney than that which was covered by the famous red shirt of this splendid soldier of Italian liberty. He comes before us now as the central figure of a magnificent, incomparable drama of which the stage was the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and the audience an applauding, breathless world. Ever calm and great in success; ever serene and unshaken when he was forced to retire before hopeless odds; never anything but dignified and great in failure and obscurity; one of the two or three men living on the earth at any one time for whom money and rank have absolutely no temptation; an embodied testimony to the possibility of that civic virtue which was the one sublime and redeeming quality of the paganism of old Rome; a faithful soldier who might have been a king, and



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GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

preferred to live, after glorious successes which made him the idol of his countrymen, in a condition one degree above that of a common Italian peasant ; always a hero, even to his own servants and amid sordid circumstances ; unspoiled by the admiration of the world and the adulation of his friends, and retaining to the last all the sweet calm simplicity of his early days ; a warrior with hands always unstained by plunder, by cruelty, by useless shedding of blood, Giuseppe Garibaldi will stand out before the eyes of posterity as the noblest of citizens and patriots, as a man who was a conqueror but no statesman ; not always wise, but never debased by any thought of self ; a true and perfect gentleman to all who knew his unstudied grace and natural dignity, the signs of a great heart and of a sweet and manly nature which revealed itself in every word and action.

The name *Garibaldi*, "bold in war," is certainly German, betokening old Lombard descent, and his Teutonic origin was shown in his long sunlit hair, tawny beard, calm slow speech, measured tread, and total absence of gesticulation in his discourse. From the eleventh century, *Garibaldis* and *Garibaldos* were numerous in the province of Liguria, the narrow mountainous strip of territory extending, in semicircular shape, round the Gulf of Genoa, from Mentone to the Gulf of Spezzia, and especially in Chiavari ; in which district a commune near Nè still bears the name of *Garibaldi*. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we find *Garibaldis* at Genoa, Nice, and Chiavari ; roving, restless, daring men, ever siding with the people against the tyrants of their time and country. In 1507, after a popular tumult, a Bartolomeo *Garibaldi*, heading the Genoese, was banished from the city with his son Ugolino. This son settled in Chiavari ; and most of our hero's Italian biographers hold that the famous Giuseppe descends from him in a direct line.

His pedigree can be traced back, however, only to Stefano Domenico *Garibaldi*, born in Chiavari in 1708, a

well-known merchant captain. In 1770 the family left Chiavari and settled in Nice. There, on July 4 (a famous date in freedom's records as "Independence Day" in the United States), 1807, Giuseppe Garibaldi, the subject of this writing, was born, son of Domenico Garibaldi, captain of his own merchantman, and of Rosa Maria Nicoletta Raimondi. Of five children, Giuseppe was the second. His father was a man held in respect as a model of honesty and hard work, and as one of the most expert captains in the Mediterranean, in most of whose ports his vessel, the *Santa Riparata*, was well known. Garibaldi's mother, who died in 1852, at the age of seventy-six, was ever devotedly loved by her famous son, and was a woman notable for her goodness to the sick and poor, for her thrifty household management, and her absolute honesty. In his autobiography, Garibaldi declares that "to her inspiration he owed his patriotic feelings," and that "in his greatest dangers by land and sea his imagination always conjured up the picture of the pious woman prostrated at the feet of the Most High interceding for the safety of her beloved." We may note, as another coincidence in regard to the future military leader's birth, that he first saw the light in the very house and room where, in 1758, Massena, Napoleon's famous marshal, was born.

The young Giuseppe Garibaldi, called "Peppino" by his playmates, is described by one of his schoolfellows as being "as good, beautiful, and simple as his mother, as honest and frugal as his father. Where his genius came from, still less his republican notions and his hatred for the priests, baffles me, for if ever there was a man who brought up his family to 'fear God and honour the king' it was Padron Domenico; and as for his mother, though not a *beghina* (bigot), she was a pious, gentle soul, took all her boys to church, had them confirmed, and until Peppino got his own way and became a sailor, he had to go to church and conform like the rest of us." As to how far "the boy was father of

the man" in the case of the future liberator of Sicily and Naples, we learn from the same excellent authority that "he was a bright, brave lad who planned all sorts of adventures, playing truant when he could get the loan of a gun or coax one of the fishermen to take him in his boat. . . . He was often silent and thoughtful, and when he had a book that interested him he would lie under the olive-trees for hours reading. . . . He had a beautiful voice, and knew all the songs of the sailors and peasants. Even as a boy we all looked up to him and chose him as our umpire, while the little ones regarded him as their natural protector. He was the strongest and most enduring swimmer I ever knew, a very fish in the water, and the stories about his saving a washerwoman when he was eight years old, and several boys whose boat capsized, when he was twelve, are true."

As regards education, we know from Garibaldi's own testimony that he learned algebra and geometry, astronomy, geography, and commercial law, in order to obtain a certificate as merchant captain; and that this knowledge was acquired from books by his own persevering, unaided toil. It is clear that he had fair natural abilities, and his invariable habit of doing thoroughly all that he undertook to acquire or to perform was proved by his exquisite handwriting, his unrivalled skill at draughts, and his work on shipboard, as testified by all who ever sailed with him. Taking to a seafaring career, he embarked in his father's brig in 1821. From cabin-boy he became sailor, second mate, first mate, and captain, during eleven years of life, ending in February 1832, the time of his registration as captain in the (then Italian) department of Nice. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, and we may now attempt to signalise his personal appearance.

In the prime of early manhood, Garibaldi, five feet six and a half inches in stature, had hair and eyebrows of reddish hue, eyes of chestnut-brown, a spacious forehead, aquiline nose, mouth of medium size, round chin, and healthy colour.

Thus he is described in the register of the royal navy of Sardinia and Piedmont for 1833, into which, for a certain purpose, Garibaldi volunteered in December of that year. Another account gives him at this time as "a muscular, broad-chested sailor, stalwart and well-knit, his long chestnut-golden hair flowing back from the fair and ample forehead, his brows slightly knit, his keen eyes gleaming from under their long lashes." The personal fascination of the man and of his demeanour and words, and the influence which he gained over all who fell under that wonderful charm, were almost unparalleled. The beauty of his grave, sweet smile was such as no beholder could ever forget.

We must now explain with what object Garibaldi had entered the royal navy. He had become, in zeal for the freedom and unity of his native land, a member of *Young Italy*, and his sole and simple aim in entering on board the royal frigate *Euridice* as pilot was to enrol in that association as many of the king's officers and sailors as he could. A decisive hour in Garibaldi's life had come when in the autumn of 1833 he had his famous interview with Mazzini at Marseilles. That great conspirator in freedom's cause rapturously welcomed such an adherent and volunteer for Italy, and they parted with the words "Now and for ever" as their motto. Utter failure in their enterprise was their doom for that time. On the morning of February 4, 1834, Garibaldi left his ship, landing alone at Genoa to see if the preparations for a rising were matured. He never returned to the vessel. At the custom-house steps a voice whispered in his ear, "All is discovered!" He knew himself to be suspected, because on the previous day he had been transferred from the *Euridice* to the admiral's flag-ship. He was already a deserter in having quitted his ship without leave, and his only safety lay in flight.

After exchanging his uniform for an old suit of peasant's clothes, and hiding himself for ten days, he arrived, in another

ten days' tramping, "with the constellation *Cassiopeia* for his guide," in his own words, at his native Nice, footsore, hungry, and so tattered that his aunt turned him away from the door as a beggar, and his own mother could scarcely recognise him. The pious, gentle creature, and her God-fearing, king-honouring spouse, were naturally horrified in learning that their beloved son, the "Captain Garibaldi" of whom his townsmen were so proud as a skilled navigator, was a deserter from the royal navy and a fugitive from justice. He was still, on Italian soil, in great danger, and he soon crossed the frontier of Italy and France, and made his way to Marseilles, where he read in the *Peuple Souverain* newspaper the royal decree condemning him, with many others, to death, "in default," as "a conspirator and bandit." Such was the unpromising first appearance on the revolutionary stage of one of the most illustrious men of modern days. We must now pass very rapidly over a period of fourteen years, which may be summed up as a time of preparation for the patriot's second appearance in that character.

After voyages to the Black Sea and to Tunis, Garibaldi started for South America in 1836, sailing for Rio Janeiro. He took service with the republic of Rio Grande do Sul, a vast territory belonging to Brazil, then in open rebellion and war against that empire. This most romantic portion of his career furnishes ample materials for an epic blending the charms of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. As commander both on land and sea he won high distinction. His experiences included marvellously propitious and terribly adverse fortune, and every imaginable variety of adventure, peril, and escape. As a prisoner subjected to the rack and other torture, in shipwrecks, in forest wanderings, winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men against great odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving throughout proofs of the rarest humanity and generosity, disobeying orders to sack captured cities, exercising

a mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which almost enabled him to dispense with ordinary rule and discipline, he proved himself a marvel among adventurous mankind. It was after losing a flotilla in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, where he landed wrecked and forlorn, having seen his bravest and most cherished Italian friends shot down or drowned, that he fell in with his first wife, Anita, a Brazilian creole. She proved to be almost as daring and long-enduring as her heroic husband, and was by his side in all fights by land and sea.

The fortunes of the republic of Rio Grande declined, and then, after giving birth to her first-born, Menotti Garibaldi, in September, 1840, she went with that infant and his father through the terrible hardships and dangers of a disastrous retreat. Garibaldi then betook himself, with his wife and sons, to Montevideo, where he settled for a time as a general broker and a teacher of mathematics. When war broke out between the Uruguay Republic and Buenos Ayres, then ruled by the savage tyrant Rosas, Garibaldi drew his sword for the state which had sheltered him, and received command of a little squadron operating in the Parana against a largely superior Argentine force.

There can be little doubt that the enthusiasm of Garibaldi in behalf of men struggling for their rights in South America was largely due to the belief that he could there realise his long-cherished idea of forming an Italian Legion, and thus training Italians, in fighting for the liberties of others, for the day when he should lead them against the foes of their own country. Italy was ever in his inmost thoughts, under the Southern Cross as under the Great Bear. His work in South America had its ample reward of credit gained in his native land. He maintained a correspondence with Mazzini, either directly or through his friend Cuneo, the editor of a newspaper in Montevideo. In the *Apostolato*, a periodical published by Mazzini in London, Garibaldi's

achievements beyond the Atlantic were first narrated for Italians in Europe, in glowing colours, in 1842. Five years later, when a free press was granted in Tuscany and Piedmont, Mazzini sent the same accounts to the *Alba* in Florence, to the *Tribune* in Genoa, and to the *Concordia* in Turin, so that, on return to Italy, the hero found that his reputation as a dashing and skilful leader had preceded him.

Garibaldi had formed, from his countrymen settled in that region of South America, an Italian Legion of about five hundred men. From 1843 to 1845, he and his followers shared in part of the notable defence of Montevideo, during an eight years' siege by the army of Buenos Ayres, fighting both by land and sea with great courage and success; and in 1846 they played a brilliant part in a campaign in Uruguay. To Garibaldi's character and conduct in the Montevidean struggle high testimony was borne by Lord Howden, the admiral in command of a British squadron sent to the La Plata in 1845. That nobleman, some years later, when certain Catholic peers protested against the "filibuster's" defence of Rome, declared Garibaldi, whom he had known in command of the garrison of Montevideo, to have been "the one disinterested individual among numbers who only sought their personal aggrandisement," and he paid a tribute at the same time to his "great courage and military talent." After the hero's victory at Salto Sant' Antonio, of February 8, 1846, the French Admiral Lainé, commanding his country's squadron in the La Plata, wrote to Garibaldi congratulating him on his intelligent and intrepid conduct, and on the simplicity and modesty which enhanced the value of his report of a feat of arms "whose entire honour is due to you."

The hour came at last for these great qualities to be displayed on the stage of European struggle. Early in 1848, the startling news of revolutionary movements in Italy arrived at Montevideo, and Garibaldi, with a portion of his Legion, eighty-five men, and two cannon, embarked for his native

land on board the brigantine *Speranza*, chartered partly with their own savings. The little band were starting towards the fulfilment of the longing, the passion, of their lives. They were about to dedicate the weapons gloriously wielded in the service of the oppressed in other countries to their own beloved Italy. On April 15 the little expedition quitted Montevideo with a favourable breeze, and was soon on the broad Atlantic.

The voyage was short and prosperous, and the time was usefully employed. The unlettered were taught by the better instructed. Gymnastic exercises were not neglected. A patriotic hymn, composed and set to music by one of the little band, was the evening prayer, sung every night by the group standing on deck.

Garibaldi's first intention had been to land on the coast of Tuscany, but his dear friend and comrade, Anzani, was dying of consumption, and the need of provisions suitable to his state compelled the commander to put in at Santa Pola, on the Spanish coast. The captain of the vessel returned on board with news of the most exciting nature. Palermo, Milan, Venice, and many sister cities had started the revolution; the Piedmontese army was pursuing the Austrians, and all Italy was in arms for the sacred cause of freedom. The men on the *Speranza* rushed on deck with embracings, ravings, and tears of joy. Anzani sprang to his feet, excitement lending him a moment's strength. "Make all sail!" was the instant cry. In a few days Italy was in sight, and a landing was made at Nice in the last week of June. There Garibaldi met his Anita and his children, who had left America some months earlier, and were staying with his aged mother, whom he had not seen for fourteen years. He was warmly welcomed by the people of his native town, proud of his achievements for freedom in the New World. After a few days' rest the party sailed for Genoa, along with a few young "Nizzards" who had insisted on accompanying them to the war. They were welcomed by the people in a tumult of joy. In a few

days Anzani, a capable and honourable man, a soldier of the most lofty character, died of his wasting' malady, a severe loss to the cause of Italian freedom.

Garibaldi promptly made his way to the head-quarters at Roverbella, between Verona and Mantua, of Carlo Alberto, the King of Sardinia, to offer the services of himself and his comrades to the man who had in 1834 condemned him to death and caused his exile. He was coolly received, and the chieftain, eager for Italian freedom, was obliged to rejoin his followers at Milan without obtaining permission to serve his country in any capacity, as the authorities seemed to have little belief in the use of volunteers. At last Casati, a member of the "Provisional Government" of Lombardy, attached the little force to the Lombard army, and Garibaldi, stationed at Milan, was entrusted with the organisation of various fragmentary bodies of troops, including his men from South America.

In Lombardy, the contest was soon ended for a time by an armistice, capitulation to the Austrian forces, and a general flight of the patriots. Garibaldi made his way to Como, resolved to carry on a guerilla warfare, if nothing else could be effected; but he was obliged to pass into Piedmont for a time. Then a rally of the revolutionists came, and warfare against the Austrians took place on the shores of Lakes Maggiore and Como. A hostile column marching from the south was defeated after a smart fight, and the victory gave Garibaldi and his men possession of the Varese district. The cause was, however, hopeless in that quarter. The Austrian forces were increasing in numbers in every direction, and the body under Garibaldi was at last reduced to about seventy men, who retired across the frontier into Switzerland. There were many Italians in that country ready to renew the struggle, but Garibaldi, suffering from fever caught at Roverbella, was obliged to go to Nice for recovery. He went thence to Genoa and completed his cure.

The state of affairs for Italian freedom was very unpromising. Lombardy was again in the power of Austria; the Piedmontese army had vanished. Garibaldi, while he was at Genoa, started for Sicily, on an invitation from the revolutionists of the island, with seventy-two comrades, mostly officers of experience, on board a French steamer. When the vessel put in at Livorno (Leghorn), the entreaties of the people induced the party of patriots to land, under promise of a strong column being raised in Tuscany for a march into the Kingdom of Naples. The government at Florence, however, discouraged the movement, and in November, 1848, the band found themselves in the Apennines on the way to Bologna. At that city they were welcomed by the mass of the people, indignant at the treatment accorded to brave men who only asked permission to fight against tyrants backed by priests. Garibaldi, with about a hundred and fifty men, reached Ravenna, intending for Venice; but on receiving news of the assassination at Rome of the pope's minister, Rossi, the patriot and his men, increased to about four hundred, including some fine cavalry, stayed in the Romagna, passing from Ravenna to various towns, welcomed by the people, and furnished with stores by the municipal authorities.

Garibaldi then marched for Rome, when he heard of the pope's flight, and arranged for the incorporation of his Italian Legion with the Roman army. The government, under various pretexts, kept the patriots away from the capital, dreading the influence of "revolutionists" on the people, who were then in a mood to exercise their rights. The Legion, almost wholly composed of young men of the cultivated classes of the towns, and of recruits from distinguished families in the different Italian provinces, were calumniated by the clerical party as mere brigands and scoundrels, a falsehood at once refuted by their personal appearance and by their conduct in every place which they visited.

During January 1849 Garibaldi and his men remained at Macerata, south of Ancona. The "Roman Republic" was about to be proclaimed in the ancient metropolis of the world, and the body of patriots then crossed the Apennines to Rieti, on the way to Rome, now increased in numbers to one thousand. Their leader had been elected a deputy to the Constitutional Assembly by the people of Macerata, and on February 8, 1849, he was one of the first to proclaim the republic. Crippled by rheumatism from exposure in the mountains, he was carried on the shoulders of his staff-officer, Bueno, into the halls of the Assembly. Thus were realised, for a brief season, the dream which had occupied the hero's mind from the days of his childhood, and the hopes of his beloved Italy's resurrection, which had made his heart throb in the depths of American forests and amid Atlantic storms.

At the very hour when the Roman republic, proclaimed from the Capitol, was being hailed in the Forum by a long-suffering people, the *Chauvins* beyond the Alps were marching, under priestly influence, to the destruction of the newly founded state. Republican France was making war on the Italian republic in order to restore the Pope. The very thought of a united Italy had terrified the autocrats and Jesuits of Europe, and they were in full sympathy with the outrageous assault of France on a people, whose only crime was that of desiring constitutional freedom.

In April 1849 the French troops were at Civita Vecchia, and Garibaldi, after being quartered with the Legion, now of twelve hundred men, at Anagni, received orders to repair to Rome. These defenders of the city encamped in the Vatican square, and were charged to garrison the walls from Porta San Pancrazio to Porta Portese. The defence of the city was committed to General Avezzana, an officer of distinguished service in Spain and in South America, a man of skill and of unwearied activity, found at all points where

his presence was needed. On April 30 the French forces, under General Oudinot, son of Napoleon's marshal, were seen marching in column along the road from Civita Vecchia. The French consul in Rome, and Oudinot's friends within the city, had sent him warning of the preparations for defence, of the resolute determination of the people, and of the known valour of many of the combatants in past campaigns. To all such remarks he replied, with true French insolence, "Les Italiens ne se battent pas." He was soon to be rudely undeceived.

The enemy advanced, the officers wearing white gloves and with sheathed swords. At cannon-shot range, the French planted some guns in commanding positions, while sharpshooters were sent through the woodlands on the right, and the Chasseurs de Vincennes to the heights on the left. Inside the city, Avezzana, viewing the enemy's approach from the summit of a church, gave the signal for the ringing of the tocsin. The sound brought the whole population to the walls, the Roman matrons clustering there to encourage their husbands, sons, and brothers to the fight. When the hostile force arrived within less than two hundred yards from the walls, the Roman artillerymen opened with their guns from the bastions of San Marto. To this welcome the Chasseurs de Vincennes instantly responded with a fire which caused two officers and several men to fall mortally wounded at their guns. On finding themselves under a cross-fire from the walls and from the Vatican, the French brought up a battery which did deadly mischief to the besieged, who quickly lost six officers and many men, and had a gun dismounted.

Not the slightest confusion occurred among the brave defenders of the city. Women and boys carried off the wounded, and fresh troops took the place of the fallen. Oudinot then found it needful to summon both his brigades, and to plant two more guns. He was now to encounter a foe yet unknown in quality to Frenchmen in Europe. Garibaldi

had seen the importance of the scattered buildings and parks outside the city gates, and had occupied many of the villas, the woods, and the walls surrounding them. As the enemy fell back from a first assault, he flung his men, in two companies, like stones from a sling, against their right flank. At the head of the first company was Captain Montaldi, a man of the coolest courage, distinguished in the Legion at Montevideo. In a short time he was disabled by nineteen bullets, yet still fought on his knees with his broken sword, and only when the French were driven to a precipitate retreat did his men carry him dead from the field. As he and his men fought, so did all, under the eye of Garibaldi, directing the contest from Villa Pamphili. Then, summoning the reserve, the hero himself led on the students—lads never yet under fire—in a general bayonet-charge which, with the loss of many excellent officers and men for the victors, ended in the rapid retirement of the French before those who, according to General Oudinot, “were not men to fight.” Garibaldi was left master of the field, and the enemy returned to Castel Guido with the loss of four hundred left dead on the ground, five hundred and thirty wounded, and two hundred and sixty prisoners. The troops of the Roman Republic had two hundred and fourteen killed and wounded, including twenty-five officers, and one prisoner taken. This was a brave fellow named Ugo Bassi, a chaplain who had remained behind to assist a dying man, his only weapon being the cross of which the French troops had come to pose as the chivalrous protectors. Oudinot, after this reception at Rome, gained time for the arrival of reinforcements from France by opening sham negotiations with the Roman government.

The Neapolitan troops of “King Bomba,” Ferdinand II., had invaded the Roman territory in conjunction with French and Spanish forces, and the Italian Legion, with other republican troops, were sent to encounter them. The enemy

were severely repulsed, in May, at Palestrina (the ancient *Praeneste*, a summer retreat of Augustus and Tiberius, of Horace, Hadrian, and Antoninus), twenty-two miles east-by-south of Rome. In the same month, the whole of the Neapolitan army, with the king in personal command, was encountered by the Italian patriots, numbering eight thousand men, under General Rosselli, at Velletri, twenty-five miles south-east of Rome. Garibaldi had marched with the vanguard of the Legion, reconnoitring the enemy's movements, and found them in retreat.

When he reached the heights overlooking Velletri, he halted his men to right and left of the road, with two guns commanding the route. A Neapolitan column then advanced along the road, supported by strong lines of sharpshooters on the flanks, in the vineyards, and attacked the Roman outposts with great fury, driving them back on the main body. The Italian cavalry, mounted on horses mostly young and untrained, rushed back at full gallop on being charged by the Bourbon horse, and Garibaldi incurred the utmost peril in trying to stay their flight. He and some of his staff threw their horses across the path, and in an instant the ground was covered with prostrate men and steeds. The road was, at this point, a narrow cutting, which was completely blocked. The enemy's horsemen rode up to sabre the fallen men, but Garibaldi and his officers escaped in the confusion, and the men of the Italian Legion, drawn up in the vineyards on each side, drove off the enemy by an energetic charge. The future conqueror of Sicily and Naples was saved mainly by the efforts of a company of young lads on his right, who rushed furiously on the foe when they saw him fall. He was terribly bruised, but had no limb broken. Another charge of the Roman forces drove the enemy headlong into Velletri, and they abandoned the city during the night, with the soldiers marching barefoot and the cannon-wheels muffled with straw. At dawn, the Neapolitan army was seen in swift retreat along

the Via Appia, towards Terracina and Naples. We must now return to the fortunes of the patriots beleaguered in Rome.

The Roman garrison was wholly unequal to maintaining an eighteen miles' circuit of walls against numerous foes amply supplied with heavy guns and with all the munitions of war. By June 1 the French were masters of the positions commanding the city, and vain attempts to retake them were made by the Roman forces, at the cost of many precious lives. The republican government had neglected their opportunities of erecting defensive works on the important positions outside the walls, and the fate of the city was sealed. On the night between June 2 and 3 the French captured Quattre Venti, and other important posts outside Porta San Pancrazio, on the west of the city, towards Castel Guido and Civita Vecchia. Garibaldi, knowing the ground lost to be the key of the position, ordered an attack to be made for its recovery. The most heroic attempts were made by the Italian Legion and by other corps, supported by the artillery from the walls, until night had fallen on June 3; but the French were too strong, and every effort failed. The Legion, one thousand men, lost twenty-three officers, nearly all being slain, and other bodies of men suffered heavily. On that day the fate of Rome was decided, and the city, assailed by heavy bombardment, was compelled to capitulate on July 2. The commander-in-chief, with Garibaldi and many of his comrades, had quitted the place "rather than submit," in his own words, "to the degradation of laying down their arms before the priest-ridden soldiers of Bonaparte" (the French president, Louis Napoleon).

Attended by his brave wife, Anita, who had her hair cut off, and mounted a horse in men's clothes in order to elude observation, Garibaldi reached Tivoli on the morning of July 3. The spirit of many of his followers was broken, and they deserted, one by one, or in small parties, under cover of night. At Terni, in Umbria, about seventy miles north-east

of Rome, the gallant Colonel Forbes, a Briton who loved the Italian cause as well as the best of Italy's own sons, joined Garibaldi, with several hundred well-drilled men, and the party plunged into the Apennines, vainly striving to rouse the people. The Austrian troops, aided by the priests and peasants as spies, were eagerly tracking the column of patriots, which melted day by day through desertions due to despair of the cause; but the men who remained with Garibaldi were usually found by the pursuers in strong positions not easily assailed.

On the way to the little republic of San Marino, the smallest independent state of Europe, lying among the eastern spurs of the Apennines, a few miles south-west of Rimini on the Adriatic, the rear-guard of the Garibaldians was attacked by an Austrian corps and put to flight, in spite of the utmost efforts of Anita and Colonel Forbes, made while Garibaldi was in advance, conferring with the authorities of the tiny state. On arriving at San Marino, the fugitive hero issued an order of the day releasing his soldiers and bidding them return to their homes. Then, with his wife, Colonel Forbes, and some men who refused to abandon him, he made his way to the coast, and the party, to the number of about two hundred, embarked in thirteen fishing-boats and started for Venice, coasting along the Italian side of the Adriatic. An Austrian squadron lying off the coast attacked the little fleet, and captured all save four vessels. Garibaldi was on board one which escaped to the shore, and he landed, carrying in his arms his wife Anita, who was in a dying condition from sore fatigue incurred in a delicate state of health. He bade his comrades seek refuge where they could, and was able, with Anita, to reach the village of La Mandriola, some distance north of Ravenna. There his wife died, and the sorely stricken man was just able to stagger along to Sant' Alberto, where he lay concealed in the house of a tailor, a poor, honest and generous man. From his window there, the patriot could see

the Austrian soldiers stalking along with their usual insolent air of mastery.

It is needless to pursue Garibaldi's adventures further at this stage of his marvellous career. For twelve months after the fall of Rome, the great patriot was a wanderer, rejected here and there by the authorities as "a dangerous man." Arrested by the Sardinian government, he was released when the Chamber, by an immense majority, carried a motion declaring "that act and his threatened expulsion from Piedmont to be violations of the rights consecrated by the statute-law, of the principles of nationality, and of Italian glory." The government was then forced to appeal "to his generosity" to leave the country in order to save them from Austrian and French molestation. None ever vainly sought the generosity of Garibaldi. He promptly acquiesced, and went on board a steamer which conveyed him to Nice, where he received an enthusiastic welcome from his admiring fellow-citizens and took farewell of his aged mother, receiving her last blessing. His own motherless children clung to him in a scene of the most touching kind, their heroic father pale with emotion, and tearing himself away at last in order to keep his pledge to be aboard at six in the evening. It was September 12, 1849.

In June 1850 after a stay of some months at Tangier, Garibaldi embarked at Liverpool for New York, where he became an assistant in a candle-factory. Pining for a sea-life, the former commander of the Montevidean fleet and defender of Rome was forced vainly to seek work as a common sailor, and returned to the tallow trade. In 1851 he obtained commercial employment which took him to Lima, where he was warmly welcomed by the wealthy Italian colony, one of whom gave him the command of a barque of four hundred tons, and sent him on a voyage to China. After four years of this seafaring life, Garibaldi found himself at Nice, where he had the happiness of embracing his children after five

years of exile. The next five years of this chequered career present no points of interest. They were spent by him partly at sea and partly in cultivating a small property which he had purchased in a spot that became, through his residence there, the world-famous, ever-renowned islet of Caprera, on the northern coast of Sardinia.

The dawn of political freedom for Italy came in 1859, and in February of that year Garibaldi was summoned to Turin by Count Cavour, premier in the government of Piedmont and Sardinia under King Victor Emmanuel. It was now his task to enlist Italian volunteers, but his proceedings were hampered by a jealous feeling lest, with his republican notions, he should become too prominent and powerful. During the war of France and Piedmont against Austria, the hero had command of the Chasseurs des Alpes. He beat the Austrians at Varese and San Fermo, bewildered his opponents by the audacious rashness of his movements on the mountains above Como, advanced upon Bergamo and Brescia, and pushed on to the summit of the Stelvio Pass. The Peace of Villafranca then put an end to the struggle, and Garibaldi, again a prey to the torture of rheumatism, passed the autumn and winter of 1859 at Genoa, where he was busied in planning a new enterprise.

In the spring of 1860, the day of glory for Garibaldi, the time for winning immortal renown, at last arrived. The island of Sicily had come forward as the champion of freedom, throwing down the gauntlet to tyranny. Her heroes were few, the ranks of the tyrant of Naples, King Francis, successor to his father, "King Bomba," were well filled. The patriots who rose were soon scattered, driven from the capital, and forced to take to the mountains, the refuge and sanctuary of the freedom of nations when the bands in arms for liberty have been for the time overpowered by the drilled cohorts of the oppressor. A secret committee in Sicily, styled the *Buono pubblico* ("Commonweal"), was in constant correspondence

with the revolutionary committee at Genoa, of which Garibaldi was the soul. The people of Palermo learned by a secret messenger who landed at Messina on April 10 that an expedition was preparing, and soon, to the disgust of Maniscalco, the director of police, every dead wall of the Sicilian capital displayed, in huge red letters, the terrible words "*Garibaldi viene!*" ("Garibaldi is coming!")

The "Thousand of Marsala," Garibaldi's noble band, started from the roadstead of Quarto, at Genoa, on the lovely moonlit night of May 5, 1860. They were on board two steamers, the *Lombardo* and the *Piemonte*. After taking on board some small arms and ammunition at Talamone, on the coast of Tuscany, anchor was weighed for Sicily on the afternoon of May 9. On the morning of the 11th, the island of Maritimo, about thirty miles west of Sicily, was sighted. During the voyage, the men had been divided into eight companies, each under a captain. The chief of the staff was Sirtori; and General Türr, a Hungarian, Garibaldi's "other self" in the campaign, was a staff-officer. About noon the expedition put into Marsala, on the western coast of Sicily, finding two British men-of-war anchored in the roadstead.

The gallant adventurers—old revolutionists and young university students from northern Italy, Hungarian officers of the rebellion against Austria in 1848, and French and Polish sympathisers with all that invoked the name of liberty—could not have arrived at a more lucky moment. The cruisers of the King of Naples had steamed eastwards from Marsala on that morning, while the Garibaldians were coming up from the west. As the *Lombardo* and the *Piemonte* entered the harbour, the hostile vessels were still in sight towards Cape San Marco, on the south-west coast. Before they could return within cannon-shot, the men on the *Piemonte* had landed, and those on the *Lombardo* were beginning to disembark. The presence of the two British vessels acted as a restraint on the Neapolitan captains, and the whole invading force was

on shore before the hostile cruisers opened fire with grapeshot and shell, which inflicted no injury on the Garibaldians. The *Piemonte*, abandoned to her fate, was carried off by the enemy; the *Lombardo* had grounded on a sandbank and was left behind. The poorer people of Marsala warmly welcomed the newcomers; the magnates and authorities received them under protest.

The prospect before the invaders of Sicily had the alternatives of victory or destruction. Garibaldi and his men must take Palermo or die. On the morning of May 12 the little force marched eastwards to Salemi, where the leader proclaimed himself dictator of the island in the name of his sovereign, Victor Emmanuel. From every quarter the guerilla-bands and the *picciotti* (Sicilian country-folk) came pouring in, and on May 15 the army came in sight of the Bourbon forces—Neapolitans, and Swiss and Austrian troops in Bourbon pay—at Calatafimi, strongly posted along the hills overlooking the road, fifty miles from Palermo. Their position was on the Pianto dei Romani, fronting the Vita hills on which the Garibaldians were ranged.

The Genoese carbineers, armed with excellent weapons, covered the front of the invaders as sharpshooters, with the other companies drawn up *en échelon* (ladderwise) behind them. The *picciotti*, with all their goodwill, were of little use for open warfare, being unable to stand the fire of regular troops, still less to execute the charges needful for capturing positions. Garibaldi's only reliance for real fighting in a regular action was on his "Thousand," among whom even the young students were quite prepared to put in practice his maxim, "Lose no time with artillery, but use your bayonets!"

The ground between the two forces was a wide undulating space, broken by a few farmsteads. The enemy had about two thousand men, with some artillery, and began the action by sending forward a few lines of sharpshooters, with supports and two guns. Opening fire with carbines and cannon, they

advanced until the clang of the Garibaldian bugles gave them notice that disciplined men, not mere peasants, were in their front. The advancing force halted and recoiled, and the "Thousand," with the Genoese carbineers in front, instantly charged. Garibaldi's intention was to put to flight the enemy's vanguard, and capture the two guns; but his impetuous men would not heed the sound of "Halt!" The Bourbon troops were driven back by the bayonet on their main body, and withdrew to the heights, which were defended with dogged courage. In crossing the valley, many Garibaldians fell from cannon-fire and musketry, but at the foot of Monte Romano they came for a time under shelter. The crest of the enemy's position could be reached only after scaling several terraces, and each of these was won under a hail of bullets. The Genoese fire was alone very effective; the wretched weapons furnished to the "Thousand" by the Sardinian government often missing fire.

As the assailants advanced, a knot of brave youths, fearing for Garibaldi, surrounded him in close array, to shelter him with their bodies. At the top the Bourbon troops made a brave resistance, and many of the chasseurs, having used up their ammunition, hurled down stones on the Garibaldians. Then the assailants, in a final desperate charge, put their foes to flight. The fugitives did not stop until they reached the town of Calatafimi, several miles away. The victory had cost the "Thousand" eighteen killed and a hundred and twenty-eight wounded.

This first success, slight in its material results, giving the victors possession of only one gun, a few rifles, and some prisoners, was of immense moral effect on the campaign. A handful of "filibusters," spoken of with solemn contempt by their foes, had routed a considerable Bourbon force of excellent troops. On the morning of May 16 Calatafimi, abandoned by the enemy, was occupied by the invaders. The retreating foes were severely harassed by the people of

the villages on the route, north-eastwards, to Palermo, to which city the fleeing troops carried terror for the Bourbon party, and confidence for the patriots. On May 17 the invading army resumed its march, welcomed with frantic enthusiasm at every village and little town. From the beautiful plains of Alcamo and Partinico, the column ascended, by way of Borgetto, to the plateau of Renne, overlooking the lovely city of Palermo, and the valley in which it lies, the region which, abounding in fine orange-trees, with their masses of fruit, is known as the *Conca d'Oro*, or Shell of Gold. On the plateau the Garibaldians had their endurance tried by two days of heavy rain; but all discomfort was cheerfully borne in freedom's cause.

On May 20 the leader advanced his outposts to within a mile of Monreale, whence the high road leads directly down to Palermo, not five miles away. Garibaldi, in face of the great force, at least twelve thousand men, opposed to his few hundreds, resorted to a movement of almost unparalleled boldness and of consummate skill. If the Neapolitan commander, General Lanza, were informed of his plan, the destruction of the invaders was assured. Their leader relied upon the absolute fidelity of the country-folk to the national cause, and felt confident that no intelligence of his movements would reach the foe until they were completed. He had resolved not to try for an entrance into Palermo from the side of Monreale, but to move round from the west to the south of the city.

On the dark, rainy evening of May 21 the "Thousand" toiled over three mountain-tops to Parco, with their few pieces of artillery dismounted and borne on the backs of the men, while the *picciotti* kept the camp-fires blazing above Monreale. During the following day positions fortified by entrenchments and guns were occupied along the zigzag mountain-road leading up to Piana, six miles further away from Palermo. At dawn, on May 23, Garibaldi and General

Türr climbed a summit and viewed the royal troops in camp on the plains to the west and north of the city. As they looked, a strong column began its march on Monreale, and firing continued during the day and into the night, as the *picciotti*, sheltered in the positions left by the "Thousand," impeded the advance of the enemy by unceasing irregular musketry.

On the morning of May 24, Garibaldi saw his antagonist, Lanza, with a numerous force, marching against his left flank and rear, while another strong body advanced directly on Parco. The hostile attack on the left was held in check by Türr, with his guns and two companies of the "Thousand," and at half-past two in the afternoon, by a rapid movement in retreat, the whole Garibaldian army was gathered at Piana, commanding the Corleone road to the interior. At a council of war held in the evening, Garibaldi explained his final plan for deceiving and dividing the Neapolitan forces.

Colonel Orsini, with the artillery and baggage, and an escort of fifty men, began an ostentatious retreat along the road to Corleone, many miles in the interior. For a short distance Garibaldi and his men followed the retiring body, and then, in a dense wood, turned off into a path that led eastward to Misilmeri, south-east of Palermo. The night was clear, and Garibaldi and Türr, as they rode side by side, looked to the constellation of the Great Bear, which the Italian patriot had, from a child, connected with his own destiny. "General," cried the Hungarian, "it smiles on you. We shall enter Palermo." At midnight the little army bivouacked in the forest. At four o'clock in the morning of May 25 the march was resumed, and, after resting in the day at Marineo, the Garibaldians reached Misilmeri at ten at night. There they found some thousands of armed peasants (the *picciotti*) and some members of the "Committee of Sicilian Liberties," who were instructed to bid their friends in Palermo be ready on the morning of the 27th.

The Bourbon general, completely deceived, had caused

Orsini to be pursued towards Corleone, in the belief that his men were following the main body of the invaders, and he only learned the truth when it was too late. Garibaldi, like a bird of prey preparing to pounce, was hovering, all unknown to his enemies, above Palermo, and on the evening of May 26, reinforced by many Sicilians, he started with about three thousand men from the tableland of Gibilrossa, making for the Porta di Termini of Palermo. He had only seven hundred and fifty trained and veteran soldiers for his daring enterprise, but in his hands, aided by the brave Colonel Tukery, by Bixio, Carini, and Türr, these few were a host. There was no direct road to the city from the starting-place, and the men had to clamber down the sides of a ravine leading to the valley which opened on the highway. The *picciotti* were sent fleeing by a false alarm on the mountain-side, and at half-past one in the morning of the 27th, when the force was still three miles from the city, only thirteen hundred men remained together.

The decisive moment came about two hours later, when the vanguard of Garibaldi carried with the bayonet the Ammiraglio bridge over the Oreto, defended by about four hundred men. A strong column of the royal troops advanced on the left, but were stopped by a score or two of men detached by Türr, and the "Thousand," with fixed bayonets, rushed for the Termini gate. Even the veterans were stayed for a moment by the cross-fire of two guns. Garibaldi came up just as Tukery fell mortally wounded, and under his eye, in spite of the fire of a battalion of sharpshooters from the convent of Sant' Antonio on the left flank, the advance continued, and two hundred of his men were soon within the city. The people aided the assailants to erect barricades as a defence against the enemy's artillery fire, and Garibaldi, with some of his men, made his way to the centre of Palermo, and established his head-quarters at the Palazzo Pretorio.

The city was now bombarded by the great guns of the Neapolitan men-of-war, and by artillery at the fort of Castellamare, in the bay, and at the Royal Palace. A fierce contest was carried on for three days, the royal troops being gradually driven back to the fort, the palace, and one or two other positions. The people, in a fury of wrath against their tyrants, gave zealous aid to the Garibaldians, arming themselves with daggers, spits, and all kinds of iron instruments, and working hard day and night to keep the "Thousand" supplied with cartridges. On the fourth day, Lanza, the king's general, asked for an armistice to bury his dead and to convey his wounded on board the fleet. This was the beginning of the end for Bourbon power in Palermo. When the column which had gone in pursuit of the Garibaldian guns and baggage towards Corleone returned, enraged at the deceit practised on them, they made a determined attack on Porta Termini, and forced back the patriots for some distance, but were then checked by the barricades.

Negotiations with Lanza, opened at his request, and influenced in favour of the patriots by the arrival of new forces from the country, and by the return of Orsini with his guns, ended in the evacuation of the city by the royal troops. On June 20 the last Bourbon soldier had quitted Palermo, and the capital of Sicily, defended by the guns of a fleet, a strong fort, and about twenty thousand regular troops, had been won by the efforts of a few hundreds of bold invaders, aided by peasants and by a body of determined citizens badly armed. The conquest of the kingdom of Naples for freedom had been well begun, and preparations for conflict on the mainland were at once made by the great hero of the enterprise.

Enlistment commissions were opened at Palermo and in every part of the island; contracts for arms from abroad were negotiated; a foundry for cannon was established, and the manufacture of powder and cartridges was incessant. Palermo, the drill-ground of despotism, had become a seed-plot of

fighters for freedom. The cool hours of the day were spent in active drill by the young Sicilians. Reinforcements had started from Italy when the news of the first successes of the "men of Marsala" arrived. The Medici expedition, with three steamers and about two thousand men, arrived at Castellamare, a few miles west of Palermo, before the Bourbon troops had all embarked. Other contingents followed from all the Italian provinces, so that the dictator was able to dispatch columns to all parts of Sicily in order to establish the new government and to deal with any hostile forces. One body, under General Türr, marched for the centre of the island. The right wing, under Bixio, started for the south coast; the left, under Medici, passed along the north coast, gathering volunteers, and with orders to concentrate the whole force on the strait of Messina. Colonel Cosenz also arrived at Palermo with two thousand men, followed by others dispatched by various patriotic committees, the head-quarters of which were at Genoa.

There was to be more fighting on Sicilian ground before the invasion of southern Italy was undertaken. The column under Colonel Cosenz went towards Messina to support Medici, who was threatened by a strong Bourbon force under General Bosco, marching from that city, in search of the Garibaldians, by way of Spadafora, on the north-east coast. Bosco had left his head-quarters with four thousand excellent troops, comprising cavalry, infantry, and artillery, in order to keep up communications with Milazzo, and to attempt a surprise on Medici's corps, occupying Santa Lucia and some neighbouring villages. He was repulsed in an attack on Medici, and then fell back on Milazzo, occupying the plains to the south and harassing the whole population. This was the only hostile force remaining in Sicily, and Garibaldi resolved to be rid of it without delay. He took advantage of Colonel Corti's arrival off Palermo with about two thousand men, and, transferring a part of them to a British steamer, went

on board himself, reached Patti, a small town on the north coast about twenty miles south-west of Milazzo, and thence joined Medici and Cosenz, with the determination to attack the Bourbon forces at dawn on the next day.

On July 20 the patriotic army engaged General Bosco, who was barring the chief road to Messina, to the south of Milazzo, having that town and its fortress as his base of operations. The position of Garibaldi's foes was much stronger than his own. Bosco had taken able advantage of every natural or artificial obstacle on the battle-field. His right, écheloned in front of the strong fortress, was protected by its heavy guns and covered in front by several hedges of cactus, forming excellent entrenchments from behind which Bosco's chasseurs, a fine body of men provided with good carbines, could fire into the badly armed ranks of their opponents. The Bourbon centre, with its reserves, was on the road leading along the shore to Milazzo, and had its front covered by a strong boundary-wall loopholed in many places. The front of this wall was protected by a piece of ground thickly overgrown with canes, making a front attack almost impossible. Bosco's left, occupying a line of houses east of Milazzo, formed a right angle with the centre, and could thus pour in a flanking fire on any force attacking that position. The Garibaldian forces were ignorant of the ground, and much needless loss was thereby incurred.

The battle began only at broad daylight, Garibaldi making a vigorous attack with the bulk of his force on the enemy's centre and left. Many of the patriots fell, and the rest were driven back without even seeing their enemy on ground encumbered with trees, vines, and cane plantations. An obstinate conflict was maintained all the morning. By noon Garibaldi's left wing had fallen back some miles; his right and centre were holding out with difficulty. His men were wearied, while the enemy, having suffered trifling loss, were fresh and exultant, with ranks unbroken and in formidable

positions. Success appeared hopeless when Garibaldi, bidding Medici, in the centre, hold out as long as he could, went off to collect some scattered forces with the view of making a diversion on the enemy's left wing, to the east of Milazzo. This was the turning point of the day.

The Bourbon troops, assailed in flank behind their entrenchments, began to waver, and Garibaldi, charging boldly with his men, captured a gun which had been working great mischief by ricochet-firing with grapeshot along the road. The Bourbon cavalry supporting the gun made a brilliant charge, driving back the patriots, so that Garibaldi was passed by the advancing horsemen, and was obliged to throw himself into a ditch at the side of the road, where he defended himself, sword in hand, against one of the riders. He was soon relieved from his dangerous position. Colonel Missori, coming up at the head of the men who had captured the gun, shot the cavalry-man with his revolver. Then the Garibaldians rallied and drove the enemy in headlong flight towards Milazzo. Their centre was turned and the victory was soon complete. The heavy guns of the fortress opened fire to cover the retreat, but the exulting victors, amidst a hail of grapeshot, attacked the town, and at nightfall were masters of the place. The fort was surrounded on all sides, and barricades were raised in the streets exposed to its fire. The loss of the Garibaldians was about a thousand in killed and wounded, the former including Poggi, an officer of the Genoese carbineers, who had fought most bravely at Calatafimi. On July 24 the Bourbon troops, packed together in the fortress, surrendered the place, and the patriots were thus in possession of all Sicily except the fortresses of Messina, Agosta, and Syracuse.

Garibaldi promptly marched his men to the shores of the Strait of Messina. The town had been occupied without resistance by Medici, and the two columns from the interior joined the main force, making up a fourth division under

Cosenz. A small fleet of steamers had been acquired, including the *Veloce*, a Bourbon war-ship brought over by its commander Anguissola, and renamed the *Tukery*, after the gallant leader of the vanguard, slain at the entry of Palermo. Sicily thus subdued for freedom, the two Calabrias and Naples were awaiting the advent of the patriots, and a landing was effected at Melito, on the south coast of Calabria, in the last week of August. Garibaldi was with this pioneer force, and he marched northwards for Reggio, with a hostile squadron watching his movements. After some fighting outside the town, the forts of Reggio were surrendered, affording the invaders a base of operations with a vast quantity of provisions and ammunition. In the morning the corps of General Ghio, commanding at Reggio, was pursued and forced to capitulate with a number of field-batteries. All the forts commanding the Strait of Messina were given up by the Bourbon troops, on whom the conquest of Sicily had produced a moral impression which made the rest of Garibaldi's great enterprise a comparatively easy task.

A triumphal march through the Calabrian provinces was made, with swift progress amongst the enthusiastic plaudits of a martial population, many of whom were already in arms against the Bourbon oppressor. The Neapolitan troops were panic-stricken. At Soveria, General Vial's division of about eight thousand men laid down their arms. Caldarelli's brigade and Morelli's column surrendered at Cosenza, in northern Calabria, and on September 7, after a hasty journey from Reggio, always keeping ahead of the main body of his troops, Garibaldi made his entry into Naples. His fame had preceded him, and with a small staff he passed through the midst of the Bourbon troops still in occupation, who presented arms to him with far more respect than they did, at that time, to their own generals.

The history of the world scarcely offers a parallel to the achievements which had brought this marvellous man, a son

of the people, in his swift course of victory from Marsala to the capital of the tyrant whom he overthrew, a city containing half a million of people, which he entered in perfect safety, while his army was yet a great way off, and with the Bourbon forces, paralysed by fear, still possessed of all the forts and of the chief points in the great town. The King of Naples had, on the previous day, left his palace for Capua, and the royal nest, still warm, was occupied by the liberators of the people. At three o'clock in the afternoon of that great day, September 7, 1860, Garibaldi virtually signed his own act of abdication of dictatorial power in a decree by which he handed over the entire Neapolitan fleet to Admiral Persano for the King of Italy, together with the arsenal and the command of the forts. At that time, Victor Emmanuel's fleet consisted of only five frigates—three screws and two paddle-wheels—and some small vessels of little naval value. The splendid gift to his sovereign made by "the cabin-boy of Nice" added to that petty squadron ninety vessels, carrying seven hundred and eighty-six guns, with a complement of over seven thousand sailors. Of these ships twenty-seven were steamers, including a vessel of sixty guns, and eleven were ten-gun frigates. Of the sixty sailing-ships or more, the largest carried eighty guns, and there were five frigates with an average of fifty guns as armament.

Here we must take farewell of Garibaldi's career of victory for his beloved Italy. We have no space for any account of his twelve hours' battle on the Volturno, near Capua, on October 1, ending in his success, with a loss to his force of over two thousand men. He sent a telegram to Naples with the stirring words, "Victory all along the line," and ended his glorious course by another victory a day later, at Caserta Vecchia, leaving then to the Italian "Army of the North" the easy work of completing the annihilation of Bourbonism in "the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies." He soon returned to his solitude at Caprera. With his political doings; his rash

enterprise against the French garrison at Rome, ending in his defeat, with a severe wound in the foot, by Italian forces at Aspromonte, a mountain near Reggio, in August, 1862; his splendid reception in England in 1864; his share in the campaign of 1866 against Austria; his defeat by French forces at Mentana, a village twelve miles north-east of Rome, in 1867, when he made another attempt to drive Louis Napoleon's garrison from the city; and with the part which he played, on the French side, in the great Franco-German War of 1870, we are not here concerned. It is as the hero-patriot who struck so ably and so hard, and wrought so much for the freedom and unity of his native country, that we now contemplate Garibaldi; and enough has been written concerning his achievements to account for his splendid and enduring fame.

As a leader of men in the field of war, Garibaldi was no strategist. He knew little and cared less about organisation, discipline, equipment, commissariat, or transport. His wonderful success was largely due to the supreme influence which his person and presence exercised over the minds and hearts of his followers. In the force which he led, there was little order, but ever blind and passive obedience to his command. To make anything possible, he had but to will and to command, and he never failed to find men ready and willing to attempt it. If he asked for a score or two of troops for a particular enterprise, the whole battalion would rush forward. The great Italian was, however, a good tactician, with the sure glance, quick resolution, and prompt resource of his townsman Massena, Napoleon's "*enfant gâté de la victoire.*" On this head we may well take the testimony of an opponent, a very competent judge, one of the able German commanders against whom Garibaldi fought in 1870. General Manteuffel, in his history of the Franco-German War, declares that "Garibaldi's tactics were specially characterised by the great rapidity of his movements, by the sapient dispositions made

under fire during the combat, and by his energy and intensity in attack."

Garibaldi, as he was one of the most brilliant, was also, in his personal appearance on the field of battle, one of the most picturesque leaders of his class in history. None could fail to admire and to be inspired by the sight, and by the clear, ringing, silver voice, of the man of lion-like face, who sat his horse with perfect ease and calm, as if grown to the saddle, in his simple, tasteful garb of plain red shirt and grey trousers, over which were the folds of the Spanish-American *poncho*, an ample upper garment of thin white woollen cloth with crimson lining, serving as a standard round which his volunteers rallied in the thickest press of battle. His sword was a fine cavalry-blade, forged in England, and the gift of English friends. With this weapon, good at need for slashing in the fight, the hero might be seen at his early breakfast on the tented field, cutting his bread and slicing his Bologna sausage.

Of Garibaldi's character as a patriot and a warrior, the great French historian Michelet wrote: "There is one hero in Europe—one! I do not know a second. All his life is a romance; and since he had the greatest reasons for hatred to France, who had stolen his Nice, caused him to be fired upon at Aspromonte, fought against him at Mentana, you guess that it was this man who flew [during the Franco-German War] to immolate himself for France. And how modestly withal! Nothing mattered it to him that he was placed in obscure posts quite unworthy of him. Grand man, my Garibaldi! my single hero! Always loftier than fortune! How sublimely does his memory rise and swell towards the future!" It is the highest glory of this most single-minded and disinterested, this least self-conscious of all mankind, that he was devoid of rancour and malice; the most loving, the least hating of men, taking no vengeance on those who had insulted and wronged him

and then fallen into his hands, trembling for their lives ; one whose foes may be defied to trace to him an act of meanness, a cruel deed, even a word of deliberate unkindness.

Our last hero-patriot survived by ten years the great apostle of Italian unity and freedom, Mazzini, who died in 1872. When the news reached Caprera, Garibaldi's tribute to his "dead friend and teacher" took the form of the highest honour which he could pay to mortal man, one which he never rendered to any other than Mazzini. He telegraphed to Genoa "Let the colours of the 'Thousand' float over the bier of the Grand Italian." During his later years he suffered much from bodily pain. The bullet of Aspromonte, by crippling his foot, had ruined the general health of one who had hitherto warned off or cured the cruel attacks of rheumatism by severe and constant bodily exercise.

He could with difficulty obtain the means of living, yet in 1875 he declined the gift of a million of francs (nearly forty thousand pounds), and an annual pension of fifty thousand francs, assigned to him by the Italian Parliament. Offers of assistance poured in on every side from municipalities, working-men's societies, and wealthy individuals, as soon as the straitened means of "the donor of two realms" became known. He accepted some of these money-gifts, and finally, in 1876, he was induced, with the utmost reluctance, to accept the national award. Nothing if not honest and generous, Garibaldi at once paid every farthing of debt incurred by any member of the family, pensioned his wife, his eldest daughter and little ones, and placed in the hands of his old friend the patriotic Luigi Orlando, head of a great ship-building firm of Leghorn, a sum sufficient to prevent impending bankruptcy, thus, as Garibaldi urged when the loan was at first declined, "serving the interests of hundreds of working-men, who will be reduced to starvation if your dockyard is closed." Within three months, the timely loan

was repaid, and the Orlando ship-building yard became one of the first in Europe, turning out the *Lepanto* and other huge ironclads for the Italian navy.

When he made his last appearance at Milan, in 1880, for the inauguration of the monument to the patriots who fell at Mentana, all who loved him were shocked to see the ravages which disease had made in a single year. The crowd followed him in silence as he passed along, stretched on his tent-bed, in an open carriage, with hair now white, and livid face. In the spring of 1882, he visited Sicily, and, as he passed through Messina, a scene of his triumph in 1860, the people were struck dumb by the sight of the spectre of his former self, and welcomed him only with outstretched arms, tearful and stricken to the heart with sorrow. He re-embarked for Caprera on April 17, and on the night of June 1 the news, "He is dying," arrived in Italy. On the afternoon of the following day, he lay silently gazing on the sea, his first and last love, from the open window, while two finches were gaily singing on the sill. As he watched them, he murmured, "May be they are the souls of my little ones come to call me. Feed them when I am gone." Again his eyes rested on the sky, the sea, and the faces of his dear ones. His last look was for his "best-beloved" Menotti, and at twenty-two minutes past six in the evening of June 2, 1882, the eagle eyes were sightless, the voice that had been as that of a trumpet was hushed, the "loving lion-heart" had ceased to beat.

The dead hero's own desire and command had been for his remains to be burned in the open air in a fire of acacia, myrtle, linden, and other aromatic woods, at a certain spot between his house and the sea. He bade his wife have his body consumed by fire before the news of his death could reach the continent. Neither she nor Menotti, however, felt able to assume such a responsibility; and Garibaldi, in death, was disobeyed, amid the angry protest of the elements, which

raised, on the day of his burial, a storm of almost unequalled fury at Caprera on sea and land.

The Garibaldians of Nice, a numerous, industrious, and much-respected body, go yearly, each wearing a tiny silver lion as the badge of membership of the Mazzini Republican Club, with the Italian-hearted population, in procession to the grave of Garibaldi's mother on Castle Hill. A marble monument is there, dedicated, in an English version of the inscription, to "Joseph Garibaldi, foremost knight of humanity, the greatest hero of the nineteenth century." The "cabin-boy of Nice," as he was styled in scorn by his mean detractors now passed into oblivion, and was proudly and tenderly remembered by his countless admirers, was most expressively mourned by the women of Naples, as, weeping, wailing, and tearing their hair, they chanted as a dirge

È morto Galubardo;
È morto lu mio bel ;"

or,

"Dead is Garibaldi ; my beauteous one is dead."

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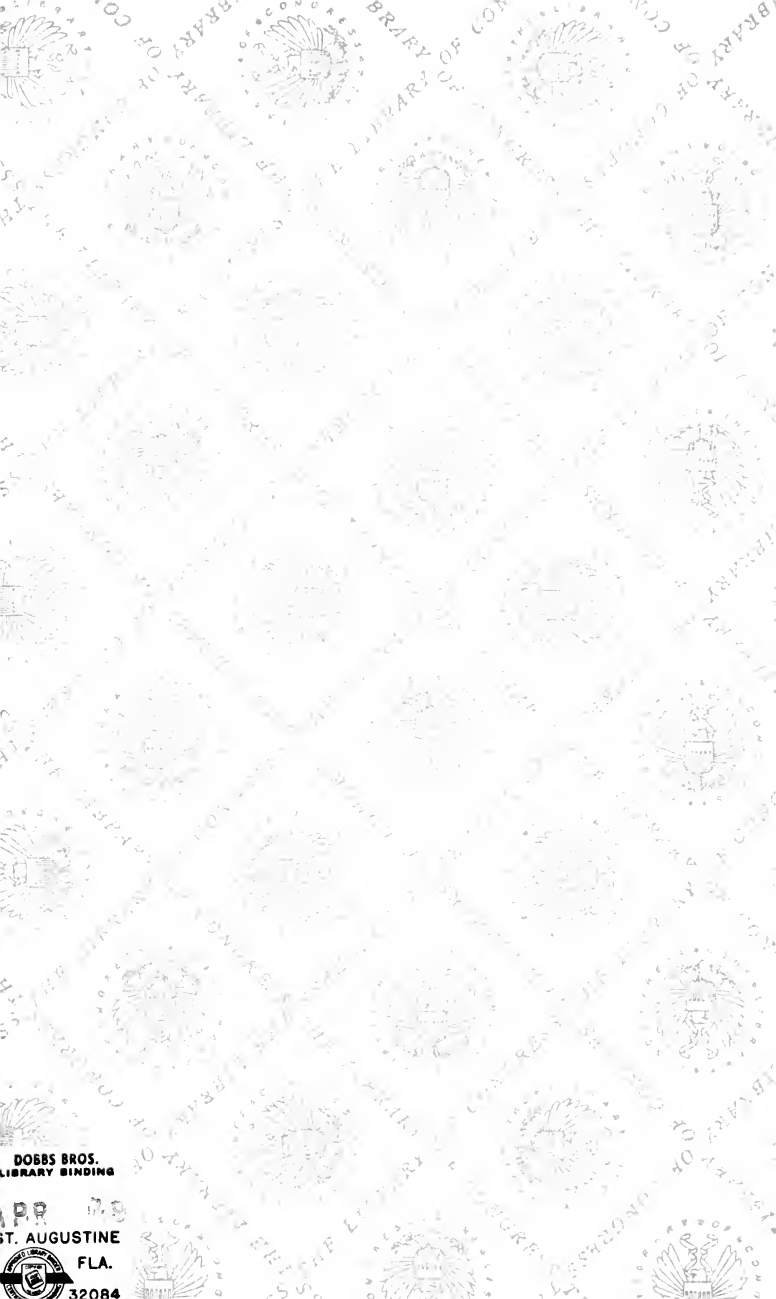


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